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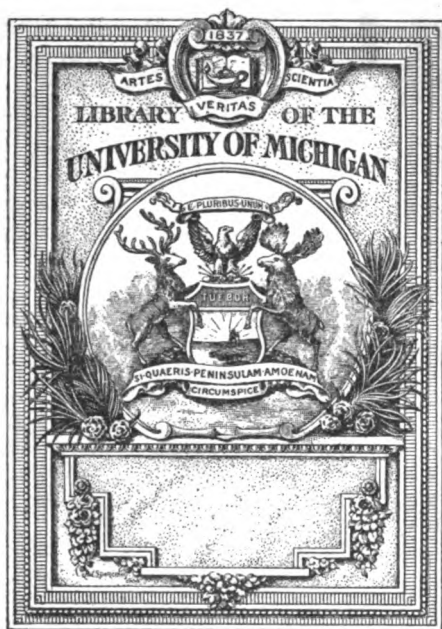
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The United States democratic review

Conrad Swackhamer, Making of America Project



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I N D E X.

PORTRAITS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, SEC'Y OF WAR.

“ HON. J. A. McDOUGALL, OF CALIFORNIA.

" ISAAC TOUCEY, of CONNECTICUT.

" FERNANDO WOOD, OF NEW-YORK.

	PAGE		PAGE
A PERTINENT QUESTION. Who is Victoria?.....	216	HUMAN NATURE IN CHUNKS, Continued.	
A FEW FACTS IN REGARD TO NICHOLAS,	225	Chunk No. 5—The Ordeal of a Yankee	107
AN ALLEGORY,	257	Pedagogue,	
AMERICAN LEADERS. Thomas Jefferson,.....	371	Chunk No. 6—School-master "boarding	111
AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF THE HON. ICHABOD		round,"	
RAGAMUFFIN,	419	Chunk No. 7—Recipe for making Honest	114
		Men,	
B		Chunk No. 8—Advertising for a Wife,.....	116
BOOK NOTICES,143, 234, 328, 413		Chunk No. 9—Modern Clerks—how made	119
BURNING OF MOSCOW,	271	up,	
BRITISH PHILANTHROPY. The greatest in-		Chunk No. 10—Advertising for a Wife, Con-	
vention of the age,.....	402	tinued,	
		Chunk No. 11—Jonathan—A Character,.....	276
C		HER NAME,	353
CAUIDADO!	186	HYPOCRISY,	387
CZAR NICHOLAS DEAD. The Truculence of			
England,.....	319	I	
CUBA. Philosophy of the Ostende Corre-		IRELAND AND IRISHMEN. The Irish identi-	
spondence, with portraits from life,.....	443	fied with our Race. Justice to the Irish a	
		Vindication of Ourselves. England's Civil	
D		and Religious Persecution. "We must	
DANTON,	155	fight, Mr. Speaker, we must fight,".....	42
DIAPERS AND DIMPLES. Barnum's Last,.....	315	I WATCH ALONE,	473
DRIFT-WOOD,	321		
DESTINY. A Portuguese Tradition,.....	366	J	
		JAIL JOURNAL. Jail Journal; or, Five	
E		Years in British Prisons. By John Mitchel,	
EFFTAPIES,	399	Citizen Office, New-York,.....	137
		L	
G		"LIBERAL EDUCATION,"	250
GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE,	33, 153	M	
GEORGE P. MORRIS. Poems by G. P. Morris,		MILITARY CAREER OF WELLINGTON. By	
Published by Charles Scribner, New-		the author of "The History of the French	
York,.....	473	Revolution,".....	52
		MR. JOSEPH HUME,	291

	PAGE		PAGE
MAY SONG,.....	393	THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY. An Indian tra-	
MONOPOLY AND PAPER MONEY,.....	485	dition,.....	90
MARRIAGE,.....	471	THE NEW CIVILIZATION,.....	140
O		THE PLEASURE-BOAT,.....	147
OUR TRANS-ATLANTIC COUSINS,.....	284	THE DISRUPTURE OF PARTIES. Here and in	
OUR LANGUAGE—destined to be universal,.....	806	England,.....	149
ON A CHINAMAN IN BROADWAY,.....	411	THE DAILY SPASM. A Newspaperial Idyl,.....	191
P		THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL,.....	204
PRAGMATA.....	26, 199	THE LONDON "TIMES,".....	259
PERILS OF OUR STEAM MARINE,.....	122	THE MEDICAL CONTROVERSY. The Old and	
PERNICE HA-AP RITE. Extracts from a let- ter to his Father in the Bonin Islands,.....	888	the New School,.....	268
R		THE MAGYAR,.....	281
RUSSIA AND THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE,.....	237	THE BELLA,.....	290
RONDRAU,.....	259	TO A SPIDER,.....	314
RAMBLES AND RECREATIONS IN SOUTHERN MEXICO,.....		To ———,.....	305
Chapter 1—Golden Dreams,.....	14	THE NEW CRUSADE. The Principles on	
Chapter 2—Journalizing,.....	17	which the Anglo French Alliance is based,	
Chapter 3—Prairie and Forest,.....	21	alike dangerous to the Peace and Independ-	
RECOLLECTIONS OF WEIMAR,.....	182	ence of all Nations,.....	381
RAPE OF DRABSHOGIL. An Historical Bal- lad,.....	167	THE ROUND TABLE OF THE CLEVER FEL- LWS,.....	346
S		THE PUBLIC LANDS,.....	354
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. Historical and Poet- ical,.....	67	TO A CRICKET,.....	385
ST. JONATHAN. The New Canonization,.....	99	"THE COMMON DEFENSE AND GENERAL WELFARE,".....	405
SONG,.....	181	THE PATH THAT ONCE WAS GAY,.....	412
SIE DE LACY EVANS,.....	222	TO COLUMBUS,.....	495
SADDENED HEARTS,.....	248	THE LAST BROTHER,.....	496
SULTAN ABDEL MEDJID,.....	894	THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES,.....	498
SAPPHO,.....	442	U	
SONG. Philanthropic and Pirate,.....	459	UNCLE SAM'S LITERATURE,.....	460
T		W	
THE CZAR OF RUSSIA. England deceived as to American Opinion by the Federal or Whig Press. Policy of England and of France. Position of the Czar. Why the United States should not join in the hue and cry,.....	1	WHAT NEXT?.....	423
		Y	
		YANKER DOODLE. An Addendum to the "Poets and Poetry of Ancient Greece,".....	125
		Z	
		ZENOBIA,.....	319

THE UNITED STATES REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1855.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

It is somewhat amusingly melancholy to witness the sway exercised by the British press generally, and the British public journals, periodicals, and reviews most especially, over the manners, morals, and political opinions of "our transatlantic brethren," as they pleasantly call us, by way of sweetening the dose of sarcasm and calumny occasionally administered in the spirit of fraternal affection and universal philanthropy. Our literature, as our politics, is equally subjected to this, the most dangerous species of foreign influence, and it is not too much to say that at this moment, or at least until within a very brief period, a great portion of what is courteously styled the more enlightened citizens of the United States, comprehended in the Federal or Whig party, had scarcely any opinions of their own with respect to either books or men. They waited for the fiat of the British press before venturing to praise either one or the other. An American writer remained comparatively unknown even among his own countrymen, until patented by some anonymous British reviewer; and an American statesman or orator might never aspire to the respect or admiration of his more enlightened constituents until he had reached the apotheosis of what is styled "a European

reputation." In order to attain to this, the highest object of ambition to American writers, all know that it is absolutely necessary studiously to abstain from all obnoxious republican principles, as well as all sentiments of patriotism, and to minister adroitly to the overweening vanity of Englishmen.

This degrading subserviency of so large a portion of the Whig press to British dictation, and this deleterious influence over the opinions of so many of those who have so powerful an agency in giving a direction to the public sentiment in communities where they reside, constitute one of the great obstacles to a good understanding between the United States and Great Britain. The latter invariably mistakes the manifestations of this Anglo-American press for the prevailing sentiment of the people of the United States, and is thus encouraged to pursue a hostile course of policy, which ultimately ends in a serious misunderstanding, if not in actual war. The ministers of England seem not yet to have discovered that these straws do not even show which way the wind blows, and that such weather-cocks are only unerring guides in pointing out its exactly opposite direction. It was well known at the time, that the British ambassador, incited by the language of the Federal newspapers and the dreams of the Federal leaders at Washington, actually wrote home to his government, the very day before the adoption of the declaration of war by the Senate of the United States, the positive assurance that there was not the slightest danger that such a proposition would be sanctioned by that body. In this way the British ministry are uniformly deceived. They mistake the clamors of a minority for the voice of a majority of the people of the United States, and under the influence of this delusion believe they may not only safely persevere in any course of policy injurious to their interests or their honor, but offer new aggravations with perfect impunity.

The course of the Anglo-American press is most strikingly exemplified in all cases where the policy or interests of England come in competition with those of the United States. The moment a President of the United States or a Secretary of State bristles up or shows his teeth in opposition to British insult or British encroachments, however he may be sustained by principles of justice or international law, the result is inevitable. The London *Times*, or some other great Choryphæus of the British press, gives the signal; the bull-terriers are let loose upon him, and as a matter of course their yelpings are echoed and reëchoed by an obsequious pack of

"mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree," who scamper about, cocking their tails, lifting their legs, and barking vociferously, in musical response to the leaders of the foreign kennel.

- The same measure is meted out by these discriminating dispensers of immortal fame to the rulers and statesmen of other nations, and the same standard adopted in exhibiting their character and actions to the world. If a monarch or a minister descends to become the instrument or the tool of a government distinguished above all others for its hypocritical pretensions to superiority in piety, humanity, and justice, but which in fact is altogether governed by the sordid maxims of trade, he is held up to the world as a prodigy of wisdom and virtue; but if, on the other hand, he declines to sacrifice the interests of his country to the avarice and ambition of England, he never fails to become a monster of folly and wickedness.

Thus has it happened with the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Unfortunately for his reputation, he stands in the way of British policy in the East, and has become highly obnoxious to the Emperor of France, whether on personal or political grounds is of no consequence in connection with our present subject. It has therefore pleased the press of both these countries to present him before the world as a stern, inflexible tyrant, as regardless of the interests and happiness of his subjects as of his political pledges to other nations, and in short, equally destitute of integrity either as a man or a monarch. The people of the United States are expected to believe all this, and our Anglo-American press has, according to custom, pliantly lent itself as an instrument in echoing these spiteful effusions of angry and disappointed rivals and enemies. We do not think it altogether becoming a great and intelligent people to be thus directed in their opinions of public men or public measures by the press of any foreign nation. Neither the *London Times* nor the *Paris Moniteur* is a fit oracle for them; nor is the base subserviency of that portion of the American press, which prostitutes itself in becoming an instrument for spreading and enforcing their opinions, any more entitled to presume to give a direction to the popular feeling in this country. They are not the organs of the free people of the United States, but the instruments—shall we say the purchased instruments?—of foreign powers. They cherish not the slightest regard for the honor or interests of their country; their feelings are entirely expatriated, and they always stand ready to reëcho the cry of the foreign pack

against any administration that has the hardihood to resist or resent any aggression or insult from any power, whether it comes from a giant or a pigmy, from England or France, from Mexico, Spain, or the King of the Mosquitoes.

Without pretending to be the advocates of a sovereign now standing in the position of a friend of the United States, while his adversaries and detractors have on various occasions evinced a hostile policy towards them, it seems but an act of justice to the Czar of Russia briefly to inquire whether he really merits the harsh censures of the British and French press, either in his private or public character. That monarch employs no hired scribblers, no subsidized journals, either here or at home, for the sole purpose of misrepresenting the character of the people of the United States, and degrading their government and institutions in the estimation of the civilized world. The press of Russia is not like that of England, one of her most dangerous weapons of war, a quiver of poisoned arrows, ever at work in pouring forth to the world a succession of libels on every nation and every government that excites its jealousy or awakens its apprehensions. If—as is without doubt the case—the Russian press is the mere organ of the Czar, its uniform tone towards the United States is only the more significant as indicating his friendly disposition, as well as that feeling of magnanimity which disdains to enlist falsehood and calumny as auxiliaries of policy or the sword. Such being the case, both justice and courtesy seem to require that the press of the United States should deal with him as he deals with us. Let us then briefly inquire whether, either as a private or public man, he merits the imputations so liberally bestowed on him by the press of England and France.

And first, as to the partition of Poland, and the intervention between Austria and Hungary, we consign him to the verdict of posterity without attempting to justify either one or the other. We shall only observe, that in the former outrage on the independence of nations, he does not stand alone, and should not therefore be selected as the sole delinquent. Others shared in the spoil; and both Austria and Prussia, which England and France are now using all their efforts to unite with the *entente cordiale*, if they were not partners in the fight, reaped their full share in the fruits of victory. Neither they, therefore, nor those who are at this moment wooing their friendship and coöperation, have a right to single out the Czar as the residuary legatee of all the infamy of that transaction. We know that his blacks can not make a white; but in meting out

justice among equal offenders they should share alike, and not one be made a scape-goat for all the rest.

The Hungarian intervention is alike condemned by the policy of the government and the feelings of the people of the United States. They hold—and, in our opinion, justly—that no foreign power has a right to interfere with the domestic affairs and internal struggles of any other nation; that this is their own affair, and that the parties should have fair play. Such interference is not only an impertinent intrusion, but objectionable in another point of view. It never permanently settles a question. It is only a temporary expedient which may produce a short-lived delusive tranquility. But when the external repressive force is withdrawn, the reaction will commence; the interests and passions which gave rise to the first commotion, not having been either crushed by a decisive victory of one party over the other, or reconciled by voluntary and mutual concessions, will infallibly revive again, and another struggle become necessary to a final adjustment. We do not recollect a single example in history that does not sustain us in this view of the subject; and with regard to Hungary, it must be evident to all, that such will be the final result of Russian intervention. Setting aside all other considerations, we therefore think that this intervention was equally impolitic and unjust; and, if we are not mistaken, the offense is about to receive its reward through the ingratitude of the imperial stripling on whose behalf the Czar exposed himself to the condemnation of millions of his fellow-men.

But are the skirts of the governments of England and France free from any stain of this kind? Can they rightfully become accusers, when they too may be justly cited as delinquents before the tribunal to which they have dared to appeal? "Let him that is innocent cast the first stone," said the great Christian moralist. Are they thus qualified to cast the first stone? Has not England, for a century past, been perpetually interfering with the affairs of the princes of Hindostan, and through that interference, reduced them to abject subjection to her sway? Did she not interfere with the internal struggles of France, or rather the great national struggle of France for liberty, and make war on the people in behalf of an impotent sovereign whom they despised? Is she not interfering with the long-established policy of the Birman Empire, and making war on its people under pretense of establishing a commercial treaty, the terms of which are dictated at the cannon's mouth?

If we turn towards France, we find her interfering between

the King of Greece and the Ottoman Porte; between the Ottoman Porte and its Christian subjects; with the domestic religious dissensions of the different factions in Albania, Bosnia, and other provinces nominally subject to the Grand Signior, and invariably taking sides against the Christian population. The Emperor of France has for years occupied the ancient capital of the world with an army of French soldiers, under color of maintaining internal tranquility and order, but, as the people of the United States believe, for the purpose of crushing the popular feeling of Italy, arresting the progress of free principles, and perpetuating a mixed, incestuous despotism, combining within itself the most tyrannical principles of civil government, and the most inflexible maxims of bigotry and intolerance.

The United States, it is believed, have no disposition to exercise a censorship over the conduct or policy of other governments, or to interfere with them in any manner whatever, except where their own interests are directly involved. We refer to these facts merely to show that the course pursued by the two governments now challenging our sympathy, and reproaching us for withholding it, is not, and has not been, such as entitles them to that sympathy, or to sustain them in the high position they have assumed—that of the great champions of Christianity, civilization, and liberty. In this respect we are of opinion they can not justly plume themselves on their superiority over the Czar.

It may then be asked, Why should the Emperor Nicholas be brought before the high tribunal of the civilized world, as the chief of sinners, the great modern leper, spotted from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot with the stains and blotches of moral corruption? And above all, why should the people of the United States be expected to join in the hue and cry against him? The better to answer these queries, let us briefly inquire as to his private character as a man, and his public policy as a ruler.

All travellers in Russia whose works have fallen under our notice—with the exception of Englishmen, who may be called the common libellers of nations—unite in bearing testimony to the private virtues of the Czar. As a husband and father, he is mild, gentle, and humane; nor has he ever been accused of availing himself of that latitudinarian code of morals exclusively appropriated to royalty. Though despotic over millions, he is master of himself. There is no blood-thirsty vein in his composition, nor have we ever met with a well-authenticated

instance of his having inflicted the punishment of death wantonly and by a mere exercise of his will. That exiles are occasionally sent to Siberia is certain; and that among sixty millions of people many will merit that fate, is equally certain. The Emperor of France, the *beau ideal pro tem.* of the British press, occasionally ships a cargo of exiles to Cayenne by his own sovereign will and pleasure, and it may be questioned whether the tropical swamps of that region are not as disagreeable, not to say deleterious, as the snows of Siberia. But men must be punished in some way, until we arrive at that degree of perfectibility anticipated in the new code of philosophy; and perpetual incarceration in a state-prison, a common penalty in the United States, is assuredly as severe an infliction as exile, the knout, or the cudgel. There is no accounting for tastes; and all agree that the Russians prefer these punishments to the gallows, the bow-string, the jail, or the penitentiary. We know from the very best authority, that the more intelligent Russians recoil with equal disgust and horror when they read of the succession of capital punishments in the United States and England. Every nation has its peculiar penal code, and it may be said with equal truth that every nation plumes itself on its superiority in this, as in almost every thing else. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" has passed into a proverb; and who shall decide when nations disagree? Not reason certainly. It is pretty clear, however, from Esman's and other late travels, that the Siberian exiles have no reason to envy the British operatives, the Troglodytes of the coal mines, or the poor down-trodden Irish, who are forced to banish themselves by tens of thousands.

But "Caesar is ambitious," it seems. If so, his offense is palliated by innumerable examples in ancient and modern history. Ambition is surely not so rare a quality among men of all ranks and degrees, that it should be hunted as a strange monster by the bull-terriers of the British press. This inordinate ambition is, it seems, exemplified in his policy towards the Sublime Porte, to which we now propose to call the attention of our readers. Stripped of all its diplomatic obscurities, joint notes, protocols, and ultimatums, the Eastern Question, as it is styled, resolves itself into this simple proposition: The Czar wants to acquire a free passage for his commerce and fleets into the Mediterranean, and the Allied powers want to keep him out. This, we believe, is the whole gist of the business.

By turning to the map of Russia, it will be at once seen, that, with the exception of the Frozen Ocean, there are no outlets

to the foreign commerce of that vast empire by sea, but the Bosphorus and the Cattegat, the former of which is commanded by the Sultan of Turkey, the latter by the King of Denmark. The former is, and has always been, from the first establishment of the empire, the foe, the hereditary, religious, and political foe of Russia. For a great while Russia was the weaker power, and a portion of the possessions of Turkey in Europe were wrested from her by force. During a long series of wars, and after many a hard fight, Russia has gradually acquired the ascendancy over her ancient rival, and had it not been for the moderation of the Emperor Nicholas, Constantinople would have now been in his possession, despite of all the combined diplomacy of the "Protecting Powers," whose leading point of policy in assuming the guardianship of the "sick man" is to exclude the Czar from the Mediterranean, by keeping the gates of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles shut against him.

In order to bring this question home to the people of the States, it is only necessary to observe that the Czar has the same, if not still stronger motives for his policy in relation to Turkey, and his desire to open the gate of the Black Sea, that the United States have for coveting the possession of Cuba. One belongs to a decayed and tottering empire on the eve of dissolution from age and infirmity; the other to a power almost equally impotent. While Constantinople remains in possession of Turkey, and while Cuba continues in point of fact and not merely nominally a colony of Spain, the one is not dangerous to the Czar, nor the other to the United States. But, in both cases, there is strong reason to apprehend that they are either about to pass into other hands, or at least to become the pliant instruments of mischief and danger to both parties. Surely, it is the duty of a wise government to provide as far as possible against such imminent contingencies; and accordingly we find the United States as desirous to acquire the peaceable possession of Cuba as the Czar is accused of having been to gain that of Constantinople, when he made those propositions to the British minister for the settlement of the affairs of the "sick man" after his decease, which were tacitly approved and favorably responded to at first, but afterwards repudiated, and an alliance concluded with France ostensibly to arrest a policy to which the cabinet of England had at least tacitly acceded. The cases of Constantinople and Cuba, though not exactly identical, are sufficiently parallel to justify a comparison. The great permanent interests of both nations being equally involved, alike demand the protection of their respective governments;

and we have no hesitation in expressing the opinion, that the policy of Russia in relation to the Ottoman Porte, so far as regards the acquisition of a free passage through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, is not less justifiable than that of the United States in relation to the acquisition of Cuba. Both are equally based on great permanent national interests, and both have reference to future probable contingencies. The Czar believed, and had good reason to believe, that the Ottoman Empire was on the eve of dissolution; and that, in the approaching dismemberment, its possessions on the European, if not the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, would, in all probability, pass into the hands of a great maritime power like England or France, whose policy it would be to shut Russia up for ever in the Black Sea. The United States have equal cause to believe that the island of Cuba, which, in possession of either of these powers, would command the commerce of the Gulf of Mexico, is in the hands of a government incapable of independent action, and ready to relinquish the real substance of sovereignty to any power able to aid her in retaining the shadow. Thus it is, that the press of England and France has placed the United States and Russia in the same class of delinquents, and cited them before the bar of the civilized world for no other reason than that they present insuperable obstacles to the accomplishment of their vast schemes of ambition not only in the East but the West.

We have thus far considered this subject in the point of view presented by the two powers which have made such confident appeals to the sympathies of the world, and most especially of the people of the United States. The Czar has been accused of a vehement passion for the acquisition of Constantinople, and with it the whole of Turkey in Europe, if not Asia Minor. This, however, he has solemnly denied; and, for aught we can see, his word is quite as worthy of belief as the accusations of the *entente cordiale*. For ourselves, we frankly confess, we do not believe the Czar is particularly anxious to possess Constantinople, or to overthrow the Ottoman Empire, which must soon fall of itself. That city lay completely at his mercy, when the Russian army was in possession of Adrianople, and the adjacent kingdom of Bulgaria in a state of insurrection against the Ottoman Porte. Again it was at his mercy when the Russian army checked the advance of Ibrahim Pasha, and when the Czar might have peaceably occupied that city under pretense of "*protection*," had he been aware of the potency of that cabalistic word in the vocabulary of British and French diplomacy.

We, therefore, do not believe that the Czar covets the possession of Constantinople, except as a precautionary measure to prevent it from becoming an instrument of danger to Russia, just as Cuba may become dangerous to the United States through the same causes. It does not appear probable that he wishes to extend his dominion over the vast congregation of bigoted Mussulmans, who could never be brought into either civil or religious harmony with the great mass of his subjects. Hitherto, the conquests of Russia in the Turkish dominions have been not so much of Turks as of Tartars, originally forced into subjection to the Crescent; and it will be observed by those who critically analyze her policy, that her efforts of late have been in a great measure directed toward the acquisition of territories in which the Christian greatly predominated over the Mussulman population. We may instance, in proof of this, the kingdom of Armenia, the province of Bessarabia, and the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, where the Christians outnumber the Mussulmans more than three to one. The motive alleged by the Czar, in justification of his present policy toward Turkey, is the protection of this population from the oppression and tyranny of the Ottoman government. We will not undertake to say that this is his sole object; but he is probably quite as sincere as the British government in its protectorate of the Musquito king, and his handful of mongrel savage subjects; or his imperial majesty of France, in his zeal for the protection of the Holy Sepulchre.

It seems to us that the possession of Constantinople would be of no advantage to the Czar, except in so far as it would at all times insure a free passage to his fleets and his commerce from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. No one, we presume, believes, that he contemplates removing the seat of power from the shores of the Baltic to the borders of the Propontis, in imitation of the Roman emperor, Constantine; and thus establish an Eastern instead of a Western empire. He has already two capitals—one on the borders, the other in the interior of his vast domain; and it is not likely that he would be permitted, however despotic he may be, to abandon St. Petersburg and Moscow for Constantinople. That city would thus continue a sort of excrescence on the body of the empire, in the hands of a population of hundreds of thousands of disaffected people, estranged from all community of feelings or principles with the rest of his subjects, disciples of a hostile, bigoted faith, and cherishing in their hearts the remembrance of ages of bloody rivalry. Such a possession we

should think not very desirable, provided the free passage of the Dardanelles could be equally secured for all future time by any other means. The Czar has repeatedly disclaimed all intention of taking forcible possession of Constantinople; and, for aught we know, his professions are as much to be relied on as those of his royal cotemporaries.

But, whatever may be the objects of the Czar, in his late negotiations with the Sultan and his Dry Nurses, we should bear in mind that the present war, which however and whensoever it may terminate, will cost oceans of blood, was begun by the Sultan, and that it was not the Emperor Nicholas, but the *entente cordiale*, that issued the first declaration of hostilities, which evidently took him by surprise. It should be recollected, too, that the joint military occupation of the Danubian Principalities by the Russians, had been conceded to that power by the treaty of Adrianople, and more than one subsequent convention. Yet this occupation was made the basis of a declaration of war by the Sultan, and the invasion of the Crimea by the Allied powers. It will aid us, too, in forming a more correct view of the present position of the Czar, and to decide whether he merits the imputations of treachery and want of faith so liberally bestowed on him by the British and French press, if we call to our recollection the notorious fact, that when the ministers of Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and England had agreed on a basis for adjusting all difficulties between the different parties, including Turkey, the Czar promptly acceded to the terms of their joint-note, while the Sultan, instigated by the British ambassador, Lord Redcliffe, answered by a declaration of war against Russia. Well might the Czar complain that there were two British Cabinets—one at London, the other at Constantinople. Who, then, are the aggressors in this war—the Czar, or the Sultan and his protectors?

As to that insatiable ambition of which the Emperor Nicholas is accused, to us it seems nothing more than adopting and prosecuting a system of policy which, if successfully accomplished, will greatly contribute to the prosperity of the people he governs; and, in our opinion, this is one of the great objects of every wise ruler, and every good government. We despise "solidarity" from our souls, and are not among those who believe in the "community of nations," or in the possibility of combining their conflicting interests in one great common bond of union; nor are we disciples of the great apostle of the "higher law," who, while prating about the "general welfare

of the entire human race," and the community of interests which should unite them all in one great family, is pursuing a course which directly tends to dissolve all the fraternal bonds that link his countrymen together, and sever the Union into fragments. We believe that the first duty of a citizen, or a sovereign is to his country, and that though neither may violate the obligations of justice towards other nations, both should invariably incline towards their own. The soil of their country is their parent, to whom they owe the love and obedience of children. Community can not exist among nations. The dispersion at the Tower of Babel was a penalty for the presumption of mankind, and we see no reason to believe they will ever be united again.

The policy of the Czar is that of Russia. It is not the result of a craving and senseless ambition for the acquisition of territory, but of a proper regard to the great interests of the sixty millions of people he governs. It is emphatically a national policy based on unchangeable principles. It commenced with Peter the Great, whom it is no disgrace to imitate, at least in his public acts, and has been handed down as an heir-loom to all his successors. The Emperor Nicholas is acting in accordance with a great national sentiment, of which he is the organ and expositor. Whatever may be his ulterior views, it can not be denied that in all his late treaties with the Ottoman Porte, he has shown himself the friend and protector of the religion and rights of a race of millions of Christians, subjected for a period of five hundred years to the intolerable sway of a relentless, bigoted despotism which, not content with depriving them of every vestige of civil and religious rights, degraded them below the level of humanity, and called them "Christian dogs."

Despotic as is the Czar, he can not justly be called a tyrant, nor can he be accused of being the oppressor of his subjects. On the contrary, there is not among all his cotemporaries a monarch so fully and entirely possessed of the affections of his people. He is the great patriarch of his innumerable tribe. They look to him as a parent, and we have, every day, proofs that they stand ready to offer up their lives in his service. Their loyalty to his person is identified with their patriotism, and the love of their country inseparably intertwined with their devotion to the Czar. If the people of Russia are slaves, they are voluntary slaves, and adore their master. If they are content to be slaves, let them be slaves. It is no business of ours. The Czar does not reign over us, nor is there any reason to believe he will ever aspire to that distinction. For ourselves,

we frankly confess our sympathies as between himself and England and France, are all on the side of Russia. With respect to the Osmanlis, it is becoming every day more evident they are between hawk and buzzard, and that whatever may be the result of their present contest, their empire is doomed. The attempt to sustain it is like that of upholding a falling mountain. It must fall in spite of every effort, and it will be well if, in falling, it does not crush all beneath its ponderous ruins.

And let it fall. For centuries it has been the oppressor of the East, the insuperable obstacle to the regeneration of Asia, if it is ever to be regenerated. Every dog has his day, and so has every nation. They must all take their turn. They "come like shadows, so depart," and if they continue to exist at all, it is only in the legends of tradition or the romance of history. Some last longer than others; but as sure as fate, they all die the death of sinners. The oppressors become in turn the oppressed; and the decree of Providence is thus vindicated in visiting the sins of the father on his posterity even unto the third and fourth generation. This awful and impressive truth has been exemplified in the history of nations from time immemorial. As the Osmanlis say, "It is *Kismet*"—destiny. In other words, it is the will of God, that the corruptions, crimes, and follies of nations should be punished by their final overthrow. But however this may be, if justice is due even to an enemy, we should at least accord it to a friend. The Czar now stands in that position towards the United States, and is associated with them, not only as presenting an insuperable obstacle to the great scheme of the *entente cordiale* for regulating the balance of power in the new as well as the old world, but as a party with them in maintaining the rights of neutrals, and the freedom of the seas. Let not then the people of the United States become the dupes of a foreign influence, reinforced by the Anglo-American press, and join in the hue and cry against Nicholas of Russia.

RAMBLES AND RECREATIONS IN
SOUTHERN MEXICO.

CHAPTER I.—GOLDEN DREAMS.

A VAGABOND tradition had reached the "white settlements," in one of our Southern States, that in a certain remote province of Mexico, treasures abounded that would load a ship. The quantities of gold and silver and jewels of price that were supposed to be entombed there in out-of-the-way receptacles, and to lie vagrant in water-courses and babbling streamlets, were estimated as sufficient to make the fortunes of any number of adventurers who might possess sufficient enterprise to go in search of them.

• There were found those who had the faculty of hope in sufficient development, and that of discretion correspondingly depressed, to undertake a wild expedition in search of the treasures of which so much had thus been heard and vaunted. The sequel to the expedition, in consequence undertaken, will be found in these rambling recreations.

How the idea got out that so much *lucre* was scattered about in the wilds of that far-off Aztec territory, and buried under the mountains, people may naturally inquire, without incurring the suspicion of overcharged curiosity. We will enlighten them.

• An ancient Mexican—a biped venerable for years and redolent of the fumes of a much-cherished weed—had wandered out to the "white settlements," in the Southern State aforesaid, and in doing so encountered us, who were afterwards to become his companions in this second Argonautic expedition in search of another golden fleece.

He was a garrulous old Aztec—that ancient wanderer—and delighted to hear the twang of his own peculiar larynx. The marvels he related fell like fairy tales on our maiden ima-

ginations, and the idea among us grew prevalent as blackberries, that in Mexico, of all other countries, gold and diamonds were to be shoveled up from the beds of streams after the manner of gravel. To his splendid romancing we listened with as willing ears as ever the love-lorn queen of Carthage to the seductive wooing of old Anchises' son.

Our Mexican adventurer, part Indian and part Spaniard, sported the name of Don Mariana. The term "Don" in Mexico is a title of distinction, originally applicable to the nobility only, but now, like our designation "gentleman," conceded to every individual in whiskers and boots, highwayman or what-not, who can afford clean linen.

Don Mariana, then, was our wanderer called, although this, his prefix of nobility, gave no hint to those initiated into the details of Mexican courtesy, whether his character was that of priest, *cavallero*, or brigand!

Every body in the "settlements" was delighted with the "Don," not more for his dashing style of dress and manner, than his sonorous vocalization of that bastard Castilian, peculiar to Mexico.

People thereabout, and for twenty miles around, would have made greater sacrifices to have a look at the strange Mexican, than to see the very best circus or animal-show that ever came along.

Don Mariana was our ideal of magnificent manhood, and took captive our willing ears by the tales he told of stirring adventures in his home of cataracts and mountains. Marvelous were the stories he related of fortunes made on numerous fine mornings by lucky individuals stumbling unaware over heaps of virgin treasure.

A legend which the Don delighted to dwell upon was of some nameless Blue Beard, who flourished in southern seas, time long ago, when his grand-sires were boys. His knowledge of this famous buccaneer was derived, he said, from certain manuscripts dug up from among the archives of an ancient church, situate on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Now, the legend was a long one, about this nameless buccaneer having pirated upon many seas, robbing numerous people, who "go down to the sea in ships," of much gold and silver. It was related that all this treasure had been buried on a certain mountain—treasure, that in the aggregate amounted to sixty millions of money, all in gold, silver, and jewels! And this was the feature of Don Mariana's tradition that first awakened our interest.

To resurrect this shining deposit of the circulating medium, was the unanimous resolve of half a score of us, and Don Mariana was the man who was to lead us on to the realization of our golden hopes.

Should we fail in laying the clutch of covetousness on this glittering *waif*, an alternative hope was held out in the many streams rippling over golden sands which abounded in the magic land of our destination, and in the fortunes prospectively to be dug out of mountains fat with inexhaustible *placers*.

With this magnificent prospect of an almost fabulous amount of *lucre*, there was not one of the half-score comprising our adventurous party who would have felt more prospectively enriched in deducing his lineage from ancient Croesus.

A few weeks of preparation found us with every appointment essential to our hazardous expedition, on board as tight a little craft as ever breasted the billows, and dashing before a wholesale breeze out of the Bay of Chaleur.

Our ordnance department comprised double-barreled guns, (genuine "Joe Manton's,") several rifles, good to pick out the eye of a Canary-bird at any named distance; sundry "six-shooters, (not horse-pistols, but Colt's,) hunting-knives, one to a man, tomahawks for making way through tangled brush-wood, spades and pick-axes for excavatory purposes, and every appliance for roughing it in the bush.

We were a little army, ten of us; with Don Mariana for our guide, making eleven. Our chief-elect was one Jakeaz, a German adventurer, who had served in the wars, and was therefore supposed to be equal to any sort of emergency. The office of surveyor-general and geologist was confided to another of this Scandinavian breed, who rejoiced in the cognomen of Nom Skol.

Nom Skol had provided himself with certain divining-rods for the discovery of metallic leads; but these, on consultation, we threw overboard, much to the discomfiture of unresisting science. The remainder of our party we may take occasion to introduce as we revel retrospectively over the magnificent scenes that yet lay before us.

With the advantages of a fresh breeze and a smooth sea, good speed was made, and on the sixth day, the blue peaks of the Cordilleras loomed up to the view on the western sky.

To neophytes like us, who, saving our pilot, Don Mariana, had never before looked upon an elevation higher than the steeple of our village church, the aspect of these mountains was startling to a degree. Jakeaz and Nom Skol, alone of our

party, were unmoved by the prospect. Peak upon peak cut sharply on the sky, and as we sped down the coast, they seemed to march rearward like a grand procession of giants. Anon, as we neared the coast, a solitary snow peak elevated its fleecy head far into the blue concave, like a flag of welcome to our adventurous barque. This was the cone of Orizaba, and though overtopping Mount Blanc full many a rood, Nom Skol and Jakeaz were unanimous in the opinion that, compared to the mountains in Germany, it was a mere mole-hill.

Further south the blue summit of San Martin limited the view. To our inexperienced vision, the haven of our golden prospects was now all but reached. For the base of the mountains seemed to extend almost to the water's edge, and we had no thought but to go boldly on shore and to ascend the lofty heights that here seemed accessible by an hour's march. But we had taken no thought of the enchantment that distance lends to the mountains' ruggedness, nor had we calculated the deep ravines, the tangled brush-wood, nor the foaming torrents, all hidden then to our distant vision, and which it would be our fate to encounter in ascending those rueful steepes. Don Mariana, however, knew better than we, and checked our ardor not little by informing us that we had yet a land-journey of several days in prospect, before reaching the base of the mountains, and even then, the best part of a week would have to be consumed in their ascent. How we anathematized the Don for this unwelcome intelligence was a marvel to hear. The swearing of the "armies in Flanders" was as prayer and hosannas to the imprecations then and there heaped upon the swarthy Mexican. Nothing discouraged, nevertheless, we made up our minds to the utmost, and reclining on the deck of our flying craft, delivered ourselves over to the enjoyment of the enchanting scene and to the infatuation of golden dreams. In an hour we were anchored in the "River of Flags." Thereupon arose Jakeaz, our chief, and announced that we had reached the land of promise—even the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, on the southern boundary of that Mexico, of which famed Tenochtitlan was erst the glory and the pride. Lifting up our hands, we rejoiced!

CHAPTER II.—JOURNALIZING.

DISSEMBARKING here, the writer of the present *scrud* in the capacity of self-constituted historian of this, our expedition, undertakes journalizing. By way of giving us a foretaste of

Mexican hospitality, our little craft is seized by certain officials of the Revenue, for venturing into a harbor that is not a port of entry! Pleasant to be sure, to see our gay little vessel stripped of her apparel and furniture, and tied up to the shore, ignominiously, like a culprit as it were! We have violated an edict of omnipotent Mexico, by entering a port legally closed, and be the consequences on our own heads! Like Cortes, who burned his ships on landing on the same inhospitable shore, we have no alternative now but to march to conquest or destruction. Lucky for us that the minions of the Custom-House robbed us not also of our edged-tools and shooting-irons—of our peas and pork! But that were a feat of some valor to have compassed; for gun-shot wounds might have followed, and Mexicans take small delight in the sniff of “villainous salpetre.”

Dismissing vain regrets for the deprivation of our vessel, and leaving the chances of returning home to the good luck that may turn up, we betake ourselves to preparation for inland explorations. Jakeaz proposes a compromise for the recovery of our vessel, but Nom Skol very pertinently suggests, “Where are the necessary funds to come from?” The consequence of this doubt, so expressed, is that Nom Skol rises very perceptibly in the estimation of all, save Jakeaz, who, on the contrary, loses caste in like proportion.

March! is the word. Bundling up our properties, we depart from the vicinity of the long-familiar sea, and forget, amid the rustling of forest leaves, the hum of the breakers hymning their eternal anthem!

March! and on the summit of a craggy steep we pitch our tents before nightfall closes. Around us are greater and lesser eminences jutting out from the Cordillera range of mountains. These hills are covered with a thick evergreen growth of oak, acacia, cedar, mahogany, and numerous nameless timbers, interspersed with patches of heath, prairie, and jungle. The valleys repose in an ever-during shadow of forest and vine. Springs burst out from every eminence, and find their way over flashing pebbles with babbling voice to the larger currents below. Jakeaz is of opinion that this is the famed Arcadia, of which poets of old sang so mellifluously; while Nom Skol, with marvelous simplicity, suggests that it may more properly be styled the “paradise of vermin!” Sapient Nom Skol, to what other conclusion could you arrive, with the lights before you! For live we as long as one of the patriarchs, we shall not fail to remember how, with many a hearty curse, we en-

counter the onslaughts of myriad insects, buzzing, swarming, stinging through the long, vexed hours of the day! Every touch of their envenomed stings brings blood. They light on the hands, and fly into the eyes, and hum about the ears. From early dawn till sunset there is no rest from their attacks. Wherever they bite, bloody blotches are formed, large as the heads of pins, and remain, as the natives inform us, unsightly and itching wounds from week to week. Sometimes their stings produce festering sores, giving to the skin the same appearance as that produced by small-pox.

(Jakeaz, by the bye, now repents that he ever compared such a country to Arcadia, and looks with somewhat more of favor on Nom Skol, whom he begins now to regard as an oracle.)

No rest from early sun-light until Old Night spreads his black curtain on all around. And what then? The battalions that all day long have kept up against us their incessant attacks—regardless of the barricades of boots or breeches—retire for the night, only to be succeeded by millions of mosquitos, that ply their busy bills and annoy by their eternal hum until the dawn. Such is the incessant buzzing, biting, and stinging of these winged abominations, that it is impossible to rest or to perform at ease any manual labor, without wearing gloves. Having none of this essential article, and being unable to buy them at any price—in order to write our daily journal—ingenuity is put to the rack, and we wrap our left hands in the remnant of a handkerchief, whilst, with a native segar, we puff away at the winged devils and drive them off our right! Smoking, in consequence, is a necessity, and delightfully fragrant is the native weed that ministers to the habit. The indulgence is supported at a trifling expense, inasmuch as the culture of “the weed” is forbidden, and it can not be sold in open market, where competition would enhance its price.

On many of the mimic mountains around us are perched, in shadowy seclusion, solitary *ranchos*, each inhabited by a half-score or so of aborigines and Salvagi-men; lazy, lounging Aztecs, with bare, brown limbs; females that have never felt the glow of a brush or the titillation of a comb, and frog-like *muchacos*, running, leaping, and dashing about among the arches of the overgrowth, down into the valleys, and over the hills.

The bodies of the juvenile portion of the inhabitants are strangers to raiment. Jakeaz argues that, as they are born without a shirt, nudity is their most natural state; and in this

he is borne out by Nom Skol, who contends that their nakedness favors the operation of scratching, an exercise much cultivated in this paradise of flies, gnats, ticks, and Egyptian plagues.

Truly primitive in their manner of dress are the fair *signoritas*, who daily visit our camp. Their long, braided hair is in sooth their chief ornament, and without it they would cut a nude figure verily! This they wear braided and tucked up by a comb of tortoise-shell, often rimmed with gold; and the hollow space thus formed on the top of the head, serves with the sex as a receptacle for segars—for this luxury all indulge in, women and maidens, old men and boys. The young girls, in common with the matrons, have their bosoms bare to the middle, and from the waist downward they sport a tunic of white or colored cotton, of little greater amplitude than the primitive fig-leaf we read of in the story of mother Eve. But as they know not of their nakedness, (such is the force of example,) neither are they ashamed. A few strings of beads usually complete their costume, and with feet guiltless of slippers, and never a stocking, the native belle bears herself with the same hauteur, in her sphere, as the most bedizzened she, decked in all the pomp of jewels and gold.

Not less notable are the costumes of the men. They, the more favored classes, wear trowsers of a flowing fashion, with buttons to the knees. These are of linen, or more frequently of the tanned cuticle of some brutish beast slain in the chase, and thus worn (the skin, not the beast) as a trophy by the lucky vanquisher. The aristocratic classes not unfrequently indulge in the vanity of a shirt, and this garment, usually of the finest linen, is kept studiously clean, and reserved for *fiestas*, (feast days,) and for occasions of state. A hat, or *sombrero*, about three feet broad, completes their making up. The *canaille*, however—those comprising the great unwashed majority, consider themselves in full dress when adorned with a red rag, four inches in breadth, around their middles, a feather stuck in the top of their heads, and a pair of spurs on their heels. These peculiarities are not common, however, in all parts of the country, for in many localities more gentle customs prevail. Further in the interior we learn that the inhabitants are civilized and eminently hospitable. Nom Skol is of opinion that this their better social condition is due to the fact that they have been, as yet, uncontaminated by contact with Saxons and French.

Every aboriginal here, whether man or boy, wears a *machete*,

a long and very broad sword, with a handle of horn or wood; and it is surprising with what dexterity they cleave, or cut, with this formidable instrument. The *machete* is the never-failing companion of all ages of masculinity; and, in many instances which we witnessed, it seemed the principal object, and its bearer the attachment. It is used as an instrument for butchering beef, an axe for cutting wood, a knife for eating, and as a weapon of defense against the many ferocious wild beasts that inhabit here. The Indian women are of middle stature and pleasant features, not angelic, but of that fervid and inviting cast that incline male mortals of flesh and blood to forswear celibacy.

Those of Spanish origin have dark and swimmingly lustrous eyes, and a certain fascination of manner that would

“Shake the saintship of an anchorite.”

They are all much inclined to intrigue, and the higher classes particularly, who have been fed to a comfortable *embonpoint* on their favorite *frijoles*, are *tout-a-fait Duddi* and not afraid of pippins!

The Indian women, in sewing, use a double thread. The needle is threaded by passing the thread over the big toe, a process highly favored by their contempt of shoes and stockings, and with this kind of leverage the process is comfortably accomplished.

The natives of this region have few traditions, and, with the most industrious inquiry, we are unable to learn from what people they are descended.

Our chief, Jakeaz, informs us that the “River of Flags,” in which we anchored, is named on the map the Huazacualcos, from an Indian deity, who makes his lair in its pellucid bed. He is the god that presides over showers, is this Huazacualcos, and we have to anathematize him to-night for a too copious flow of his moist favors—for the rain pours in sluices, and the rivulets from the mountains come roaring down.

CHAPTER III.—PRAIRIE AND FOREST.

Strike we our tents on the coming morrow, and prepare to penetrate into “the bowels of the land!” But no toiling now on weary feet over rugged pathways. No scrambling through thickets of tangled underwood, nor pricking of the flesh with

thorns that beset us; for lo! from the top of yon high eminence stretches away a verdant sea of waving prairie, gemmed with countless wild flowers. It is as if an ocean covered with gorgeous sea-plants, rich with floral treasures, had become suddenly solidified, to stand a thing of beauty, perishable never! On the one hand, the view is limited by the blue summit of the Sierra San Martin; while on the other, the waters of the far-off Mexican Gulf loom darkly.

Lo! San Martin, standing up there in the blue distance, giant-like, with his drapery of clouds, is our point of destination whither Don Mariana is to conduct us in our sordid search for pelf! Grandly beautiful is the scene; and were we a dweller here, with "the friends we love best," our freehold in such a prospect should not be exchanged for all the bulk of that blue mountain, could we transform his bowels into glittering coin!

But *vaminos* is the word, and we must away! Don Mariana, our "tricksy sprite," has provided us with horses, the which, by an exorbitant levy on each of our individual finances, he has managed to settle for "in advance."

We mount *a la Camanche*, and with flowing rein go scouring over the plain, waking the sleepy echoes with a halloo like the yell of an engine! (Query, *Ingin?*) Our horsemanship astounds the Mexican guide, and at every bound of our flying steeds he delightedly exclaims, "Mucho cavallos!"—"Mucho cavalleros!" which, rendered into English, signifieth, "great horses, great horsemen."

As we dash along, flocks of pheasants, startled by our rustling progress through the rank grass, spring up right and left, and whirr away on whistling wing. But vain is the speed of swiftest pinions from the pursuit of death-dealing saltpetre! For the click of our double-barrel rings out on the startled air, and straightway a crash and a reverberation tell too plainly that sundry mortals among the "feathered people" have put on immortality! A cloud of feathers tells where lies the quarry, and gathering up the victims of our destructive mood, again we dash off with flowing rein. Anon a lion-cat, snuffing the blood of our game, comes bounding through the tall grass yelling on our track! Oh! Gemini, how he leaps! Gemini, what springs! Another bound, and he is upon us! But one charge of duck-shot right in his phiz—another as he wheels, against his dorsal extremity, and he is off and away, yelling among the wild-flowers.

Out of the prairie and into the forest. Here, wending through a pathway trodden out by roving wild beasts, we

plunge among hills, covered with timber, that a bird can scarce fly through. Here are crystal fountains, bursting from amid rocks, and running in silver threads hither and yonder. These lovely rivulets, coursing over shining sands, and filled with strange fish with ornate scales, gliding as in mid air. Up among the branches birds are trilling joyfully. There is the Royal Pheasant, (Fisan rial,) brilliant in plumage, large as a turkey-cock, and fatter than Falstaff with all his "sack and sugar." Prominent too, and of most audible voice, though with note not mellifluous, is the "Toocan," a bird with a golden crest and a huge bill like a tailor's shears; and "for-nest" him, "on a swinging limb," winking at us, a bird of our own christening—the "Wun-caut"—a strange warbler with scarce any bill at all.

Flocks of a game bird, called from its peculiar note the "Chick-a-lacca," hover on the branches and fall, many of them, bleeding sacrifices before our death-dealing double-barrels. Good spoil for the spit is the Chick-a-lacca, and ~~revelling with~~ ravenous appetite on his luscious juices, we could wish that he were a very condor in proportions, as in delicacy of taste he surpasses all of the feathered tribe.

The Ouacamayo, in flocks, wheels and screams around us. He is a fine fat bird, with gorgeous plumage, a Roman nose, and a tail of singular longitude. The Rumty-feuzel abounds here; a bird hitherto supposed to be fabulous, that sticks his bill in the ground and whistles through his spurs. It may be necessary to state that our knowledge of this rare biped is derived from hearsay.

Along the banks of streams and wading in lagoons, appear flocks of blue, black, and iris-plumed cranes—long-legged, long-bellied, and leaner than the lean kine of Pharaoh—of Pharaoh the slaughterer of two-year-old boys. Ducks abound, and pigeons in clouds—paroquets, brant, swans, quail, wood-cock, snipe, swarms of water-fowl, vultures that delight in garbage, and buzzards, more than would patch black Erebus a mile.

Strange animals are encountered in droves. There are horses in droves, flying over plains with the fleetness of the wind; jackasses and jackassees, cattle in herds, roaming unmastered over perennial meadows, and bulls huge as the famed "Bulliphant!"

Among the animals *feræ naturæ* are the armadillo, which Nom Skol designates as "a highland fish that never goes into the water," armed with a coat of mail like unto that of the crocodile, and admirable picking for the mess-chest. Leopards

there are too, starry as the brow of night, that shriek under windows and frighten juveniles; wolves, and not a sheep for their shambles, howling in the jungles—all night howling! Otters, fine for fur, are found in streams, swimming in shoals; raccoons with a sombre look, and ichneumons with smellers immense in longitude, devoted, body and bones, to an appetite for ants. Found skipping in many places is the kangaroo, described by the menagerie-man as a beast of surpassing agility, that jumps eighteen feet up a tree and twice that distance down.

And again, there is the monkey, given to strange antics, and with a tail like a wagon-whip; and the ribbed-nosed baboon, that, according to the showman, climbs the cocoa-nut trees, and in indulging in certain antics "very reasonably accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut!"

Out of the prairie and deeper into the forest. Strange trees abound of countless varieties. The mahogany grows to an immense size; and rose-wood, cedar, palm, and the umbrageous oak branch out in immense and shady circumference. Fine and otherwise costly woods are here a drug, and even the poor *ranchero* constructs his squalid cabin of richest mahogany. A great waste of the raw material, by the bye, suggests our chief Jackeaz, seconded by his echo, Herr Nom Skol.

Far into the hills, a good day's journey, behold a ruin! Entering, we explore it with much of the curiosity of Dr. Dryasdust of old. It is a subterraneous tenement, cavernous and dark. The entrance is choked up by brush and brambles, and fragments of broken masonry of antique design. The door-way is spanned by a broken arch, and fallen into the vestibule is a stone slab, having on it a figure with a skeleton head, and a bony hand holding a bow, with an arrow transfixing a human heart! Within, and at the further extremity of the main hall, is an altar of stone surmounted by figures holding in their hands winged serpents, with human heads and tails of dragons. Over the centre of the hall is the figure of a satyr grinning horribly, and in the act of driving a stake through the body of an infant, whilst the mother, with piteous visage, implores mercy vainly; and *outré* figures with torches attend, ready for the sacrifice—all in stone. An eye above, done in paint and surrounded by a cloud, glares terribly on the orgies—representing some blood-loving, unpropitious deity.

Below, and at the base of an altar, is a skull and cross-bones, a pair of scales, an axe, links of a chain, a compass and a square, and a thread—which three female figures, hideous to

behold, guard and threaten to sever with drawn blades. All this in rudest paint, with a belt of clouds surrounding and throwing a mist over the whole.

Further along and deeper into the gloom! Loud ring the startled echoes! An owl that has made his nest high up in the arches, hoots mournfully and flaps his lazy wings, that give forth a sound like the rush of disprisoned winds!

Further along and deeper into the gloom, and lo! a hall, ascended to by steps of stone, darker and gloomier and more solemn than the first! On the floor are skeletons grim of unnumbered human sacrifices. On the dank pavement human bones, with huge blocks of stone laid upon them, as if upon human bodies weights had been laid, and thus they had died. Further along, bones of the human frame sticking in the stone, where they had been built into the granite walls, like Ariel in heart of oak, and there had lingered, pined, agonized, and died!

Further along, the figure of a sphere, representing the earth, and painted on one side to represent land and on the other water, with figures drawn on it of *outré* shapes. Near the whole, and bending solemnly, is the statue of an old man with bare crown and flowing beard—weeping, weeping, sorely weeping! Weeping for the world seems the old rock-made father!

And so wonders accumulate, and night deepening around us, we return to the upper air to *bivouac* by the light of blazing fires.

We sleep with Methusaleh, for our canopy is the heavens!

P R A G M A T A—*Continued.*

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

C A N T O T H I R D .

We must love something. If we can not love
The wholesome and the holy, none the less
Must the soul slake its thirst. If water fail it,
The passion of the moment lifts a cup
Steaming with fever. The hot draught seems fresh,
And the soul drinks. Without it, it must die.
The want of love was big within the boy—
His heart was sick with it—yet could not touch
The waters where the soul might drink and quicken.
The love whose taste is health—the faith whose strength
Stands in the stead of the teacher, suffering—
The deep belief in truth, and purity,
And tenderness, and in that mystic life
Whose double pulses keep a single time,
Imperfect emblem of an unity
More holy and complete—the purest type
Of that pervading love which blends the flower
And star, the sun and cloud, the earth and wave,
And space and time, and all that they contain
Of good and evil into one glad whole—
Were hidden from him by the worldlier will
Which darkened them like swampy mists sent up
By the fat earth athwart a summer sky.

The tapers sparkled in the sconces. Light
Flashed from the diamonds upon beauty's brow,
And played on glancing neck and ivory shoulder,
Sailing like swans amid the circling music

Which tuned it to their passage. Here the girl
Bent blushing, as her fingers pressed the arm
Of some young flatterer whom the idle hour
Warmed into all but love; and here the dame,
Whose preservation laughed at two-score years,
Tried her dark eyes on twenty's idle heart;
And here the mother trotted out the daughter
Before an elder son—a skillful jockey,
Bringing her paces out; while here a tongue
Which might have charmed a world—had he who owned it
Known how to use it—dealt in trope, and jest,
And trite philosophy, and witty scandal,
Hired by applause and flattery for the night.
Dazzling was all, but hollow. Paint and varnish
Upon a rottenness—a whitened tomb,
In which corruption, draped and garlanded
Into the look of health, held hectic revel.

Among the others was the boy; his eye
Dilating as it wandered round the room,
In feverish search of pleasure; his hot lip
Jerking bright nothings out from time to time—
The glittering bubbles which a lazy brain
Throws off instead of thoughts. His tongue brake off—
None asked him why. Such things are tricks of trade,
Accepted, although seen through. He was lost
In sudden dream. His wandering will was wrapt
In that abstraction, whose internal power
Compels the impalpable glory—robe divine!
So rarely worn in substance, though in seeming,
So stale a cheat? Not he. He may have dallied
With trifles, tampered with the strength he should
Have put to healthy use, and turned, unread,
The page on which the mystery is written—
That endless volume of the Truth, that asks
The practised muscle of a tireless toil
To solve its secrets—Life. But not, as yet
Have his contracting instincts settled down,
Into the wisdom of the charlatan—
Not yet, all learnt his part in the great farce—
Deluded only, not corrupted yet.

He has beheld the thing his soul had needed,
And as he saw it, every separate sense

Had sickened into faintness. She sate apart,
And looked upon the dancers. Near her, bent
A beardless trifter, buzzing gentle words
Into her ear ; and sometimes she replied,
And sometimes not, but with a listless gesture
Made mute assent. Upon her marble cheek
Youth flushed not, nor was painted. The clear hazel
Of her large eye, was as a silent lake
In the heart of a mountain the winds visit not.
One longing look the boy plunged into it,
Searching its depths—as of a memory
Suddenly waking, or a dim desire
Struggling into conception, which would probe
Their slumbering secrets. It chanced her look met his,
And as it did so, his sight staggered back,
Blinded and drunken. With parting word to none,
He turned him from her, and went slowly home.

They met. How, where, or when, needs not to tell.
They mixed in the same world, and so they met.
They met again, and weeks passed by and found
The dreamer at her house a guest ; and weeks
Were added to these, and found him daily there.
The standers-by looked at his love, and laughed.
Some thought she fooled him. Others thought the husband
The fool ; and both were wrong. He only used him.
Traders in life have uses for all men ;
And pen-craft, most of all, has ready uses
To which the worldly-wise may put its master.

She—well, perhaps she loved him. Why repeat
The tale, that is so old, and yet so new,
Of an unhallowed passion ; the stale story,
Which has as many owners as the wind
Points of the compass ; the madness that so many
Have share in, although each one thinks the pang
His own more special curse? So, if they can,
Let them believe and suffer. The losing gamester
May die or cure, but he who stakes false counters
Upon the chances of the game, when hearts
Are thrown for, rises, even if he wins,
Corrupting and corrupted to the core.

He spake to her, and she had loved before
Whom she should not have loved, and so she told him.

But still he spake, until her passion clung
To one whose passion listened, yet could feel .
The wrong her husband loathed and yet endured,
No sin against itself. The boy drank deep
In that fierce joy, which, while it quenches thirst,
Leaves the impurer habit of desire
In him whose parching throat it cools ; and still,
He thirsted. Like a newly-kindled flame,
Love in her soul broader and larger, ever,
By that it fed on, grew.—Alone with him
— She worships, let her hear no other tongue,
— And gaze upon and feel no eye but his.
— Oh ! for some lonely home among the hills,
— Or in the desert, where the winds might be
— The only chorus to her trembling sighs.
He listened to the burning words she sobbed
Amongst her kisses. He already knew,
Or, if he had not known, he learnt it now,
The void his aimless toil had left within him ;
For now his heart was full. So, at her word,
He flung from him all youth had done—abjured
The hopes which he had nursed—priced thought and word
At market value only, and reared up
With his own hand, the hills, and made the desert,
Which shut them out from others, of free will.

The four far dwellers in the mountain-slopes,
Where he had stolen the wild-nuts from the squirrels,
And dreamt among the sheep-walks, heard the tale
As the world told it. They knew nothing more
Than that the boy had sinned. The father groaned,
And with a quicker footstep trod the road
Man never travels twice. The mother wept,
Like Rachel for her children, for a time.
The curate smiled less frequently, and knelt
More often in the boy's behalf, and sought .
A palliation even for the sin,
In those occasional frailties, which at times
Darkened across his own meek faith. The sister
Dried her first tears, and was a human sunbeam,
Lighting their woe with those warm smiles which cheat
Frost to belief in summer ; yet thinking still,
In the unselfish silence of her sadness,
It would not have been thus, had she been there.

Who knows? or who can say? Perchance her love
Might have been staff of strength and rest, or not.
Heaven's ways of mercy are not ours. The strong
In bone and nerve, go through a harder training
Than feebler wills. The eternal destiny—
Not that blind fate whose long-linked cause and effect
Bewilder sophists, but the perfect sight
Whose strength completes and fashions all—moulds these
Like wax, and forges those as hammered steel,
Each for his task. Nor are the heavy dint
And blow which give the last enduring temper,
Less meant in kindness, than the soft warmth
Which kneads the former into shape and beauty—
Each, a necessity, and each, a love.

The twain—the guilty woman, and the boy
Who shared her guilt—untired of their own world
Of dream and fever, slumbered on. His joy
Seemed a fruition. Life had now no more
To learn or do. He sold his thoughts for bread—
Old thoughts, which traders strip and then new plume
For market— ancient lies in modern dresses—
Stale pilferings from the refuse thrown aside
By the more earnest searcher after truth.
He felt how poor such toil was, yet denied
Its whole of degradation. He would not know
That habit breeds the will. So, he loved on,
Letting what might have blossomed, run to waste—
Thinking the truth he threw into his crime
Might make it pure, and dreaming not the one
Must slay the other. Corruption or remorse,
Twinned children of the strange and ill-starred union
That weds their parents, are alike its fruit
And death—its offspring and its poison. First,
The woman woke, for she had sinned before,
And woken up before, and so she fled
To him she had abandoned. He forgave—
Or said that he forgave. Wild weeks went by—
A whirlwind of misery—storms of tears and curses—
Impotent agonies—half-purposed death—
But these endure not, and the boy awoke.

The freshness of his life was withered out.
He had lain down to slumber as a boy,
And woke a man—harder, and more corrupt—

To wrestle with the woe he would have fled from,
Could he have done so. He remembered now,
Whom struggle, and success, and guilt forgot.
His selfish sorrow sought the hearth his youth
Had quitted, and believed partaken grief
Might freshen yet. He had not been three days
Amongst their loves and tears, than he read chidings
In every wrinkle of his father's age,
And accusation on his mother's pale
And wasted cheek. Nay, in the curate's words
Of comfort, fancied a reproof more subtle
Yet not less keen. Even, in his sister's smile,
Which looked up to his face, like some pale flower
Asking a rainy sky to weep no more
The heavy tears that droop and dew its beauty,
He felt reproaches, and again he fled
Into the world. Alone, the curate said,
— That he did well. That which had bruised, should heal him.
The sister threw her in her mother's arms,
And, for the first time, all her grief found voice
Amid her mother's sobs. Her gentleness
No more could play the comforter. The sire
Said not one word, but laid him down and died.

CANTO FOURTH.

Whom the world smites, had best not turn to smite,
Unless he have good muscle, will of iron,
And the enduring purpose which outlives
Battle and blow. To the upbraiding world
The man returned reproaches. Had he not
Replied in that fierce scorn which could not cringe,
Although the wages of a supple back
Had been an empire—a less jealous judgment
Might have forgiven or have taken home
The more corrupted man, to finish him
In its own fashion. It was well for him,
He was stiff in neck and loin and could not bend.
Some friends remained to him, and one of these,
A more than precious friend—a man who bore
The stamp and mint of nature's royalty—
A heart all gold—a lip that was the same

Yesterday, as it is to-day, and will be
 When tested on the morrow—a shrewd brain
 Tempered by kindness and labor. Had he
 Been more expansive in the form and manner
 Which crust the inner life, with outer shapes
 That are in part a lie, perchance his knowledge
 Might have compressed the teaching of long years
 Into a closer space. Unhappily,
 For the one at least, they learnt to know each other,
 Slowly. Those sympathies that knit the men
 Who travel the same road, had not grown up
 In boyhood and companionship. The one
 Looked kindly on the errors of the other,
 And did him noble and self-denying service—
 All honest service is so. But, he needed
 That cheaper sympathy, whose words like straws
 Float on the hour. Not yet, his grief has learned
 The single self-sufficiency of strength.

Among his friends was one—such rare exception
 To the uprightness of the intellect,
 As the world pets and slanders—a brilliancy,
 Whose wayward act made mockery of all
 Which intellect should honor. Truth and faith
 And toil, the three compelling keys which open
 The treasure-chests of life, were but as lies
 To his abnormal and eccentric will.
 He lived upon the world, not by it, taking
 That which he needed, where or when he chose it,
 With or without return—or love or glory—
 Raiment or food. The moral of his life
 Was the ill-comprehended text of the wise king—
 “The lily toils not, neither does she spin;
 Yet is her clothing beautiful and gorgeous.
 And, shower and sunbeam feed her.” His fickle heart—
 Capricious as a woman’s sense, which earth
 Has tainted from its bias to the pure
 Into an empty lust—seized on a life
 Open to any teaching, from a lip
 That said it loved it. Weak of will, it heard,
 And liking the teacher, went and did like him.

But that which was brilliant in the one, became
 A darkness in the other. Faithlessness

And Falsehood which were truths in this one's nature—
Consistencies that slay or heal, as mercy
Or judgment choose, in the other were but lies;
And lies, are lies because they do not last.
Want of success—fruitless endeavor smote him.
Before, there had been a sustaining power
To hold him up—that inward trust in self,
Which in his aimless toil or guilty passion
Had not abandoned him: and, but for this,
Long since had life upon the wayside cast him,
To wither and to perish. But that trust
Was banded with the avenging sorrows now—
A curse and scourge. Its self-compelling judgment
Gave edge and venom to the bitter thoughts
Which multiplied in him, like the sworded shapes
That sprung from the sown dragons' teeth. Soured heart
Begot it biting words, and worldly friendships
Shatter as readily as glass. The friend,
An epicurean in his tastes, discovered
That he had chosen ill; and from that hour
Their paths on earth diverged, no more to meet
Unless in wrong and scorn. A chance sent out
The man whom he had loved in sport, and quitted
In a caprice, to wander. The same chance,
If such are chances, left him penniless—
An alien and a stranger, in a land
Which did not know the tongue that was his bread.
How he existed, he scarce knew. He had none
To speak with—none to listen to him—none—
Except a single family, who were
Aliens like him, and spake in the same tongue.

The eldest daughter—there were two—an angel
In purity and pity, lulled his anguish,
With the calm comfort of her holy eyes,
To rest and brief oblivion. Not more fresh
The sudden coolness of a summer eve
Beside the Middle Sea, when sets the sun,
To fever's burning brow, than that short pause
Of peace and calm. It came too soon. Not yet,
The slackening sorrows tarry by the way
For more than breathing. On his past, he traced
Her image, picturing a new delight,
As stormy and as sudden as the sin

Whose curse had darkened it. Upon the brink
 Of that engulfing habit, which destroys
 Body and soul, he tottered. Luckily—
 Perchance for both, for innocence is frail
 And pity ripens fast to more—the shadow
 Of her who was his ruin, saved him here.
 He felt that he might love, and a remorse,
 As for a treachery, smote upon and drove him
 Forth like a stricken hound into the waste.

On the Carpathian Hills, and in the steppes
 Of Hungary he wandered—mighty rocks,
 Bare as a frozen wave—corn-growing plains,
 O'er which, unless 'twixt seed and sickle-time
 The peasant and the peddler drive the cart—
 Oceans of mud in winter, where stray stems
 Stripped of their leaves are landmarks—after harvest,
 Deserts of sand and stubble, canopied
 By one unbroken gray or burning blue
 In wearisome alternation—heard around him,
 The wail of the serf whose sweat supplied the revel
 Of his far-distant master, or the shout
 Of the same drunken helot in the hour
 His revel stole from labor—saw the youth
 Of woman, a mere plaything for the lust
 Of those who owned her, and her middle age
 That of the beast of burden. Misery
 Might have convinced him of his father's words;
 But, here he saw the hard and horny hand
 Which drove the plough, a sign of degradation
 And not of honor, by the changeless years
 Bequeathed in sweat and shame, from sire to son.

His sister wrote to him—— Come back to us.
 —— Why didst thou leave us? Dearest brother, come.
 —— We are alone on earth, I and thy mother.
 He had no tears, nor fellowship for grief
 That was not his. To him, his sister's words
 Were as dead cries that come up from the grave,
 Unanswered, save by terror. Suffering
 And self had rusted in the chord, the note
 Which should have spoken, and an agony
 Shrieked to the touch which should have woken love.
 Within himself he lived—a single woe

Which was as many thoughts—one, yet a world,
Where self, alone, itself was text and teacher.

So, staff in hand—a pilgrim on the earth
Knowing not why, yet, watching how he went,
He wandered—counting every idle pulse,
Keeping a curious day-book of desire
And speculation, from which use may draw
A future wisdom. Now, among the shrines
In which the Christian art has stored its treasures,
He strayed—now, brooded o'er the breathing stone,
In whose all-earthly love a cruder fable
Gropes for belief, or, on the darker shapes
Of a Titanic chisel's childlike creed,
Whose toil was gray long time ere Homer sung.
The same the sky, the same, the sun and earth
Which were when these were wrought. Their beauty laughs
At change of time and season. They are truths,
Parts in the march of faith, and can not die.
Toil has a secret only search can master.
The only jewel labor digs from life,
Is not the bead it hangs upon the brow.
He felt it now, and sweeping fast and thick
Along his memory, came the morning dreams
And hopes of boyhood, like the broken rays
From some half-clouded and uncertain light,
And, then he grew aware of a strange longing
Which yet was a content—a sudden sense,
Whose very consciousness of life was joy,
Although it had not learnt to see or hear.

Now, he remembered him of goodly thoughts,
The bloom on the green stems of buried wisdoms
That root eternal beauty into death—
Plucked by the hand of youth, and thrown aside
In waste, as if they were not goodly things.
Oftener than all, the text and parable
Of that great Book, in which—as in the seas
Whose bosoms lap the riches of the storms
In their own pearl and coral—worldly knowledge
And a diviner wisdom's wealth are strewn
In mingled heaps—came back—that simple Book
In whose large depths strong brains, like lusty divers,
May search, and brace their strength, while on the shore,

The child may count the treasures which they lift
Through the long crystal ripples, to his eye.
And new-baptized to such bright memories
By the same needs which sought them—loneliness
And sorrow—did he feel, for the first time,
That every separate splendor had its place,
Like threaded jewels, on some hidden string
Which blent their multiple loveliness in one.

With this conviction, came a calm regret
Not all unkin to joy. He had but read,
As idle boys lie in the sun, and bask;
Or toiled like children at the walls of sand
Which the next wind will strew. He did not grieve
For his sand-palaces and broken day-dreams.
The will and toil were in themselves no shame.
And tears, for wasted hours, will never use
Those that remain. He had been right, who said
—That which had bruised should heal him. He himself
Had been the wound. Himself must be the cure.
Strength cometh from within—not from without;
Save in the way of fit and wholesome food,
Chosen by that self-knowledge which is ever
In him who dares to look on it. The soul
Is never pure. It can but purify,
And that, alone, by small and slow degrees
Towards perfection—cleansing yet not clean,
For perfect cleanliness of soul is—God.

CANTO FIFTH.

When comes the morning of that mighty day
The eye will faint in searching—the great dawn,
Kissed by whose lips of light, the shapeless question
Of the long night, grows into shape and line?
Too often, with the hour whose silent hand
Looses the latch that opens on the tomb—
The End-all or the Learn-all—either way
Perception or Absorption—travail-pang
To a comprehension so complete and full,
It loses separate sense of separate fact,
Containing all, or the scarce-conscious plunge

Into an ignorant identity,
Which in itself is all. Imperfect hope !
Let not thy promise linger by the way ;
Marvellous sunbreak ! let thy wisdom quicken,
Before it be too late, the eager eyes
That lift them to the scattered lights which sow
The night with splendors, like a coming day
Whose herald flashes glitter in its van
On the far spear-points of some distant host.
Haply, even yet his soul may tire with gazing,
Or lay it down to sleep, full-fed and drunken,
With one fond look on that embattled beauty.
Up, at thy post ! Who would see more, must gaze—
Beholder, asker, tireless searcher, ever.
The ladder he would mount who scales the skies
Is endless, though each step may be an end.

Under the ancient memories, which fell
Upon his spirit in a golden rain,
Glancing and glittering like the falling stars
Of a September midnight, rose a hope
Out of commencing knowledge ; the desire
For one of those undying names which glow
In beacon-glory through all life and time,
Eternal landmarks—no frail fame, the child
Of the moment and the chance—no fading thing,
The sunbeam looks on but to shrivel up ;
But such as forges into change itself
Links, Titan hands would tear in vain asunder.
Strong in the will, his yearning thoughts brake out
Into spontaneous song, and he believed
In that he did, and wrote it. But the doubt
Begotten on his past, was as a seal
Upon the page, conviction dared not break.
And so he labored on, and sung and wrote,
Hoping and willing, yet undoing ever
What hope and will had done. His mother died—
His sister wedded—other ties and cares
Blended and shared her beautiful love for him
With their new duties. And he stood alone,
In the shadow of the light which opened round him.

It fell, the chance which is no chance—the teacher
That never fails desire to learn—the same,

Whose willful hand had led his ignorance
 Into that many-branching way, to which
 Faith only holds the clue, so timed his foot,
 It trod close on two men whose slanting step
 Tended near his. The one was a large brain,
 Earnest and honest—sparing and chill in word,
 Yet large of heart—more practical than wise,
 As are the children of the world—still young,
 Younger than he, and not yet hard of will,
 But hardening daily—a toiler at the task
 His strength had set it, confident that labor
 Achieves and conquers. The other, a quaint dreamer,
 Open of hand as day, yet miserly
 Of heart, as a pool hiding in the woods
 From the search of prying sunbeams—a huge idler
 And worshipper of other wisdoms—curious
 Into the secrets of the humanity
 He was a part in, for no earthly use
 His idleness would put them to—a reader
 Of the strange books whence students fish up pearls
 They never string together, idled on,
 A truster in the hour, whose quaint abstractions
 Or loves of habit, made his whole of joy.

— Ay, Fame and Name are well, so that they come
 — When sense and self enjoy them. To the dead
 — Life is no more. What matters it to him
 — Who rotteth piecemeal, if a human lip
 — Says that he once was great? He only lives
 — For those who *are* alive, as he *was*, then.
 — Labor for tangible and actual things
 — Possesses and enjoys them. No to-morrow
 — May rob to-day of having and enjoyment.
 So spake the first. The other laughed, and laid
 His finger on an open book and laughed.
 It was as if he said what said the first,
 Although in different form. It was a volume
 Which was the record of a holy thought,
 Whose sainted pilgrimage towards the light
 Was wrapt in rosy cloud and purple beam,
 Although the thorn had torn its foot, and blood-drops
 Marked its pure path through earth—on which the hand
 Of the quaint idler rested.—He has plucked;
 — I taste. He wrought, and I enjoy. He is

- A God, and I his worshipper. But few
- May tread within the circle of the glory
- Which held him up—the living incarnation
- Of his convinced and self-sustaining soul.

The first was right so far as went his creed.
Why toiled he, then? Why not possess, at once,
The joy the hour may pluck? The asker wondered;
And, like the cloud-spires of a shaken dream,
What might be, crumbled from him. Worldly wisdom
Is strong to break the hope it can not build.
But then the last, and him of whom he spake.
The worshipper is wise. Yet should the God
Be wiser than the kneeler in the temple,
Or why the worship? If it be, that few
May do what this has done, yet some may do
The same; and if the doing were no joy,
Why was it done? He could not answer this,
Yet brooded on it, like the making Word
Which in the Genesis brooded on the wave—
Instinctively believing it must quicken.

But toil had bred the need. No more, the thirst
For that undying glory which anoints
Thought's kings was in him; yet he labored still,
And labor was contentment. Why was this?
Or was his father right? Was constant labor—
Or at the plough or pen, the wheel or hammer,
The loom or lamp, the sceptre or the sword—
The only good, and only all in all?
Was it the means and end, alike? Yet why,
If this were so, such many shapen ways
Of toil? Why not, alone, the plough and harvest?

As he wrought on, he chanced upon a truth,
And saw that it was such, and made it his;
It was an old and well-worn truth. But truths
Are not as truths to us when only seen
And wondered at. Their roots must enter us,
And live and drink our life-blood. Then we know them.
He felt that he knew something new. His brain
Throbbled fast, and in his quick delight he smote
His hands together, although, not without
A pang that sudden joy—a pang which said
How easy such a truth had been to find

If he had searched for it. He spake of it.
The practical toiler knew its face at once.
— He had met it, often. Yes, it was a truth;
— And well enough in its way, but very threadbare.
The finder marvelled, why, if this man knew it,
He had not known it long before. He saw not,
It was a knowledge of eye and ear alone.
Though somewhat shamed, he took him heart to speak
To the worshipper of the dead splendors. There,
He found another answer.—Yes. He knew it.
— It was one of the fair rank of holy beauties,
— Each one of which develops on its stem
— Often and manifold, like crowded blooms
— Upon one rose-bush. This seemed stranger still;
It seemed a truth, once known should live for ever,
Single and manifest, without the need
Of duplication and constant evidence.
He knew not yet, how hard it is for truth
To win belief, even when duplication
Has made it as common a certainty, as the morrow
Which never fails to bring the Eastern sun.

But ever he went on, and as he went,
The mile-stones on the way were ancient truths,
That still were new to him; and when convinced
Of one there came a craving for the next,
For habit breeds desire. So while his foot
Consumed the path, the task became the will,
Instinctively rejoicing in its toil.
And, to his toil, the lesson of his life
Grew clearer and more visible; not as if
Itself were larger, but, as if his soul
Were as a waxing flame within whose circle
Of growing light, it grew more luminous,
Throwing back light and golden flash, in turn,
Whence came the golden flash and growing light.

And still, as he went on, the regular years
Made change of Spring and Summer. Autumn bound
The sheaf, and with the Winter came the snow.
And, the world ate and smiled, and wept and slept,
And multiplied and died out, with a sound
Of many voices which when near are loud,
But to the ear of one who stands aloof
Among the mightier thoughts whose base is built

Into the universe, no more than were
The travel-wearied sound of a far wind
Chiding with ocean. And, ever as he toiled,
The texture and the muscle of his brain
Grew to its toil; and, still he grew more calm,
And the more heavy foot and larger tread
Dinted a visible footprint where he went,
And, manhood strengthened daily, and his brow
Waxed broader, and his pulse-beat grew less quick
But stronger, and the regular years made change
Of Spring and Summer; and the Autumn came,
And Winter folded Autumn in its white
And frozen arms—and what was russet Autumn
Burst from that white embrace a yellow spring.
And, still he asked—Why come the Spring and Summer,
— Autumn and Winter, if but to renew
— And recommence again? But, now he asked,
Humbled yet glad. The labor of his soul
Had labored in his soul—a two-fold work;
Single, yet twin; a toil which should make fruitful,
And yet bear fruit itself—a double joy.

IRELAND AND IRISHMEN.

ALTHOUGH the interference of the press, the people, and the government of England, with our domestic institutions, and their persevering attempts to sow dissensions and propagate the most bitter prejudices among the two great sections of the Union, under the mask of sympathy for African slaves, furnish a full justification, it is not our design in this article to retaliate these hostile demonstrations by pursuing a similar course toward the members of the United Kingdom. It is neither our wish nor our intention to adopt a policy of which we have such just reason to complain. All we aim at in this article is to do something like justice to the conduct and character of a nation, which it would seem has been stigmatized as irreclaimably barbarous, only to afford a plausible pretext for treating it as such. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen have sought refuge in the United States, and hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens are the descendants of Irishmen. Their blood is everywhere mingled in the same bodies and the same veins; they are identified with our race, and in doing them justice we are only vindicating ourselves.

The loyal and orthodox writers of England, from the times of Spenser, Raleigh, Temple, and Davis, who all shared in the plunder of Ireland, have uniformly represented the Irish as a race of semi-barbarians, insensible to kind treatment, and irreclaimable by any course but that of civil and religious persecution. Let us briefly inquire whether England has ever tried the former experiment on them.

Almost the first we hear of Ireland, in connection with authentic English history, is the invasion of that island by Earl Strongbowe and his band of "Fillibusters." The two countries were at peace with each other at the time; but it seems the Earl, being a stalwart freebooter, acknowledging no laws but those of chivalry, was invited over by some bare-footed,

bare-legged chief, who pretended to be the legitimate king of all Ireland. The invasion was successful, owing to the same cause which has been the ruin of Ireland from that day to this; namely, the treasonable subserviency of the nobility and chiefs to the policy and interests of England. The King of England, though he contributed nothing but his royal permission, reaped the lion's share in the fruits of the enterprise. The monarch of all Ireland, who had invited Earl Strongbowe over to sustain his title, was in good time set aside, and his majesty of England became the legitimate heir to his throne.

Then commenced that series of measures to civilize the "wild Irish," as they were styled, of which the loyal and orthodox writers of England boast as consummate efforts of a wise and benevolent policy. The first step was to parcel out the lands of Ireland among loyal Englishmen and Irish traitors. The whole Province of Connaught was, by a decree of the Lord-Deputy Carew, wrested from its ancient owners, and distributed among English adventurers, and Irish chiefs who had sold their country: and at this moment a great portion of the largest estates in Ireland are held by no other tenure.*

Such was the first step toward civilization. To this succeeded others, equally just, humane, and efficacious. The few Irish chiefs, such as Desmond, O'Neill, and Macarthy, who felt like Irishmen for the wrongs of Ireland, were outlawed, hunted, robbed of their property, and either sought refuge in foreign lands, were massacred by British soldiers, or perished as criminals by sentence of a British tribunal. Armies of red-coats were distributed throughout the country to let out their wild blood by that great political lancet, the bayonet; and armies of black coats and bands, to preach to empty churches, and convert the people from their ancient faith by persuasive tithes and seductive denunciations of eternal perdition. England, too, sent them Lord-Deputies, Lord-Lieutenants, and scores of *aides de camp*, to give them lessons of loyalty and examples of refinement. In order to render these efforts more availing, England, by a series of legislative tyranny, neutralized all the great natural advantages possessed by Ireland for trade and commerce, and placed her under worse than colonial vassalage. Finally, to cap the climax, finding all her maternal or fraternal efforts vain, she denounced them to the world

* See Stafford's *Pacata Hibernia*. Stafford was one of the English beneficiaries, and therefore his authority in this case is unquestionable. His work is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

as a race of obstinate, impracticable barbarians, who could neither be persuaded to renounce their faith, relinquish their rights, or starve with decency. Surely these turbulent Irish must be more wild than our wildest Indians, to be insensible to such toyings and caresses!

Such, with occasional relaxations, or new impositions, has been the condition of Ireland, whether as a tributary kingdom or an integral portion of the British empire, ever since the reign of Elizabeth. With the exception of a few brief intervals, this condition has been gradually and steadily growing worse. In one of the most fruitful regions of the peopled earth, and under the fairest skies, famine and its twin-sister pestilence, have year after year desolated the land, and driven more than a million of its wretched inhabitants to seek refuge in the United States. To famine and pestilence is added the inflexible despotism of the bayonet and the bludgeon. The most oppressive and vexatious species of martial law prevails in Ireland. Soldiers and police-officers are associated together, and act in concert almost without restraint under the late acts of Parliament, courteously styled, "The Crown and Government Security Bills." A friend who made a tour in that country last year, declared to us that at least every tenth man he saw wore the badge and uniform of a police-officer. In short, at this moment, Ireland is the most miserable country under heaven, and, of all Christian nations, is reduced to the most abject slavery under the "protection" of a government which is perpetually stunning the ears of the world with its canting, hypocritical, nauseating pretensions to superior piety, morality, and philanthropy.

The consequences of this unique and original plan for conciliating a nation are such as might have been expected. On one hand, the efforts of British loyal and orthodox writers employed for the purpose of misrepresenting and caricaturing the Irish, in order to justify that course of policy which has been one of the great causes of the degradation of the people of Ireland, have taught the English to look down on their fellow-subjects of the Emerald Isle as inferior beings. On the other hand, these assumptions of superiority, and the long series of misgovernment inflicted on them, have engendered and fostered in the heart of the Irish nation an immortal hatred of those who at one and the same time have oppressed them by their power, calumniated them by their press, and insulted them by their arrogance.

There are perhaps no two nations in the world that cherish

a more inveterate antipathy toward each other than the English and Irish, most especially since that "Union" which was brought about by corrupting the Irish nobility and bribing the leading members of the Irish Parliament. Hence, the eight or nine millions of Irishmen, so far from strengthening the "United Kingdom," are only elements of weakness, although their poverty tempts so many of them to enlist in the British army, and thus become, in fact, the instruments of their own oppression. Hard dealing on one hand, and enforced submission on the other, can not cement two nations into one. Every man must know this from his own experience, and the present state of Ireland is a sufficient exemplification.

That wretched adoption of a stern, inflexible step-mother, is saturated with red-hot lava, ready to burst forth whenever the superficial crust which conceals it is removed. The people stand pawing and foaming at the mouth with the bit between their teeth; and, were they not disarmed and overawed by a standing-army, backed by a host of armed police-officers—one of whom is at every man's elbow—as well as emasculated by hunger and privation, they would without doubt try the issue between starvation and rebellion—use the scourge applied to the oppressors of mankind when nations arise in their might to crush their oppressors.

It is no ebullition of peevish discontent, which a moment may produce and a moment allay; no sudden squall, to be suddenly succeeded by a dead calm; no freak of turbulent impatience springing from any peculiar excitability in the national temperament; nor is it the mere personal influence of such men as O'Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher, however potent their eloquence and devoted their patriotism. It is not these causes, either single or combined, which has caused that throbbing in the heart of Ireland, which is swelling it almost to bursting, and driving Irishmen by hundreds of thousands to seek refuge in the capacious home of the disinherited children of the world. It is a cause whose consequences are everywhere the same, and can not be avoided but by its removal. It is oppression, want, hunger, misery, despair, and vengeance.

Tradition, history, feeling, and suffering are perpetually administering new fuel to the flame, which, however it may be smothered, will never be extinguished but by a long series of good offices and gentle treatment. Political and social, here, as they ever will, produced moral degradation to some extent; and abject, hopeless poverty continued from generation to generation, brought forth its bitter fruits. Individual suffering,

aggravated by that religious bigotry always rendered more inveterate by persecution, is now operating silent and unseen ; and the period has arrived which presents the alternative of effectual relief, emigration, or partial extermination by famine, pestilence, and the sword. In crushing Ireland to the earth, they have almost broken her heart. In reducing her to despair, they have deadened, if not destroyed, that principle of renovation which enables nations to rise as it were from the grave.

Aware of this, and becoming conscious that the long series of misgovernment inflicted on Ireland is beginning to recoil on themselves in the spectre form of a nation reduced to beggary and starvation, the British government has resorted to temporary expedients to mitigate the calamity which itself had caused. And how has this been done ? First, by an arbitrary edict of the British Parliament, where Ireland is always in the minority, obliging the holders of deeply-mortgaged property to sell their lands at a period of depression when it is probable they will scarcely sell for half their value. This, it is supposed, will transfer them to the hands of proprietors possessing the means of improving and cultivating them to advantage, and thus by increasing production obviate the danger of famine in future. By this process it is thought probable many English capitalists may be tempted to invest their money in Irish lands, and introduce a better system of agriculture, at the same time that they improve the condition of the Irish tenantry and farm-laborers.

But how is this to improve the condition of these classes ? To stock and cultivate a farm, however small, requires more or less capital, and the beggared rural population for whose special benefit this new expedient was devised, has scarcely bread to their mouths, much less money in their pockets. How are they to stock their farms and pay their rents ? To obviate this objection, the British government has appropriated a sum, which, however large, is but a drop in the bucket. At best it can afford but a limited as well as partial and temporary mitigation of an evil that is universal. This national fund of charity is placed at the disposal of a commission, no doubt composed of a majority of loyal and orthodox gentlemen, probably selected for their devoted attachment to the Queen and the Church. There is not enough for all, and it will be absolutely necessary to make a selection from the great mass of millions. Can we doubt that a decided preference will be given, by the loyal and orthodox commissioners charged with the distribution of this fund, to those who are equally loyal and

orthodox? Will they bestow the national alms on a solitary Irish patriot, unless he renounce his principles, or a reprobate Catholic, unless he renounce his heresies? In short, is there the slightest reason to doubt that the distribution of this national fund will not be made an instrument to reward those who are already both loyal and orthodox, and to induce those who are not loyal and orthodox to become so as soon as possible?

It is said by many respectable persons, and denied by others equally deserving of credit, that this new nostrum has already accomplished wonders, and will eventually prove the grand panacea of Ireland. We are also informed, and the fact is undoubted, that large numbers of Irish emigrants are returning home to enjoy their new paradise; and we should not be at all surprised if all that can, were to follow their example, since there seems to be a fair prospect that under the new *regime* of Know-Nothingism both their civil and religious rights will fare pretty much as they have long done in Ireland. But we fear many, if not all of them, will be greatly disappointed. They may get land at a reasonable, perhaps a cheap price or a low rent; but alas! they will not find Ireland regenerated as if by miracle. They will find the same old taxes; the same old tithes; the same old distinctions of rank; the same airs of proud superiority on the part of Englishmen; the same old rags and the same degradation. They will be bullied by red-coat soldiers, and police-officers in green; the "evil eye" will be upon them wherever they go; and every act and every word be noted by these invisible agents of a despotism ten times more galling than that of Nero or Caligula, because it is not confined to the precincts of a court, but extends to every poor man, and enters the door of every poor man's home.

Nothing in fact has been done by the legislation of England that strikes at the root of the wrongs of Ireland; nothing to effect a radical cure of the social and political evils of the people of Ireland. The whole system is so pregnant with abuses, that these constitute the vital principle of its existence. They are the cement of the edifice, and to remove them would cause the destruction of the entire building. Temporary expedients may produce a temporary reaction; but so long as the barb is left sticking in the wound perfect recovery is hopeless. Charity never resuscitated a nation; nor was there ever an instance of a people recovering from the effects of a long series of misgovernment and oppression under the domination of the same tyranny which precipitated them down the ladder of degrada-

tion. Ireland can only be regenerated by herself. The pool must be stirred from the very bottom before the waters can subside clear and pure. Ireland has been crushed to the earth by the iron heel of power, and to rise from the earth Ireland must be free.

But in the midst of our zeal, let us endeavor to be just. The condition of Ireland is not alone the work of England. Ireland has been over and over again betrayed by her own sons. It is they that have stabbed her to the heart and sold her dead body to the enemy. The aristocracy of that country are, in our opinion, the meanest, the basest, the most degenerate race that ever aspired to distinction among men. Cowards in defense of their native land, they sell themselves to England for honors and rewards, and become the bravest defenders of the power which oppresses them. Since the days of the Macarthys and O'Neills, not one of them, with the exception of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, has ever offered up his life for the freedom of his countrymen; nor has a solitary Irish nobleman ever associated himself with the cause of Ireland, except for the purpose of gaining an influence over his credulous countrymen that would make him worth purchasing by England; and if at any time one of these titled renegades acquired any official influence in the counsels of that country, he has invariably sought to maintain it by signalizing his zeal in fastening new chains on his countrymen, and adding new items to the long list of their wrongs. Such was Castlereagh, and—would it were not so—such was Wellington.

When, irritated by oppression and maddened by famine and despair, the people of Ireland were on the eve of making an effort to cast off their chains, these craven scions of a degenerate stock, instead of joining with their suffering countrymen, and lending their powerful aid in wresting from the government of England at least some concessions that might mitigate their sufferings, crouched like spaniels at the foot of the throne, and begged for new fetters to bind the necks and limbs of the poor wretches already perishing by pestilence and famine. They invoked the sword as an auxiliary, and sneaked behind the omnipotence of Parliament for protection against those fellow-countrymen they had deserted. If we are not mistaken, only two of the Irish members of the House of Commons, and not one of the Irish Lords, voted against the "Crown and Government Security Bills," which converted "compassings, imaginings, devices, and intentions," into high treason. Among the most conspicuous of these noble apostates, are the Beresfords

and Ponsonbys, whose exemplary loyalty has secured to them a large portion of the high offices and fat bishopricks of the land they have betrayed and sold.

Nor can it be denied that the people of Ireland have been accomplices in their own ruin. They have submitted to the government of priests, and such a people can never be free. They have more than once been befooled and bamboozled by hollow, worthless concessions on the part of England, which if they offered any benefits, they were precisely those in which the people at large could not partake; and that generous confidence, amounting to credulity, which is one of their characteristics, has been often abused by those to whom they looked up as their leaders and protectors. Whenever royalty condescended to pay them a visit, they have fagged at its heels, and shouted halleluias of welcome with as much enthusiasm as if they were the happiest, best-governed, and most loyal people in the world. No doubt Queen Victoria returned from her late visit fully imbued with that conviction. The Irish are justly celebrated for their chivalrous deference to the sex; and though we would have had them receive Her Majesty with all due courtesy, we think there was no special occasion to welcome her with enthusiasm. We believe Queen Victoria to be a very harmless, respectable body; and it is certain she is a special breeder of sinners.

The last charge we have to bring against our friends the Irish, is by far the most serious. It is, that they don't stand by their leaders. How, then, can they expect their leaders to stand by them in the hour of trial? They looked on quietly and saw Lord Edward Fitzgerald martyred in their cause. They stood by and saw John Mitchel and Thomas Meagher sentenced to perpetual exile; and again, they actually deserted Smith O'Brien, and left him at the mercy of his enemies, on the appearance of a band of police-officers. It has been urged in extenuation of this inexcusable delinquency, that the populace were without arms; that they were neither organized nor prepared for the crisis; that they were overawed by the presence of the soldiers and police-officers, and in truth so weakened in flesh and in spirit, by want and privation, that they had neither hands nor hearts for resistance.

All this is doubtless true. Yet we read, that when the Swiss peasantry rose against Austrian tyranny, and the veterans of their oppressor presented a forest of bayonets which resisted all their efforts, a peasant threw down his scythe, and rushing on the line of the enemy, grasped as many bayonets as he could

compass in his arms, received them in his bosom, and thus made a breach for his comrades to enter and conquer. So, too, when the last of the Horatii was fleeing before the three surviving Curiatii, and his sister asked the brave father, "What could he do against such odds?" "DIE!" said the noble Roman. And die men must, or be ready to die, when they undertake to wrest their freedom from the grasp of the tyrant. Unless they are prepared to offer themselves up as victims, they should never dare to approach the shrine of liberty. "We must fight, Mr. Speaker, we must fight," said the most eloquent of his countrymen, when the enemy was at the door, and they were talking of conciliation.

If the Irish ever expect to be free, they too must fight with axes, scythes, and pitchforks; and if these can not be procured, with clubs. The pitchfork, in the hands of a brave peasant, is more than a match for the bayonet, and the scythe cuts down men as well as grass. When the people rise in mass, with hands and hearts equally resolved, they are all but invincible. Their ardor and determination are more than a match for the mere spiritless discipline of hireling soldiers in the end; for though they may be often defeated, every disaster will serve as a new lesson, and they will at length learn to conquer their conquerors. It is worse than idle for the oppressed people of Ireland, or any other country, to look forward to emancipation by peaceable means. If they had rather starve by inches, and see their wives and children starving, than die in the attempt to relieve them, they merit their fate and are unworthy of pity. Eight or nine millions of Irishmen have no business to be slaves; for if determined, they can free themselves. Two millions of bayonets are pointed at the breasts of the people of Europe, and two hundred and thirty millions of people are there to oppose them. United, they are invincible, whatever may be the boasted superiority of a military organization. If they sit down coolly to calculate the chances of success, or wait for a more favorable opportunity of action, they will peradventure fare like the fool who sat down on the bank of a river, waiting for the waters to cease flowing, that he might pass over dry-shod. The tide of tyranny will never cease to flow until arrested by the strong arms of the oppressed. It never voluntarily relinquishes its prey, and nothing but force or fear can check its course. The price of liberty is blood. Like religion, she must have martyrs, and those who are afraid to die in her defense had best remain willing slaves. Neither talking nor writing, bombastic speeches, empty threats, or stout denunciations will

answer now-a-days. They are mere *brutum fulmen*, or at best but Chinese-crackers that singe the eyebrows a little sometimes. Those who aspire to lead revolutions must not run away by the light of the fires they have kindled; or, at all events, they should be the last to run. Like the captain of a sinking ship, they should stand by her to the latest moment, and if it please God, go down with the vessel. As to those garrulous philosophers who seem to believe they can achieve the freedom of mankind by mere dogmas of philosophy and long speeches about "solidarity" and "all that sort of thing," we have little faith in their theories or their practice. Too many of them seem to belong to that class of heroes who amuse themselves by pushing their adherents into danger and looking on at a distance. Like the trumpeter in the fable, they incite others to battle but are non-combatants themselves. They may sometimes awaken the fears of cowardly despotism, but will never become the deliverers of nations.

THE MILITARY CAREER OF WELLINGTON.

BY MR. WEMYS JOBBON, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

WITHOUT entering into the question, whether it be a matter of felicitation or regret, little doubt can be entertained that, in the estimation of the great majority of mankind, preëminent military prowess ranks higher than a corresponding degree of mental power. In the judgment of the reflecting few, the stately thoughts of Plato and glowing fire of Homer still impart delight and excite admiration which will die, probably, only with the last generation of man; while the victories of Alexander and triumphs of Cæsar are forgotten, or mentioned only in accents transient as their issue. But with the multitude it is otherwise, and he whose name stands at the head of this article will be the individual that, of all his countrymen, will live longest in the memory of future ages. The unborn statesman may dwell with pleasure on the genius of Fox and of Pitt, the rhetorician hang with rapture on the eloquence of Grattan and Grey, but the names of Marlborough and Wellington alone will will be mentioned by the masses of posterity.* Long after the petty deeds of the present day are forgotten, and those engaged in them consigned to kindred oblivion, these syllables will still linger on the lips of men. When the power of England itself, shall, in the lapse of ages,† have passed away; when of all its glorious achievements nothing but the recollection remains, an idle scroll in the Temple of Fame; when its language itself perhaps shall be forgotten, their names will

* We have the highest respect for the judgment of our contributor, but we reverence the right to differ. Pope, Addison, and Swift were contemporaries of Marlborough, and are they not better known, more loved, more honored at the present day?—*Ed.*

† Is the "power of England" to endure through the "lapse of ages"? We await the next mail from the Crimes?—*Ed.*

be heard and will excite awe in the hearts of the timid and ardor in the breasts of the brave. In the military annals of their country their fame will stand alone—far apart from that of those ordinary conquerors whom every century produces, and every generation admires and forgets. It will be mentioned as what the past generations of their countrymen had not seen, and the future can scarcely hope to see.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, a younger son of the Earl of Mornington, was born in the year 1769.* Napoleon was born in the same year, "but," said Louis XVIII., while eating his artolan in the Tuileries, alluding to the former, "Providence owed me that consolation." He was educated, in the first instance, at Eaton, and afterwards dispatched to Angiers, for the purpose of receiving the usual branches of military instruction. On returning home he joined the army, in his eighteenth year, as an ensign in a regiment of Infantry, in 1787; and rapidly rose through the inferior gradations of the service, as in 1793 we find him a major in the 33d, of which he obtained the lieutenant-colonelcy, by purchase, in the course of the same year. In command of this regiment he proceeded in June, 1794, with Lord Moira, to Ostend, and that nobleman having determined to abandon the place, in order to assist the Duke of York, then lamentably involved in the neighborhood of Antwerp, Colonel Wellesley participated in the calamities that followed; and was, in consequence of the coolness and circumspection he had evinced in every action, appointed by Sir David Dundas to secure the rear when the army withdrew—the post of honor as well as danger in retreat. The duty required all his vigilance. Their route lay through a bleak, barren country, naturally dismal, and rendered still more repulsive by the inclemency of winter and the coldness of the inhabitants. Piercing winds, drifting snows, and the still more withering indifference of those they had been sent to save, at every step met the wearied troops; from which no relief was to be found but in sleep, and those who gave themselves up to its embraces generally sank into eternal slumber. In this emergency it required all the energy of the young commander to discharge the task assigned; but he accomplished it with ability, and with the few troops that survived that disastrous campaign he returned home inured in body and improved in mind. He had

* Our friend has forgotten—a frequent omission of memory with most Englishmen we have met—to mention that the Duke was born in Ireland, of Irish parentage.—*Ed.*

in this war enjoyed the advantage of seeing the evils that flow from discordant allies and distracted councils, the folly of attempting to fight for a people indifferent or opposed to external aid; for it is a painful fact that the English army, in consequence of the licentious spirit that prevailed in its ranks, left the Netherlands pursued alike by the execrations of the plundered inhabitants and the shouts of the triumphant French; and it was by observing the lamentable effects of such irregularity that the Duke of York and Wellington were induced afterwards to devote so much attention to that discipline, by means of which the former brought the British army to such perfection, and the other enabled it to achieve such triumphs.

A wider field of exertion now opened to the enterprising officer; and it is interesting to think on what trifles the greatest events depend. On his return from Holland, the 33d was ordered to proceed to the West-Indies, and the troops had actually embarked and made several vain attempts to set out to sea, when they were as often driven back by the winds; and the Marquis of Wellesley, (then Lord of Mornington,) having in the interval been appointed Governor-General of India, his brother's regiment was countermanded, and with its commander, now raised to the command of colonel, dispatched to India. But for an adverse breeze of wind, the future conqueror at Assaye and Waterloo might thus have been consigned to a West-India island, to die of its noxious fever, or at least be deprived of that opportunity of conducting military operations on that extensive scale which he learned in the East, and afterwards brought to bear with such splendid effects on the plains of Europe, where the might of England had previously been frittered away in petty expeditions and contemptible exertions.

The East at this period presented a noble field for enterprise. Hyder Ali, the cruel and astute Sultan of Mysore, had concluded his eventful career, and been succeeded by his equally brave and relentless, but far less subtle son. The power of Tippoo was declining; for, though generous and indulgent to his adherents, his grasping and despotic character had so alienated the affections of the natives that they were more disposed to aid than resist the Company in crushing him. But still his power was formidable, his capital strong, his forces numerous, as well as disciplined by French officers in his service, and it required all the efforts of Lord Cornwallis to subdue him. The **siege and capture of Seringapatam are too well known for recapitulation here.** After a fierce assault of some hours it was

carried ultimately by storm, but in the first instance by surprise; the attack having been commenced shortly after mid-day, when in the East all nature is buried in profound repose. The Sultan Saib, after defending it with his own hands to the last, died fighting, as a soldier should, and his body was found beneath a mountain of the slain. Colonel Wellesley, though present, did not participate in the attack; having been intrusted with the command of the reserve, which was never brought into action, his duty necessarily constrained him to remain in the rear; but he was appointed governor of the city on its surrender, and by his mingled firmness and integrity he rapidly restored order in a manner equally agreeable to the Company and natives.*

The next service in which Colonel Wellesley was employed was to put down an adventurer named Dhoondia Waugh—a freebooter, who, from the condition of a robber and a recent prisoner in the hands of Tippoo Saib, had, by one of those rapid revolutions then so frequent in the East, where every brigand who possessed a bold heart and good sword was sure to be joined by others equally desperate and reckless as himself, attained to the command of five thousand horsemen. Though fearless individually, and formidable collectively, especially if in pursuit of a flying enemy, or ravaging a country, which they swept with all the rapidity and devastation of a simoom, these forces were unable to stand the shock of the Western bayonet, and were easily outmaneuvered by European tactics. Colonel Wellesley's pursuit of Dhoondia can, therefore, scarcely be considered as a military operation, nor was it looked on by himself in this light. He entered on the expedition rather with the feelings with which a man enters on a chase than an action; and his description to the late Sir Thomas Munro, of the pursuit of "the king of the two worlds," as Dhoondia had modestly and magniloquently termed himself, presents all the animation of a well-recorded fox-chase. The Eastern reynard was caught at last; after a resolute charge of British Dragoons, led on by Wellesley in person, poor Dhoondia was defeated, the greater part of his followers cut up, and his own lifeless body

* "Equally agreeable to the natives!" Having stormed and pillaged the city, the "blessings of British civilization" were graciously extended to the "natives" at the bayonet-point. At least such is the American (that is, the only reliable) version of the affair. British writers use the strangest pleasantries of language in describing the extirpation of a nationality; they manifest an unconsciousness of their country's atrocities almost sublime in its indifference to the moral aspect of whatever benefits them.—*Ed.*

carried in triumph to the English camp, strapped behind the quarters of a trooper.*

Wellesley, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, was now upon the point of being despatched with the expedition which the English government resolved to send from India to Egypt, in order to attack the French on one side, while Sir Ralph Abercrombie, from the Mediterranean, assaulted them on another. But a new insurrection in the East caused him to be countermanded, and prevented him coming in contact with the forces of Bonaparte at this period of his career. The alteration was auspicious to his fame; for the Eastern contingent by the Euphrates, having to march across the desert, did not arrive in Egypt until three months after Abercrombie had annihilated the power of the French by his glorious death; and it permitted Wellesley to perform an exploit in the East, unequalled perhaps by any of his future deeds in the West.

Scindia and the Rajah of Berar, alarmed by the encroachments of the Company, (or, as the friends of the Company said, determined to make encroachments upon it,) had secretly formed a union, and suddenly took the field with a body of 20,000 infantry and 30,000 horse. The danger was great, the crisis was urgent; every adventurer from the adjoining states, who could raise a horse, muster a musket, or shoulder a pike, was flocking to their standards; and the British had only a few thousand troops in this quarter to oppose them. Nevertheless, the Marquis of Wellesley, with great spirit, resolved on hostilities; and his brother, with still greater, achieved his design. Setting out at the head of about 4800 European and 2000 native troops, General Wellesley came up with the enemy in the neighborhood of Assaye, where he beheld their countless host stretched out far as the eye could reach, their gorgeous eastern plumes glittering in the rays of the morning sun. Undismayed by the tremendous odds, he resolved to make an instant attack; and, having descried with rapid glance a small ford hard by, which his adversaries had neglected sufficiently to guard, he brought them to engagement on a spot where the circumscribed nature of the ground prevented their numbers from acting with adequate effect. But the enemy displayed unexpected intelligence. They quickly brought a bat-

* Hunting to death the patriot chieftains, who attempt to defend their country, has long been as well the amusement as the business of British officers. All rebels are brigands. We had a rebel ourselves—"Mr. George Washington"—so described in the paternal proclamations of George III.—*Ed.*

tery to bear upon the British, which decimated their ranks and struck down the orderly by Wellesley's side. The British commander, however, effected his passage; but his guns, few in number, were instantly silenced by the tremendous fire from the opposite side. His position was now critical; his artillery was discomfited, his men and horses were knocked down at their guns; but the emergency only called forth the ability of the commander. With aspect unaltered, he changed his plan; ordered the guns to be abandoned, and the men to advance with the bayonet. The command was bravely given, and as gallantly obeyed. The infantry advanced with determined steadiness; and, after a brief but fierce struggle, drove the enemy from their guns. Colonel Maxwell, a gallant officer, in command of the cavalry, coming up to their aid, the Mahratta horse were repulsed, and the victory seemed decided. But the appearance was delusive. The great mass of Eastern horse, which had never yet been engaged, now rushed upon the British with a noise which shook the ground, and a fury that threatened to sweep all before them. The battle was renewed, the enemy regained possession of their guns, and the fortune of the day was on the point of being turned, when Maxwell, by a desperate charge, stemmed the tide. But the respite was purchased with the life of that gallant officer, who was killed in the course of the charge. Wellington immediately placed himself at head of the men, and led them on in person. His horse was struck down; but he in the end prevailed. Nothing in the Eastern ranks could resist the fury with which the 78th English infantry and the 7th native cavalry rushed on the enemy; and Wellesley reposed a conqueror on the field of battle. "Never," says Southey, speaking with little exaggeration, "was any victory gained under so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline have often prevailed against as great a numerical difference; but it would be describing the least part of this day's glory to say, that the number of the enemy were as ten to one. They had disciplined troops in the field under European officers, who more than doubled the British force; they had a hundred pieces of cannon, which were served with perfect skill, and which the British, without the aid of artillery, twice won with the bayonet." The politician may doubt the Quarterly Reviewer's partiality, and the rhetorician question his grammar, or at least the precision of his diction; but the most inveterate opponent can find little to gainsay in the accuracy of the statement.

With the battle of Assaye concluded General Wellesley's service in the East. In 1805, he returned to England, and joined the expedition of Lord Cathcart to Hanover, in command of a brigade; from which, however, he, with the rest of the troops was soon obliged to withdraw, by the ascendancy which Napoleon acquired on the Continent after the battle of Austerlitz. He was shortly afterward appointed to the command of a district at home, and took his seat for Newport in the Isle of Wight, as a member of Parliament. He had previously received the thanks of both Houses and the East-India Company, as well as a sword and gold vase from the inhabitants of Calcutta, for his services; and was, in 1806, married to the Honorable Catherine Pakenham, a sister of the late Earl of Longford. He had previously been made a Knight Commander of the Bath; and, while at home, his time was not spent in inglorious inaction. In 1807, he became Irish Secretary, under the Lieutenancy of the Duke of Richmond. During his administration, he, among other measures, introduced the Dublin Police; and had a short time before rendered a more important service to his country by dissuading the ministry of the day from an absurd plan which they had concocted for employing negroes as troops in the East-Indies, in lieu of Sepoys, who were to be withdrawn to the West, in order that the European troops might be disengaged for domestic duty.

In the course of this year, Sir Arthur was again called into active military service, and sailed in the expedition which proceeded under Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen. In the only action of importance that took place, Sir Arthur commanded; and the Danes, after a strenuous resistance, were defeated; but he took no part in the bombardment of their capital that followed.* His duty, happily, placed him in the rear, though there can be no question, that, had it been otherwise, he must have borne his full share in that measure of stern severity. On the termination of hostilities, he was employed in the diplomatic arrangements that ensued; and his mingled firmness and amenity, in a considerable degree, tended to realize the objects of the expedition, and allay the indignation of the Danes.

The time now approached in which Sir Arthur Wellesley was to take part in those great scenes, in union with which his

* It pleases us to find that our friend has not the hardihood to approve *that* outrage, (the bombardment of a neutral city.) He modifies, indeed, to a "stern severity;" though commentators, not British, universally denounce it as an act of unparalleled and murderous treachery.—*Ed.*

name will descend to posterity. The ambition of Napoleon, which no longer found any obstacle in the north of Europe, was at this moment directed upon the Peninsula, with the two-fold intention of placing members of his own family on the thrones of Spain and Portugal, and of then uniting the strength of the north and south for a decisive attack upon England. An edict in the *Moniteur* proclaimed with insulting brevity, that "the House of Braganza had ceased to reign;" and the dethronement of the royal family of Spain, by means of the imbecility of the father, the turpitude of the son, the baseness of the mother, and the intrigues of Godoy, the Prince of Peace, was about to follow. An expedition of 30,000 troops, under Junot, aided by a like number of Spaniards, and supported by a French army of reserve, 40,000 strong, at Bayonne, was fitted out to overrun the one; and means equally effective, though more secret, were preparing for the subduction of the other.

Fully aware of the importance of these operations, if not of the consequences which they ultimately involved, the British ministry took immediate steps to counteract them, but not on a scale commensurate with the demand. To Spain, where affairs attained a crisis much sooner than anticipated, an expedition was sent out, wholly inadequate to the occasion; and that dispatched under Sir Arthur Wellesley, to Portugal, owed its success, partial as this was, chiefly to his decision.

Early in the summer of 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley set sail from Cork, with an expedition of 9000 men, which had previously been destined to attack Spanish interests in South-America, but was now, in consequence of the unexpected turn affairs had taken, dispatched to their succor at home.* It was designed to land at Oporto, the Bishop of which had formally claimed the aid of England, and demanded ammunition and clothing for 50,000 men; but Sir Arthur, who had outstripped the expedition in a quick-sailing frigate, having, on landing, discovered that this application was futile if not fallacious; and the Spanish Junta in Galicia having, with overweening confidence, declined his aid, proceeded to the Bay of Figueras, where he disembarked

* What a picture of the policy of Britain!—of the "principles" in behalf of which, she would force us to believe, she makes war! She hated Napoleon, and was about to send an army against the "Spanish interests in South-America." Napoleon threatened Spain, and through Spain the European supremacy (the supremacy of despotism) which England arrogated. Hey! presto! as the conjurors say. The armament against Spain is directed to her succor; and British historians, with these facts before them, gravely claim the admiration of the world for their "generous and disinterested help" of a nationality threatened with extinction! *Proh! pudor!*—Ed.

his troops, between the 1st and 5th of August. Being immediately after reinforced by the division of General Spencer, he lost no time in commencing hostilities; advanced to Leria, which he entered on the 10th, and prepared for decisive operations.

Meanwhile, the Peninsular career of the French had been a scene of almost uninterrupted triumph. Portugal had been overrun; and Massena, after his imperial master had obtained the abdication of the king by art, and possession of the person of Prince Ferdinand by force, was master of Madrid. A savage insurrection and massacre, which broke out on the morning of the 2d of May, had been their only check; but this having been suppressed by Murat, and the blood of 700 French, who fell, avenged by the execution of 200 citizens, the power of Napoleon was restored, and his brother Joseph prepared to take possession of the vacant throne. The calm which succeeded, however, was the still that precedes the storm. The example or the punishment of the metropolis had aroused not only the whole of Spain, but also communicated a spirit of independence to Portugal.

These circumstances hastened Sir Arthur Wellesley's advance, and in a considerable degree facilitated his progress. Freire, the Portuguese commander, in union with the Junta of Oporto, acted indeed with timidity, if not with treachery; but the whole body of the inhabitants, with few exceptions, supported the liberator.* In this state of affairs, though numerically inferior, he resolved to advance and meet the enemy. Rolica was the first place where he came up with his opponents; and in his first encounter he was triumphant. An encounter near this village, on the 17th, when, after much hard fighting, he eventually drove back the French, with the loss of 500 or 600 killed on each side, was but a prelude to the more decisive success at Vimeira that followed.

Scarcely 4000 of the English were engaged in this action; but Sir Arthur Wellesley, having been joined by the divisions of Anstruther and Ackland, on the 21st took the field with 16,000 men. Junot, whom he resolved to encounter, was in the neighborhood, with 20,000, and showed no inclination to avoid engagement. A design formed by Sir Arthur to turn his

* A British general, desirous of fighting Britain's quarrel against Britain's foe, makes Spain the disastrous theatre of the conflict. Forsooth, Mr. Jobson, with a patriotism we can understand without admiring, desires that Wellesley should be called the "liberator" of the country whose worst misfortunes were the result of his presence there.—*Ed.*

opponent's flank, by a forced march on Torres Vedras, had been prevented by the superior orders of Sir Harry Burrard, an officer of considerable abilities, but in whom age had already produced its wonted indisposition to enterprise; but his more eager yet not less wary second in command was not balked of his desired engagement. On the evening of the 21st, the British patrols brought in intelligence of Junot's approach; and on the morning of the 22d the sun arose in splendor upon both armies, in the neighborhood of Vimeira—a village whose picturesque tranquility contrasted strongly with the scene of strife about to prevail. At eight o'clock, an advanced post of the enemy commenced the action; and shortly afterward their whole force, now diminished by pickets, etc., to 14,000, approached with furious shouts to the encounter. Their principal division, led on by Laborde, behaved with unexampled bravery. Notwithstanding a heavy fire from the British guns, which hurled death and destruction to their ranks, they moved with all the steadiness of parade to the summit of the rising ground where the English were posted; and it was not until a heavy volley, within twenty paces from the 50th regiment, which stretched their whole front rank on the ground, while the other with the bayonet completed the confusion, that they were induced to retire. Colonel Taylor at this moment arriving with the 20th Light Dragoons, followed up the disaster; but advancing too far, in the ardor of pursuit, he was assailed by a heavy column of French cavalry, and numbered with the slain. This formidable body of horse for awhile carried all before them, and threatened to change the fortune of the day. The British infantry, however, under General Fergusson, by their steady position presented an insurmountable obstacle, and by their uninterrupted volleys of rolling fire, ultimately brought down the assailants. The whole force of the French shortly afterwards withdrew, and the victors were on the point of pursuing their advantage, when Sir Harry Burrard, who had arrived at an early period of the day, but generously refrained from assuming the command, lest he might be supposed to have deprived Sir Arthur Wellesley of his laurels, asserted his privilege as superior officer, and, satisfied with the advantage already gained, interdicted pursuit. But for this interruption, the whole of Junot's artillery and many thousand prisoners would, in all probability, have fallen into the hands of the British. The effect of such divided command was still more displayed next day, when Sir Heu Dalrymple arriving, superseded Burrard in his turn, and formed a CONVENTION with

the enemy at Cintra, in conformity with which they were permitted to retire with all their arms, ammunition, and acquisitions of every description, from the country.*

The terms of this memorable convention were loudly arraigned in Britain, where the conduct of Wellesley was universally admired, and that of Burrard and Dalrymple as generally (and justly) condemned. In a court of military inquiry, instituted to investigate the affair, four general officers approved while three censured the proceeding. A sentence of disapprobation would, in all probability, have been pronounced by the tribunal, but for the evidence of Sir Arthur, who, from motives of delicacy, doubtless, and a high-minded sense of honor, which can not be too much admired when it does not interfere with public duty, gave his testimony in favor of those whose indecision and incapacity had deprived him of reaping the full harvest of his laurels.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, with the other officers, was summoned to England to attend this inquiry, remained some time at home. In the following year he again set out for the Peninsula, to engage in new actions and enjoy new triumphs. We must pass over the events that occurred in the interval—the memorable campaign of Sir John Moore, in which, after a hesitating advance, owing more to the misdirection of Frere, the British ambassador at Madrid, than to his own indecision—and a retreat of unsurpassed ability, the fame of which belongs exclusively to himself, expiated an enemy's errors by a soldier's death.

The Passage of the Douro, Sir Arthur's first act in his new campaign, was one of those achievements which stamped him as a great general, even in the estimation of Napoleon himself. Soult, after overrunning Portugal, subsequent to the battle of Corruna, had posted himself strongly at Oporto, whither Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had in the interval refused the command of the Portuguese army, which Marshal Beresford assumed, now approached, with the view of throwing himself between that general and Victor. In the supposition that Loison yet remained in the Tameja, the French commander made arrangements to evacuate that city, believing that, if the British tried to cross the Douro at all, the attempt would be made by means of vessels below the town. In this anticipation, however, he was deceived by the enterprise of

* Apply these remarks upon "divided command" to the present operations of the Allies before Sebastopol, and we have the essential secret of their ill-success.—*Ed.*

Wellington, who, coming up at the head of 14,500 infantry, 1500 cavalry, and 24 guns, resolved to make upon his adversary an immediate attack. The French, being inferior in force, retired, burning the bridge on their retreat; but Soult, confiding in his opinion, still remained at a chateau in the neighborhood of the town, while his army leisurely withdrew. The British commander, on coming up, ordered a boat to be found; and Colonel Waters, an active and zealous officer, was fortunately enabled, by the discovery of a small skiff, to comply with the demand. Without loss of time the latter threw himself on board, and, passing over by the aid of a few peasants, returned with three or four barges from the opposite side. An officer with twenty-five men immediately crossed, followed by General Pajet, who unhesitatingly, with only three companies of foot, threw himself upon the line of the retreating French army. He had scarcely, however, landed and seized upon a building, called the Seminary, adjoining, when the whole force of the enemy turned upon him and the feeble band who had taken possession of the house. A fierce encounter ensued, and Pajet himself was struck down, but General (afterwards Lord) Hill, coming up, supplied his place, and maintained the combat for some time until the divisions of Sherbrooke and Murray, (Sir George,) who had crossed higher up, arriving, the French finding their flank in danger retired, leaving 500 dead on the field; and Wellington who thus obtained possession of Oporto by the small sacrifice of 120 men, passing over, took up his quarters in the city in the house lately occupied by Soult, a dinner prepared for whom he and his staff with much satisfaction enjoyed. Continuing his pursuit next day, he, on the afternoon of the 16th, again came up with Soult's rear, and having defeated it a second time, he withdrew from the chase, abandoning the flying French to the disasters of the road and the vengeance of the natives.

Having thus drawn off Soult, who, in the course of ten weeks, by these operations lost the greater part of his artillery, ammunition, baggage, and one fourth of his army, Sir Arthur Wellesley directed his attention upon Victor, who, having been joined by Sebastiani and the spurious king of Spain, was posted behind the river Guadarama, with 90 guns and 50,000 men. The forces of the British scarcely numbered 22,000; but the Spaniards, under their leader Cuesta, in the neighborhood, raised his troops to an equality with the enemy's; though the rude, undisciplined levies of Spain bore no resemblance to the veteran battalions of France. The conduct of their leader pre-

sented to Sir Arthur a still greater obstacle; though brave to excess, Cuesta was possessed of an obstinacy which amounted to fatuity, and his resolution to attack the French on the strong ground where they lay had nearly proved fatal to his allies and himself. On the afternoon of the 27th of July, the French light infantry penetrated a wood so suddenly, near Casa des Salinas, that the British general narrowly escaped capture, and 5000 of the Spaniards precipitately fled. Colonel (late Sir Rujane) Donkin, who was posted on a height towards the left, received an attack so severe that he was obliged to withdraw; and General Hill, who had incautiously advanced with his aid-de-camp to ascertain the cause of the unexpected fire, found his bridle suddenly seized by a French grenadier. Dashing spurs in his horse, however, he quickly broke away, and as rapidly returning with a division of infantry, repelled the assailants; but the result was not attained without a severe wound to himself and the loss of nearly 1000 men. The descent of day put an end to the combat, but the British remained all night under arms, though the advanced posts of the hostile armies pacifically met to quench their thirst on the banks of an intermediate brook.

Next morning, July 28th, 1809, the celebrated action of Talavera was fought. The French, who had at dawn of day made a partial attempt, commenced the assault at mid-day with determined fury. Under the mask and aid of 80 pieces of artillery, the Imperial army moved down in four divisions on the British, falling first upon the brigade of General Campbell, who, remaining motionless until the enemy had approached within thirty paces, then discharged their fire-arms, and rushed on to complete with the bayonet the confusion created amongst the French by their fire, which had been made with an aim so true and steady that it stretched the whole of the front rank of their opponents on the ground. Ten guns were the result of this brilliant effort; but the French did not acquiesce in their loss without a struggle; they returned to the attack with gladness; a Spanish cavalry regiment, however, which behaved with great bravery, assailed them in flank and forced them to retreat. The right of the British army was thus victorious, but a momentary disaster threatened destruction to the left. The 23d Light Dragoons and King's German Legion, which had been ordered to counteract an attempt of the French to turn it, were broken while passing heedlessly through a ravine, and for some time exposed to a murderous fire from the squares of the enemy. Still, they maintained their ground, and, rallying

under Major Ponsonby, the 23d, made good their charge, but were received with such determined steadiness, and so enveloped by the Imperial squares, that scarcely half of them succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy. Nevertheless they effected their object; for the French being thus baffled in their design against the British left, turned their forces upon the centre, where, though they partially succeeded in two attempts, they were ultimately also compelled to withdraw by the spirit with which they were received by the Guards and 48th Regiment, and the terrible fire that played from the artillery on their flanks. Beaten back on every side, the French desisted from farther attempts; and both armies, too exhausted for a renewal of the strife, reposed at night-fall in peaceful silence on the plain, after 6000 on the part of the British, and 8000 on that of the French, had been consigned to a slumber deeper still.

Soult, who had hitherto experienced success more unvarying than had fallen to the lot of any other French commander, was next dispatched by Napoleon—tempted also, it is said, by the promise of a throne—to restore his falling fortunes in the Peninsula, and experienced the same reverses. He, in the first instance, repulsed Byng; and, aided by the slumber of the videttes on their posts, surprised Lord Hill, and had nearly defeated the whole British army; but, after an action of several days' duration in the Pyrenees, he was finally driven back with a loss of nearly 10,000 men, though he had but a few days before promised to celebrate Napoleon's birthday at Vittoria. St. Sebastian, which had previously repulsed the arms of Wellington, was taken by General Graham (Lord Lyndoch) as a consequence of this defeat; and, after another desperate attack on the Hermitage of Mount La Rhune, which the enemy evacuated during the night, Wellington next day, in the beginning of winter 1813, pitched his camp on the plains of France, having previously completely cleared the Peninsula of its invaders.

Events now followed in rapid succession. Overpowered by superior numbers in Germany, Napoleon reëntered France; the Allies followed; Paris fell; and the Empire was no more. After the memorable adieu to his Old Guard and Eagles at Fontainebleau, he retired to Elba a fugitive, while Wellington repaired to Paris as a conqueror. After a short stay in this capital, the British general returned to Madrid, and thence to England, where he took his seat in the House of Lords as Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke simultaneously; he having ad-

vanced through these stages in the peerage successively, and never visited his country since the first grade was conferred till the last was bestowed. The Commons at the same time voted him £100,000, and tendered the thanks of the House with the greatest distinction; all the members present rising and uncovering as he entered; while the Speaker complimented him in a style of eulogium surpassed only by the modesty of the general's reply.

The reappearance of Napoleon in France again summoned Wellington to the field, and to the greatest of his achievements. The events of the brief but decisive campaign of 1815 are too well known to require recapitulation here. Napoleon, with 160,000 troops, hastily commenced hostilities; defeated a Belgian corps, with a few British, at Les Quatre Bras, on the 16th of June, and still more signally overthrew the Prussians at Ligny, on the 17th; but the battle of Waterloo on the following day proved fatal to his cause, and was attended with consequences more momentous than any engagement in modern or ancient annals—Actium perhaps excepted. The merit of this day almost exclusively belongs to Wellington and the British army, who, with a few thousand Belgians and Hanoverians, for nearly twelve hours withstood all the efforts of Bonaparte, and repulsed the frequent shocks of his veteran guard; though some have had the folly to assert that to the exertions of the Prussians, who arrived not until the last charge of the French had been signally repelled, the victory was due—a report originating with the brutal and gascanoding Blucher himself, who—although his sole share in the engagement was, when the French were defeated and defenseless, to sabre them down—wrote to his wife, with equal falsehood and vulgarity, that *he*, “in conjunction with his friend Wellington, had put an end to Bonaparte's *dancing*.”*† Without the aid of the Prussians, Na-

* See “Southey's Life of Wellington,” p. 255—an authority not likely to defame this coarse, inebriated dragoon.

† “The merit of this day almost exclusively belongs to Wellington”—so says our able and esteemed contributor. The few thousand Hessians, Hanoverians, and Black Brunswickers were mere spectators, doubtless, of British valor. Nor did Blucher render the least assistance; although the very day before the fight of Waterloo he had held the French in desperate conflict at Ligny, and thus forced them (though repulsed himself) to march without rest, without food, and with insufficient ammunition, upon the last fatal field of Napoleon's greatness. Napoleon dared not delay the combat: the British and Prussian armies, if combined, could overwhelm him by sheer weight of bayonets and artillery. Thus, with men wounded, jaded, and hungry, he met the British, and knew full well that, unless he could utterly rout them before Blucher's arrival, his army and his throne were lost. He did *partially* succeed in disordering them; and the Duke, though not yet

pooleon was subdued, as, even had he triumphed at Waterloo, it would have been impossible for him to withstand with his feeble resources the immense hordes coming up from the Danube and the Vistula; and to Wellington, whatever glory accrues from the day undoubtedly belongs. His country acknowledged its gratitude by another gift of £200,000, to purchase an estate that might vie with Blenheim.

With the military exploits of Wellington this memoir ceases; for, whatever be his administrative powers as a statesman, it is as a soldier that he will descend to posterity.

despairing, made arrangements looking to the probability that a retreat upon Brussels would be necessary. The mere announcement that the Prussians were marching in force against the French right decided the contest. After one desperate charge made by the whole line of Guards, the Emperor resigned himself to defeat. It was the moral force of the Prussian contingent on its way, that won Waterloo, and gave to Britain the power of slowly murdering in a pestilential climate, on a sea-bound rock, under a menial and ferocious jailer, the loftiest European intellect that ever battled for human rights against the linked and banded powers of priestcraft, aristocracy, and feudal caste.—*Ed.*

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

HISTORICAL AND POETICAL.

BY COLONEL KIDOLON.

AMERICANS hold but few secular days of the year as worthy of particular regard. It is contrary to the genius of our people to throw away much time on idle celebrations; they are too much engrossed with business and the concerns of life, to give many seasons to themselves, in this sense. Each day has its necessary avocation and its earnest purpose. Where nations have men to think for them, and rulers self-constituted by "divine right" to govern them, it is well enough to amuse the masses with shows, feasts, and spectacles, in order to keep them from meddling with matters which their rulers wish to preserve exclusively in their own hands. But here the thing being unnecessary does not obtain, and hence feasts or holidays are seldom held by us. What few we have were made by ourselves, or are a part of our history, and the associations give *eclat* to the day.

Our Saturnalia, our grand demonstration, occurs on the Fourth of July; and the event it commemorates is more worthy of celebration than any or all others occurring in profane history. It is a day which, we are sorry to say, has not been observed as it should have been, though lately there has been a manifest improvement. Not that we are opposed to burning gunpowder, and firing cannon, and parading the militia, and unfurling the star-spangled banner, and making speeches and hurraing—far from it. But there has been usually an excess of liberty indulged in, which was not to the credit of our citizens. Generally, we have had a large assortment of gin-slugs and shot-slugs—brandy-smashes and omnibus-smashes—whis-

key-punches and double-fist punches—black-eyes and black-legs, *et id omne genus*. As a rule, we are not in favor of holidays—though we love to see the "Glorious Fourth" celebrated standing, with cheers; and Washington's birthday and the tenth of September duly remembered. A less close attention to business would be beneficial; but to get wild, drunk, and crazy, two or three times a year, is not according to the doctors.

But it was not with this intent we took up the pen. Our object was, to inquire somewhat concerning "Saint Valentine's Day," and we shall now proceed, *secundum artem*, to compass our determination.

The Romans were great observers of days, and of times, and of feasts. There were many *dies festi* in the Roman year, and at least one fourth of the month of February was spent in these observances. The great feasts of this month were called the *Supercalia*, in honor of Pan and Juno. Pan, the god of Shepherds, was supposed to preserve the sheep from wolves; and Juno was the Goddess of Marriage, and, therefore, held in great reverence by young women. During this feast, therefore, the *Superci*, the priests of Pan, ran up and down the city naked, having only a girdle of goat-skin about the waist, and thongs of the same in their hands, with which they struck, particularly married women, who were thence supposed to be rendered prolific.

It was at this festival, also, that Anthony, in the character of a priest of Pan, offered the crown to Cæsar.

In fine, it was a day of general relaxation; and one of the games adopted was to put the names of young women into a box, from which they were drawn, as chance directed. Doubtless, this game occasioned many a romance in real life, many a strange linking, and many an apt choice; while, on the other hand, many a joke and hearty laugh resounded through the forum, when a name was read by the drawer. This feast occurred on the 15th of February, and the pastors or shepherds of the early Christian Church, who, by every possible means endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular *saints* instead of those of *women*; and "Saint Valentine's Day," which happened on the fourteenth of February, was accordingly chosen for the celebration of this new feast; but how long the names of saints were put into the box, to the exclusion of women, we are not informed.

It is certain, however, that it was a sport practised after the

old Roman fashion, among the gentry in England, as early as 1476; and we may justly infer, that the common people had long held it a custom, before it ascended to the nobility. It is not practised now, quite as it was then. Instead of putting names into a box, and drawing them out, and thus choosing Valentines, and the person drawn making presents to the drawer, letters, *billets doux*, and presents are sent from one to another, as choice inclines, without the risk of drawing.

Thus, many exchanges of courtesy, many acts of kindness, many generous gifts, come and go on "Saint Valentine's Day." Nevertheless, it is a custom which we think more honored in the breach than the observance; not from any thing in itself, but on account of its shameful abuse. It is made the vehicle of slander and of insult, it is the channel through which cowards and villains threaten and denounce. Comic, indecent, and caricaturing Valentines fly like hail from a wintry sky. A lady fears to receive or open a missive of this nature, The evil is a great one, and cries for redress. There is no question that the senders of these things would be liable to an action for libel, if they could be discovered. At all events, such proceedings tend to breaches of the peace, and in that light would be actionable. Year after year it is getting worse. For ourselves, we have never sent a Valentine, except this to the UNITED STATES REVIEW, and we never expect to send another.

We regret the abuse to which so beautiful a custom has been subjected, we regret the deep degradation into which it has fallen; and we do hope, that, if it is to be continued by the rising generation, it will be altogether reformed.

Whether, as the poet intimates, birds mate upon this day, and, connubial leagues agreed, fly to the woods on domestic thoughts and affairs intent, is doubtless fabulous. Nevertheless, the conceit is pretty enough and romantic enough, and we could believe it for its poetry; and in any case, we feel sure that birds commit no such gross indecencies as men sometimes do. To them, "Saint Valentine's Day," is one of love, pleasure, and innocent coquetry.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

In times, so far removed from us that memory doth not run,
The festive sportings of this day already had begun;
On England's shores, on Scotland's hills, in France's sunny vales;
The custom has long since prevailed, aye, and it still prevails.

Now many an eye is sonneted, and many a ringlet sung,
And tokens of respect and love are sent from old and young ;
For man learned of the birds that choose a mate upon this day,
And now trim up their ruffled plumes, and once again look gay.
Although for months unused to sing, kind nature breaks the spell,
The love and hope so long pent up, how aptly they will tell ;
With arching neck and roguish eye and plumage spruce and fine,
With soft and gently cooing voice, they sing a Valentine.

What pretty coquetry is there, and with what female art
The coy young birdlings seek the grove, and guard the yielding heart ;
And though they hear, will not attend their lover's glowing strain,
But busied with a ruffled plume, affect a slight disdain ;
And careless thus to wound a heart with coquetry, they dare
To ask another young gallant, the boon of love to share.
With glossy neck, and leering eye, and feathers flaunting gay,
They hop about from branch to branch and all their airs display ;
With graceful motion, easy mien, yet coy and bashful glance,
In the deep woods they hide their charms as if by merest chance ;
The bough that half conceals the form lays open the design,
Which is, in truth, to coax a youth to sing a Valentine.

But whether birds all know this fact, I can't pretend to say.
I wish they did, 't would give them great success throughout the day ;
And since we see the female kind undoubted art employ,
'Tis only fair to predicate, that all know how to toy.
Now all the arts Dame Nature taught by each are brought to bear.
A symmetry of face and form is prayed for by the fair,
And though they may coquette at noon, by eve that mood is past ;
For those who take not mates to-day must die old maids at last.
So though despair awhile may cast the gallant suitors down,
Yet, in the end, love with success will all their efforts crown ;
And thus we see upon this day, 'tis Nature's grand design
That those who love should tell their love, and choose a Valentine.

From nature thus mankind have learned the uses of the day ;
And many a missive charged with love is speeding on its way,
And many a nameless billet doux by fairy fingers penned,
Makes the blood tingle in the veins of lover or of friend.
The timid wooer tells his tale, the bashful maid can write ;
Feelings long pent within the breast this day brings forth to light ;
For each one has the privilege the plaintive verse to twine,
And from the fairest, noblest ones, to choose a Valentine.

The love a maiden dare not speak, can thus be all confessed,
 And sentiments but now made known, may warm a mutual breast;
 And Cupid has throughout the land devices quaint and rare,
 By which this secret of the heart is told to ladies fair;
 Two billing doves, two pierced hearts the tale of love can tell,
 A little line, a simple word, can make the bosom swell;
 A rose-bud will a flame declare; but do not lightly twine
 A sprig of myrtle in a wreath, that asks a Valentine.

'Tis thus, the frolic birds of air, upon this sacred day
 Choose a companion who shall drive the cares of life away;
 With whom to spend the summer-months till winter comes again,
 But part to meet no more on earth in bleak December's rain.
 But not so will I choose my love, we never more will part.
 In heat or cold I'll wear her ever nearest to my heart,
 For if she will but bless my suit, I'll never more repine;
 (Till she is found,) my dear "Review," I am your

February, 1855.

VALENTINE.

[We rather suspect that our friend, Col. Eidolon, is not so insensible to female attraction as he would have the world believe. Deeply complimented as we should feel by a monopoly of his addresses, we rather think that some lady-fair has been before us in the field. On opening our treasure-drawer, (we mean the drawer in which we preserve our most valued MSS.,) we found the following, which we can ascribe to no other hand. Come, Colonel, is it a true bill? Guilty, or not guilty, on your honor?—*Ed.*]

THE VALENTINE.

Not only in the spring of life,	But when December's snow and rain,
When young and gay,	O'ercloud the sky,
Thy ruby lips, with kisses rife,	To thee, as in the spring again
Are Cupid's stay;	I'd gladly fly;
Not only when the blushing rose	Not like the birds when summer's o'er,
Strives in thy cheek;	Would I resign
Not only when thy bright eye glows,	One, who long cheered the weary hour.
Thy love I seek.	My Valentine.

GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE.

THE science of criticism, like every other, has been of gradual growth and development among every intellectual people. It has for its foundations the principles of taste, not only as they are collected from the most approved performances, but also as they are deduced from an appeal to individual consciousness, which leads men to pronounce upon the objects of taste as they are apprehended by certain internal and primordial faculties of our mental constitution; an operation of the mind which is defined by Schlegel to be "genius in its elective energy." But as every science is a mere classification of relations, so also the science of criticism can only be carried to perfection by a wide and extensive comparison of existing models with each other, and with those original perceptions of the beautiful, which have an existence independent of all examples of approved performances. The principles of taste, as at present established and received, derive their chief authority from the classic productions of Greece and Rome, in which they were first exemplified and embodied; and it is principally by a diligent and philosophical study of these works, and a careful generalization of particular causes and effects in the literary world, that the laws of criticism have been expounded in modern times with such force and accuracy. There are obvious reasons why the literature of these two nations attained a degree of finished and consummate excellence, far surpassing that which has been reached by any other people; a preëminence which has been acknowledged by the implicit deference and universal admiration they have commanded during all subsequent ages of any enlightenment, from the period of Alexandrian learning to the present day of general illumination. It has not been until later times, however, that the true spirit of a philosophical criticism has imbued the minds of classical students.

During the revival of letters, it was a biblomania that prevailed to the exclusion of every other object, and the long-neglected manuscripts, in search of which men underwent long and toilsome journeys, and cheerfully encountered perils by land and sea, were only sought and rescued from the accumulated dust of centuries that they might be transcribed with correctness and neatness. The scholars of that age devoted their studies almost exclusively to verbal criticism, and the restoration of the injured and almost illegible text to its original reading; for which task, quickness and facility in the tiresome manipulations of penmanship constituted a talent in greater requisition than the powers of a vigorous intellect, united with a correct taste. They were, in fact, laborious pioneers to the more fortunate scholars who came after them.

For a long time subsequent to the agitation of the Reformation, the minds of men were distracted from the peaceful pursuits of literature by the strifes of religious contention and civil war. The bold proclamations of the fiery Luther, and the persuasive arguments of the meek Melancthon, which arrested and fixed the attention of the king upon his throne and the peasant at his plough, compelled the scholars of Wittenberg and the doctors of Sorbonne to forego the enjoyment of a lettered ease, and yield to the spirit of the times. The men who considered themselves called by the voice of God to fight the battles of religious freedom against papal intolerance, of truth against error, devoted their time, their talents, and their energies to the fulfillment of the glorious mission upon which they were sent, and classical literature was only cultivated as subsidiary to their grand design; while their adversaries, who joined with them in the fierce invective and harsh dialectics of theological controversy, could not be expected to affect the amenities of a classic taste or attain any high degree of scholarship. Some of the most distinguished of the reformers, as well as many of their cotemporaries, were remarkable for the extent of their learning, and the correctness and ease with which they wrote and spoke the Latin tongue.

But it was not until the last and present century that *humane letters*, as they were called, became the objects of proper appreciation, combined with intelligent criticism. Bentley was among the first of the English who brought to the study a devotedness of application, and a hearty earnestness of purpose, which, however he may have failed in execution, do honor to his name, and ought to rescue it from the reproach and contumely with which his cotemporaries conspired to

blacken his memory. He was, doubtless, a too trenchant critic, yet, "amid all his blunders," says Dr. Parr, "all his frivolous cavils and hardy conjectures, all his sacrifices of taste to acuteness, and all his roavings from poetry to prose, still his mistakes are found light in the balance when weighed with his numerous, his splendid, and matchless discoveries." Had he made no other discovery than that of the Æolic digamma in the original versification of the Homeric poems, it would be sufficient to save his genius, and evince the logical acumen of his mind; a discovery at which he arrived, after a patient and laborious investigation, conducted according to the strictest rules of philosophical induction, thus literally applying the method of Bacon to the researches of criticism.

But it is to Germany, the land of scholars, which seems to have taken all knowledge and literature as its province, that we look for examples of those who have penetrated most deeply into the heart and inner life of the ancients as revealed by their literature. Hermann, who stood at the head of the scholars of his day, claimed for his countrymen a facility of adaptation and flexibility of mental constitution, which, aided by the peculiar structure of their language, enabled them to apprehend the modes of thought and expression proper to other nations. Accordingly, the mind of Germany was so long engaged in studying, admiring, and illustrating the literature of other countries, that it is only within the last century that she began to frame one of her own; a literature of which we may say, as Plutarch said of the appearance presented by the Parthenon at its erection, that it unites the venerable air of antiquity with the freshness and grace of a modern construction. The Germans first combined vivacity and elegance of illustration with the discussions of philology, by accompanying the drier details of grammatical analysis with what were called *Æsthetic annotations*. Thoroughly imbued with the fervent spirit of classicism, they discarded alike from their feelings and the canons of criticism the *nil admirari* sentiment of colder hearts. We do not, as in Bentley's performances, perpetually see the slashing knife gleaming before our eyes, and which did such fearful havoc upon the mangled forms of Lucretius, and the skeleton remains of Menander and Philemon. Considering the study of the ancients as a school for thought, for feeling, and for taste, they initiated us, as has been remarked, into the great mystery of reading every thing in the same spirit in which it had originally been written. Gesner laid the foundation of this system of criticism, but Heyne de-

veloped its principles in their fullest scope and bearing. To this school has succeeded in later times, or rather out of it has been formed, a Pyrrhonic sect of critics, who, while they fully appreciate and delight to acknowledge the intrinsic beauties and unrivalled excellence of the classic authors, have poured a flood of skepticism and doubt over the whole field of ancient history and literature, attacking at once the authenticity of the former and the genuineness of much of the latter. Foremost in the van of this squadron of incorrigible doubters stands Wolf; a precedence awarded him, not so much by right of seniority as by reason of the audacity and prowess he has manifested in utterly annihilating or putting to flight so many of his antagonists. Unawed by the "divinity that doth hedge a king," he bravely thrust old Homer, the *facile princeps* of antiquity, from the throne he had succeeded in occupying alone, and divided the usurped empire among his peers. Wolf, however, can not aspire to the praise of entire originality in all his speculations; for it is evident from the statements of Ælian and Eustachius that the scholars of the Alexandrian school entertained, in a great degree, the doubts and misgivings so clearly and forcibly promulgated by the German professor; among the moderns, Perrault, a Frenchman, is believed to be the first who suggested that the Iliad and Odyssey were a collection of bardic songs, (such as are found in every nation at a certain stage of its civilization,) infinitely superior, it is true, to those of any other people, but possessing the same distinctive characteristics. Heyne complained that Wolf, (who had been his pupil, and attended his lectures,) had borrowed many of his ideas and conclusions, which he appropriated, without acknowledging the source whence he had derived them; and it is more than probable that much of the learning and argumentation so conspicuous in the *Prolegomena* of the latter, had been derived from the *Prelections* of the former; and if Wolfe was forestalled by Perrault, he was out-Wolfed by the learned Hardouin, the most unconscionable of all these classic iconoclasts, who maintained, with great eloquence and seeming plausibility, that all the Latin classics are as much forgeries as the fabled language of Formosa or the Bristowe Tragedie of Chatterton, except only some of the writings of Cicero, the Georgics of Virgil, the Satires and Epistles of Horace, and the Natural History of Pliny; and we would advise those who do not wish to have their faith shaken in the genuineness of the Æneid to keep aloof from the acute speculations and plausible sophistries of this most ingenious Jesuit.

What a contrast is presented between the classical enthusiasm of Petrarch and Poggio, and that of Perrault and Wolf! Between Petrarch feasting his delighted eyes with the sight of Homer, while unable to construe a line, embracing with rapture the cherished volume and uttering half-querulous, half-pathetic complaints over the precious casket which he could not open; and the equally ardent and plodding Wolf, calmly dissecting this *chef d'œuvre* of antiquity, poring over its immortal pages, analyzing each line, scrutinizing each word, not so much in search of the *æsthetic*, as that he might show the disconnections in its narrative, the want of homogeneity in its parts, and worse than all, the probable interpolations of Cyclics and Rhapsodists. Or with regard to history, compare the easy credulity of Rollin, which led him to impose implicit confidence in every statement and legend of the ancient annalists, as though Greeks and Latins could not lie, with the audacious effrontery of the paradox-hunting Niebuhr, throwing ominous doubt and conjecture over long-established opinions and facts, questioning the intelligence, impugning the veracity, and asserting the stupidity of the old fathers of Greek and Roman history; at one "fell swoop" he levels all authorities—Livy and Tacitus, Appian and Plutarch. Equally opposed to the purblind reverence of Goldsmith is the stout unbelief of Mr. Mitford, which, however, never failed to relax at the recital of noble deeds and virtues ascribed to Spartan despots, or stale charges of meanness and violence, tacked upon Athenian orators and democrats. Barring this exception, he has nevertheless done much towards a comprehensive and true detail of Grecian history; for as Macaulay justly remarks, he writes of times with respect to which almost every other writer was in the wrong, and therefore by resolutely deviating from his predecessors, he is often in the right.

There are those to whom this skeptical spirit seems incompatible with a fervent and loyal devotion to the classics, and equally destructive of a delicate and exquisite sensibility to genius. They are unwilling to be convinced that the names which have long been as familiar as household words, and around which have clustered the recollections of youth and the cherished pleasures of riper years, until they have assumed the guise of "intelligible forms" and "fair humanities"—that these names which they have embalmed in their memories and garnered up in their hearts' "inner core" are mere abstractions of the mind, as unreal as the Persian Oromadzes and Arimanes; and they are disposed, like the good Friar in one of Ford's

old English dramas, to rebuke these "wits that presume on wit too much."

"Dispute no more on this:—

Such questions know are fond; for better 'tis

To bless the sun than reason why it shines;

Yet those thou talk'st of are above the sun.

No more! I may not hear it."

Whoso increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow, saith the wise man of Proverbs; and to such as these, *this* knowledge truly seems to be vanity and vexation of spirit—a wisdom bootless and comfortless as that with which the serpent beguiled Eve, and deceptive and unsatisfying as that book beheld in apocalyptic vision by the Apostle and Prophet of Patmos, which, though sweet to the taste, turned to gall and bitterness. The perverse inquisitiveness which can not rest satisfied with the cultivation and enjoyment of the possession, but must needs vitiate the title by which it is held, in their estimation is as unwise as the curiosity of the boy is foolish, who cuts open his drum to seek the origin of its noise. Sir Walter Scott was one of those who could not endure that Gothic critics should lay their ruthless hands upon chaplets and crowns which had so long encircled the brows of their possessors, and been worn with the unanimous suffrage and applause of a long line of ages. These disputatious critics, who, to him, seemed only eager to discover some defect or flaw in the title by which we held the inestimable legacies of the mighty dead, he regarded as pestilent disturbers of the republic of letters, whom he could no more tolerate than the unscrupulous judge or malignant barrator who should call into requisition every power of a perverted ingenuity in order to filch him of the home of his ancestors and the repository of his heir-looms. In perusing an *excursus* of Heyne, he was affected with feelings similar, we imagine, to those which he has attributed to his own antiquary, Mr. Oldbuck, when so cruelly undeceived by Edie Ochiltree, respecting the Kaim of Kinprunes. Monkbarns wished the bedesman to the devil for his impertinence in daring to assert that the hillocks and mounds on the "bit bourock of land" at Kinprunes, so far from being the veritable trenches and dikes, the circumvallations and Prætorium of Agricola, were all of so recent a date that he "kenned the bigging o't," and that instead of being planned and constructed by the old Roman during his last Caledonian campaign, "he and a wheen hal-

lenshakers like himself and the mason lads just set to work about twenty years syne and built this thing here that ye ca' the—the—Prætorian and a' just for a bield at auld Aiken Drum's bridal."

The ancient and venerable names of the classic authors had been so long identified in the mind of Scott with the immortal productions to which they were attached, that it was impossible to mar or detach the former, without marring the harmony, majesty, and beauty of the latter; like the image of himself, which Phidias carved upon the buckler of Minerva, and which could only be removed or obliterated by destroying the graceful proportion and finish of the whole statue. To him, Homer was something more than a mere name—he was a great poet to be admired, loved, worshipped—and he felt towards those who questioned the actual existence of this "high-priest of Nature," as the Moslem feels when he hears the taunt of the Giaour, "Allah is not God, nor Mahomet his prophet." Under the refining touches of his plastic fancy, the image which has been transmitted from antiquity of the old poet, with its expansive front and laurelled brow, seemed to take a shape of life and motion as though imbued with thought and feeling. He loved doubtless to fancy the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," like his own "last minstrel" with "withered cheeks and tresses gray," moving amidst some favorite scene, the chosen haunt of faun and nymph; or perchance seated along the strand of the loud-sounding sea and striking the chords of his deep-toned harp in unison with its echoings, as though he would still commune with the majestic voice of nature, now that his eyes were for ever closed upon heaven's stars, which make glad the shepherd's heart, and earth's hills kirtled with flowers, and her vales where she caused to spring up for the son of Chronos the decoy lotus and crocus and hyacinth thick and soft.*

The same inquisitive and skeptical spirit which has exploded the pretensions of a few old Greek and Roman names has played equally wild work with the historical and classical criticism of the present day. It is probably both just and proper that we should bring the light of our more enlarged and philosophical knowledge to the discussions of ancient history and literature; and it is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Savigny has re-

* Il. lib. xiv. 346, 349. { Τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ Χθων δια φύεν νεοθηλέα ποιῆν
Λωτον δ' ἐφσηεντα, ἰδὲ κρόκον, ᾗδ' ὑάκινθον
Πικνὸν καὶ μαλακόν.

marked, that the application of certain universal and cardinal principles which have been generalized by the inductive method of modern times, has rendered efficient aid in all our speculations upon the past; though we are hardly disposed to go all lengths with him, and assert that these more recent discoveries of the "continental school" have enabled Niebuhr to penetrate deeper into the secrets of Roman greatness than was ever done by the Romans themselves during the brightest period of their national literature.*

The danger is, lest in solving the complex enigmas propounded in the annals of every nation, we be tempted to draw our inferences from preconceived opinions respecting the nature of the questions presented to our consideration. The conclusions to which we are brought by a partial analysis, conducted entirely upon modern principles and data, must be eliminated and corrected by due allowances to be made for the peculiar nature of the facts to which they relate and the distinctive characteristics of the times to which they are referred. It is not our design, as it is far from our wishes, to disparage what is called the philosophy of history—the object of which is to investigate the great and primary truths that are hidden in the confused details of history, as grains of gold in a mass of ore—which is not satisfied with the mere statement of events, but traces them to their ultimate causes, and duly estimates their effects. It develops the gradual formation of states, the growth of powerful dynasties, and, as it were, stratifies the different deposits left by "the mighty stream of Tendency" upon the face of society, at successive periods, as the geologist develops the alternate layers which form the crust of our globe.

Every nation has an inner as well as an outer life, and it is only by a thorough analysis and comprehension of the former that we can properly comprehend the latter. The overthrow of existing governments, the conflict of armies and the list of the slain, the formation of treaties and leagues, are the least interesting events in the history of a great and intellectual people, if we confine ourselves to their mere recapitulation. Every school-boy can repeat, in regular succession, the line of English sovereigns from Egbert the Saxon to Victoria; but if he knows nothing of the condition and progress of the nation during their reigns, his knowledge is as worthless as that of the Etruscan alphabet, of which not a word remains. Without generalization, history is a vast collection of hieroglyphics, for the ex-

* *Vide* "Savigny's History of the Roman Law."

plication of whose mysteries there is no Rosetta stone—a mere shell without a kernel.

But it is not to be pretended that, after a lapse of two thousand years, we can interpret every idiosyncrasy in Greek and Roman manners, or apprehend the causes of all those political mutations, which, by their strangeness and frequency, resemble the ever-varying phases of a revolving kaleidoscope. To attempt to assign the specific reason of every institution peculiar to ancient society frequently leads to the most chimerical, not to say preposterous conclusions. Because the ruling passion of the Athenians was that of amusement, to which the emulation of glory, lively though it was, was made subordinate, Jeffrey would have us believe that the law of ostracism, which disgraced the Athenian commonwealth, had its origin in a wise and cautious dread lest they might be unduly influenced by a rapturous admiration of successful talent. "It is a proof," says he, "how much they were afraid of their own propensity to idolize: they could not trust themselves in the presence of one who had become too popular." We are persuaded that this regulation was established from no such recondite and metaphysical self-inquisition on the part of the gay Athenians; and, like honest Horatio, in his reply to Hamlet, we are disposed to think, that "'twere to consider too curiously to consider so." Equally fanciful and absurd is the idea of Blackstone, who, in his Commentaries on the laws of England, labors to prove that the tumults and dissensions which vexed the "fierce democratie" of Athens, and finally wrought the total subversion of the state, are to be attributed to the operation of alienation by devise, unrestrained by the conservative influence of the law of primogeniture.* "My Father," in Tristram Shandy, fairly mounted on his physiological hobby-horse, never curveted more ridiculously. The philosophy of history, like every other science, has its ultimate questions, beyond which human intellect can not pierce. The great error of modern speculation upon past events is, that we are unwilling to leave any thing unexplained, to which, by the most tortuous process, a reason can be assigned; where the ignorance is most profound, there is the dogmatism most presumptuous.

Some historical questions, from the very nature of the subjects to which they refer, and others, from the contradictory statements of conflicting authorities, defy the powers of the most searching analysis, and elude every effort towards their

* *Vide* 2 Black. chap. xxxiii.

exposition. Who, for example, can explain all the social and political vicissitudes of a period of English history as late as that included between the first outbreak of the "Great Rebellion" and the consummation of the revolution under William and Mary? Who can reduce the fragmentary and detached events of that most interesting era to a consistent whole?—can explain how it was that the stern republicans who rose up in arms against the perfidious yet amiable Charles, could tolerate for an instant the usurpation of Cromwell?—how it was that the same army which had battled, with Hampden in its ranks, against the tyrant father, hailed with loud acclaim the accession of his son?—how the murmurs which greeted the mild protectorate of Cromwell were changed into jubilant shouts of applause at the coronation of the second Charles?—how it was that the godly slang of the Puritan, and the ravings of Fifth Monarchy-men, shouting for the personal reign of King Jesus, died away amid the oaths and ribald songs that rose from the streets of London, and the maudlin mirth and revelry which resounded in the courts at Whitehall, where the prince upon his throne, and noble lord and jeweled lady, held high carousal with a "rabble rout" of shameless men, and still more shameless women, inflamed with wine and lust—a motley group, more loathsome and obscene than the bestial herd that thronged the temples of the Cyprian goddess?—how it was that the same multitude which darkened the doors of the conventicle to-day, and groaned and sighed responses to the canting prayers of brother Seek-the-Lord-while-he-may-be-found, on the morrow gathered around the foul orgies of license and debauch in a wild Saturnalia of rampant vice, unseemly as a dance of Satyrs or unloosed demons at the high carnival of hell?—or, finally, how it was that the same House of Commons, which had acquiesced in the domination of the odious James, and even imprisoned one of its members for slightly reflecting on the language of the Crown, voted the vacancy of the throne and invited over the Prince of Orange? These are great and leading events in English constitutional and social history—events to which the so-called Anglo-Saxon race look back with mingled pride and regret, composing as they do a checkered picture of so much glory and so much shame; but how few are agreed upon the determination of the causes to which they are referable! There are numerous historic doubts and difficulties in our own short existence as a nation which can never be conclusively settled; and it is reasonable to suppose that no sagacity, however marvelous, can

follow the erratic course of such a changeful Proteus as the populace of Greece and Rome. What is there which comes home nearer to the "business and bosoms" of men than the laws to which they owe obedience? Yet who can define and embody the Common Law as it prevailed in our country prior to, and contemporaneously with, the Revolution? It is to that law we look as the great well-spring of all our jurisprudence, the glorious birthright of our race, *gentis incunabala nostræ*. There are a few probably who still remember the surprise produced by an opinion of Judge Chase, when, in 1798, he declared that while each individual state had a common law of its own, the United States had none. From the very nature of the case, it is impossible to define *how far as of force*, in legal phraseology, the *jus commune* of England was recognized in our country at the formation of the Constitution, though it is obvious, as Judge Story has remarked, that the framers of that instrument presupposed the existence of the common law.

The great defect, therefore, in our estimation, which detracts from the historical criticism of the present day, is that it aims to compass too much; just as the metaphysicians, before the day of Des Cartes or Reid, refused to admit scarcely any of the abstruse and complex phenomena of psychology to be inexplicable: in their eagerness to master every thing, they made no permanent acquisitions, and hence the deciduous fame of such men as Hobbes and Malebranche. Reid, in his "Inquiry," we think rather erred on the other side, and did not push his researches with sufficient intrepidity. Horace has laid down a rule, which applies to all such disquisitions as well as the practical pursuits of every-day life:

"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum."

Jeremy Taylor said of his times, "We live in an age, in which men have more need of new fires to be kindled within them and around about them than of any thing to allay their forwardness." That age has passed away, and there is little necessity now, it is presumed, for any cautions against the extreme of *citraism*, if we may coin a word from our quotation; for ultraism of the wildest kind is the order of the day in all speculations, moral and political, mental and physical.

If such be the fact regarding the tendency of modern inquiry, we might naturally expect that the history and literature of Greece and Rome would form an endless theme upon which

ingenious refiners might expend their bold hypotheses and sage conjectures; and that it is so, is abundantly proved by the labored treatises and learned productions of such as Müller and Niebuhr and Creuzer. To this warped interpretation of history, which conforms every fact to the Procrustean bed of some darling theory, we almost prefer the childlike confidence with which they were received by Goldsmith and Bartholemi: the "omniverous farrago" of Rollin is scarcely less tolerable than such stall-fed histories. In all investigations into the inner life and feelings of the ancients, the critics and philosophers of literature and history should endeavor to avoid those mental delusions, which Bacon has classed under the head of *idola specus*. The facts of which they treat must not be contemplated through the distorting medium of some favorite theory, or the mist of passion and prejudice. Dry light, says Heraclitus, is ever the best; and we should close our eyes against "that which is infused and drenched in our own affections and customs."* The literature of a nation presents a transcript of a nation's mind, the image of which will always be mirrored forth by it, unless counteracted by extraneous causes. It is not to works professedly historical, that we are most indebted for our knowledge of the every-day life and manners of a particular age or the customs and peculiarities of a people. For this purpose, in regard to Grecian history, the Homeric poems and the plays of Aristophanes or Euripides are worth more than the chronicles of Herodotus and the contributions of Xenophon or Thucydides. If we seek an introduction to the Roman, aloof from the noise of the bustling forum at home, or the march of armies abroad, do we turn to the pages of Livy or Sallust or Cæsar? To none of these, but to the familiar letters of Cicero, the works of Horace, and the satires of Juvenal. Every one knows how far Sir Walter Scott, the novelist, is superior to Hume, the historian, when they treat in common upon any particular part of English history: the very ballads of a country—the native literature of the common mind, are strikingly significant of the state of society in which they take their origin, and in which they are longest cherished. For the sake of this alone we would not exchange Chevy-chase or the Lytell Geste of Robin Hode, for very many chapters we could point out in Robertson. To the literature of Greece and Rome, therefore, we must resort, as affording the most reliable sources of information from which to make up our estimate of their respective character and genius, and we are in no danger of being

* Vide "Essays of Bacon," xxviii.

led astray, provided we consent to be fair interpreters. But first we must be permitted to premise that the advantage possessed by the production of the Latin authors over the Greek, arising from our greater familiarity with them, is to be attributed to far other causes than the superiority of the former over the latter.

There are obvious reasons, however, why the literature of Rome has heretofore been, and will continue to be, more cultivated than that of Greece; for of all the nations that at successive periods have swayed the destinies of the world, the influence of the former upon modern civilization is most visibly and directly operative. We are much more familiar with the language and literature of the Latins than of the Greeks, because they were later in their prevalence, and are necessarily forced upon the attention, not only of the classical scholar, but of every one who makes the least pretension to a philosophical knowledge of the causes to which modern civilization owes much of its peculiar development, or who has examined, in even the most superficial manner, the history of the world since the days of Roman greatness and glory. Everywhere may be traced the impress which her overshadowing dominion has left for good and for evil upon after-times and generations. No "pent-up Utica" confined her powers; her victorious eagles were borne by an indomitable soldiery into every quarter of the known world, until her dominion extended from the extreme limits of Dacia beyond the frozen sources of the Borysthenes, to the scorching plains of Africa, where Atlas upheld the heavens; and from the Tigris and Euphrates on the east to the Pillars of Hercules and the Western Ocean. The Greeks, once masters of the world, were forced to acknowledge her political supremacy, and the nations that had been once borne down by the Macedonian phalanx quailed again before the Roman legion. Her territorial acquisitions, however, were not like the fabled conquests of Sesostriis or Bacchus; over the people whom she had smitten with the sword, she extended the beneficent shield of her laws, and deprived them of a distinctive and independent nationality only to make them citizens of a world-spread empire. The barbarous Cantabrian and warlike Lusitanian, the rough Sarmatian, the refined Greek, and dusky Mauritanian, were alike included in the comprehensive policy of a nation whose prerogative it seemed to be not only to vanquish the world but also to legislate for all mankind:

"—— pacisque imponere morem
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

Wherever the Roman conquers, he inhabits, said Seneca : the language and institutions of her colonies were assimilated with those of the parent city, and reflected in miniature the image of the great metropolis. In consequence of this it was, that we see the Punic dialect of Africa gradually melting away until it sank into desuetude, while the Celtic was driven into the forests and mountain fastnesses of Wales, of Cornwall, and of Armorica to find an asylum among their rude and unconquered peasantry. To this day the face of Europe is strewn with evidences of the overwhelming tide of Roman arms and civilization that once poured over it—evidences which after the lapse of almost two thousand years since the subsidence of the mighty flood, attest the universality of its prevalence. Her language, though mute, still forms the key to half the spoken tongues of the continent; the rescripts and decrees of her emperors, interwoven with the dogmas of the feudal system, are recognized at the present day in the jurisprudence of southern Europe; the Eternal City is still acknowledged as the head of a vast hierarchy through whose rituals and imposing ceremonies the Latin still speaks with its majestic voice; the crozier of the friar and the cassock of the priest are emblems of a power which has survived the fasces of the lictor and purple laticlave of the senator; the golden palace of Nero has long since crumbled into dust, but in its stead has arisen the Vatican—to the Pantheon has succeeded St. Peter's, and his holiness the Pope still sways a sceptre over the minds of men more powerful than the Cæsars ever wielded.

As late as the sixteenth century, the Latin was the language of ordinary intercourse; it was heard alike in the synods of divines and the courts of princes, in the metaphysical jargon of the schools and the polemics of the Realists and Nominalists, and was read in the correspondence of foreign diplomats and the dialogues and satires of Erasmus, in the speculations of Thomas Aquinas and the *Novum Organon* or *Cogitata et Visa* of Bacon. Thus it has happened that the language, and with it the literature of the Roman has, in a measure, supplanted or rather overlaid that of Greece. During the long black night of the middle ages, Grecian literature underwent a total eclipse; not so its less deserving but more fortunate rival, the Latin. Boccacio informs us that during those times of worse than Egyptian darkness, there was not a scholar in Italy who was acquainted even with the Greek characters; and Hallam states that there is not a line quoted from any poet in that language from the sixth to the fourteenth century; the

whole western world seemed to have forgotten that they were indebted to Grecian inspiration for the few Latin authors, which here and there some solitary and laborious monk, immured in his cloister, still delighted to study and transcribe. During the tenth and eleventh centuries, the darkest period of mediæval times, the literature of Rome was not entirely neglected; and though many a classic manuscript was erased to make room for a homily or commentary of a favorite saint or some miraculous legend, yet not a few of the monastic order were as much remarkable for their devotion to classical studies, and elegance of their transcriptions, as the majority of the clergy for a barbaric indifference to the choicest remains of Roman as well as Grecian genius; many works of the Latin authors were translated by those studious men into the *lingua volgare*, a work in which the Benedictines vied with the Carthusians, the Cistercians with the monks of Monte Casino; but the language of the Grecian bards, and of Xenophon and Plato, was as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Even in the better days of Petrarch, we find him lamenting that Homer to him was dumb, or rather that he was deaf to his majestic tones. At the revival of letters in the fifteenth century, the Italians being ignorant of the Greek tongue, all works in that language were suffered, for the time, to lie untouched in the dusky alcoves of the libraries that were attached to every monastery, while the monks were passionately engaged upon the Latin authors in the literary drudgery of corrective and emendatory criticism, washing away the rust and canker of time, in the words of Mr. Payne Knight; and bringing back those forms and colors, which are the objects of taste, to their original purity and brightness. The study of the Greek, moreover, was at first positively prohibited by the clergy, and the monkish scholars were exhorted to acquiesce in their blissful ignorance; for Greek, said the reverend fathers, devoutly crossing themselves, is the language of the devil.

When Erasmus introduced the study of the prohibited tongue in Cambridge University, he encountered a fierce tempest of obloquy and denunciation; while at Oxford, where it had been patronized by Grocyn and Linacer during the reign of Henry VII., the learned men were divided into hostile literary parties, under the names of *Greeks* and *Trojans*; between whom, for a long time, was waged a paper warfare of a most virulent and often scurrilous animosity; the latter, particularly, were not at all select in the epithets they affixed to the adverse faction, styling them, indiscriminately, preachers of damnable

heresies and winnowers of the devil's chaff.* When Erasmus returned to Germany, after his short sojourn in England, he was regarded by the pious Dominicans of Louvain as one who had bartered his soul to taste of the forbidden fruit, *obsonium dæmonum*, as Grecian literature was then called by the theologians of Leipsic. Dr. Faust, with his mysterious red-letter Bibles, was not shunned more sedulously; while Reuchlin, the first who mastered the language, and hence called by his admirers *'Αλφα ἐruditorum*, was persecuted by the theological faculty of Cologne, with all that unrelenting eagerness which has rendered the *odium theologicum* proverbial.† In Italy, the opposers of any and every literature, except the Latin, were, if possible, more violent and denunciatory. Indeed, such was the devotion of some of the learned Italians to the Latin tongue in the sixteenth century, and such was the jealousy they entertained of even their own vernacular, the *bel parlar Toscano*, which had just been called into life, and endowed with strength and beauty by Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, that they endeavored to crush the new-formed dialect at its birth. We actually find Romolo Amaseo, Professor of Eloquence and Belles-Lettres in the University of Bologna, inveighing, in a Latin harangue, against the Italian language for two successive days, before Charles V. and Pope Clement VII., eloquently maintaining that the native tongue of Italy, to which its three great masters had already given majesty, elegance, and copiousness, was a rude and vulgar *patois*, fit only for peasants and higglers. But this infatuated hostility and exclusiveness were not destined to be of long continuance, and the literature of Greece was soon successfully studied under Chrysolorus, Bessarion, and others, though not reinstalled in its due preëminence. In truth, it seems impossible that any mind of the least enlargement or inquisitiveness, and not blinded by some unaccountable prejudice, could long remain complacently satisfied with a knowledge of Latin literature alone, when the Romans themselves recommend the *exemplaria Græca* as the highest standards of literary excellence, and as worthy of the most assiduous study:

——— “Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ,”

* Vide *Erasmii Opera* iii., c. 517, ed. clerici.

† Vide *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, a neglected work, which, as Herder justly says, has effected incomparably more for Germany than *Hudibras* for England, or *Garagautua* for France, or the Knight of *La Mancha* for Spain.

was the advice of Horace, in the most finished of all his compositions. We should imitate the example afforded by the most ingenuous and liberal-minded Petrarch, who longed to slake his thirst, in his own words, at the very wells of Grecian eloquence, *ex ipsis Græci eloquii scatebris*. In our examination, therefore, of the splendid literature of Greece, we shall endeavor to show its superiority over that of Rome, and to state, at the same time, the causes which have decided this superiority; in the progress of which, we think it will be discovered that almost every thing which Roman talent has left behind it, has a more beautiful counterpart in the language of Æschylus and Plato. In an epigram of Julius Cæsar, Terence is compared to a half-Menander, and the inferiority of Roman to Grecian genius will appear in an equal degree, if we institute a comparison between almost any two authors of the respective nations, who have cultivated the same departments of literature—between Homer and Virgil in the stately epic; Demosthenes and Cicero in eloquence, Pindar and Horace in lyric poetry, and Thucydides and Sallust in history; while, for Æschylus and Aristophanes, we look in vain for other than parodists with whom to compare them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

BY COLONEL KIDOLON.

THE territory of Minnesota is very rapidly filling up with settlers, and in a short time another star will be added to that glorious galaxy, which now sheds its lustre over the world; lighting to freedom, and consequently to happiness, the oppressed and miserable people of the kingdoms and principalities of Europe.

If there were any thing needed to satisfy the popular mind of the old world of the superiority of our institutions and government, the unexampled rapidity with which our whole western country, from Oregon to California, is growing in wealth, and commercial and political importance, would be an argument which no sophistry could cover, and no logic could refute. A territory as large as the whole of Europe taking an independent position as a sovereign State among its sisters, sending out ships, and building cities and railroads, in less time than it used to take to build a bridge across the Thames at London, is a phenomenon so great, so startling, that the slow minds of the Continent may well be excused a shrug of the shoulders and a dubious shake of the head.

Among the most flourishing of our settlements in the West, is the far-famed territory of Minnesota, the home of many a traveller, and the theme of many a traveller's story; a country extending from the Mississippi and St. Croix rivers, and the western extremity of Lake Superior on the east, to the Missouri and White-Earth rivers on the west—a distance of over four hundred miles; and from the Iowa line (latitude 43° 30') on the south, to the British line (latitude 49°) on the north,

also comprising a distance of four hundred miles ; comprehending an area of 106,000,000 acres, of a rich soil, and salubrious and mild climate, interspersed with numerous beautiful lakes, and well watered by rivers navigable for steamers.

On the third day of March, 1849, the territory of Minnesota was organized, and the inhabitants now number over twenty thousand. St. Paul, the seat of government for the territory, had not, five years ago, a tree cut from its virgin bosom ; now it contains over five thousand citizens. The Mississippi River rises at Itasca lake, in the northern part of the territory ; and, in addition to the other rivers, many of them navigable for a great distance, will give to Minnesota advantages second to none in any State of the Union. The Minnesota, the "sky-tinted," in the beautiful language of the Dakotas, is a magnificent stream, emptying into the Mississippi near the town of St. Paul.

And yet, although apparently so lately known to many of our own people, this region, now so fast filling up, is an old country to many of the early adventurers from Europe. In 1658, nearly two hundred years ago, Father Menard, a devoted Jesuit missionary, was lost in the wilderness, and his cassock and breviary were long preserved as "medicine" charms by the tribe of Dakotas, once a very formidable tribe in the Northwest. In 1680, Hennepin, a name remembered with love and reverence, reached the Mississippi, and gave to the foaming waters of St. Anthony's Falls their baptismal name, in honor of his patron-saint.

Among the Indians who dwelt within its borders, may be mentioned the Dakotas, Ojibway, Shianu, Ausinabwaun, Winnebago, Ioway, Ozaukie, and Musquakie. The Dakotas, known also as Sioux, were a numerous and powerful band of warriors, and had encamped on prairies east of the Mississippi, vagrants between the head waters of Lake Superior and the Falls of St. Anthony. Between them and the Chippewas existed a hereditary warfare, as terrible and fierce and sanguinary as any on record. They spared neither age nor sex, and all the country of the Upper Mississippi bears witness to the mightiness of the struggle.

But their wars are over, their battles are fought, their victories are won ; no more do the trusty warriors gather round the council-fires to plan the surprise and the attack ; but a little longer, even in the forests of the farthest west, will the whoop of the Indian disturb the silence of nature ; he will have departed for ever, and the pale-face will have taken up the late

deserted hunting-grounds, and the sound of the axe, the puff of the steamboat, and the whistle of the locomotive, with all the various sounds of civilization, will have rendered still more true the prophecy :

“Westward the star of empire takes its way.”

But the races of men which have left us, have stamped upon many localities imperishable names, connected, in many instances, with some romantic or tragic incidents, awakening the attention of the traveller, the imagination of the romancist, or the melancholy muse of the poet. Connected with one of the most romantic spots in the territory is a story, whose details lend still greater charms to the already celebrated Falls of St. Anthony.

These falls are two thousand and seventy-eight miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, about eight miles from the flourishing town of St. Paul; and there is even at the falls a village of the same name, numbering over two thousand inhabitants. There is nothing more beautiful in the western country than the Falls of St. Anthony; and they deserve, in its fullest extent, the musical appellation given them by roving and warlike Dakotas—“Minne-rara,” the “laughing-water.” From many of these places civilization strips the robe of romance, and doubtless in a few years, as is already to some extent the case, the “laughing-water” will be chained to some machinery, and the noise and bustle of business will prevent the sojourner from seeing the sights which were familiar at a former period.

Let us haste, then, and to this brief sketch add the Legend of the Falls, while yet the ancient ground may be traced, and the shadowy form be seen.

An Indian of the Dakota nation had united himself, in early life, to a youthful female named Ampota Sapa, which signifies the “Dark Day,” with whom he had lived happily, enjoying every felicity of which their nature was capable. Two children were the pledges of their affection, and seemed to bind the parents together with still more tender ties. The young Dakotan was a brave man and an active hunter, and his reputation had drawn about him many families of his tribe. The deference they paid him awakened ambition in his heart, and at the solicitation of friends he consented, in view of his growing honors and importance, to take a second wife, comforting himself with the assurance that it was to relieve the first from the accumulating drudgery, which the numerous visitors and friends he was drawing about him would occasion.

Fearing, however, that the consent of his first wife could not be obtained, he determined to marry first, and obtain permission afterward. Upon mentioning the subject to Ampota, she besought him tearfully, by all their former love and happiness, by all their recollections of the past, by his affection for their children, to abandon a project so filled with unpleasant consequences, and so pregnant with unhappiness. Nothing could induce Ampota to give her consent. She declared that she was equal to the task of preparing for all of his guests, that it was her happiness to labor for his comfort, and that it was not at all necessary that another need be joined with her in the labor to which she had consecrated herself.

Finding all persuasion useless, he informed her that the act was already consummated, and that she must at once conclude to receive his new wife in their wigwam. Distressed beyond measure at the information, and believing that she had now nothing to live for, her husband's love being withdrawn, she watched an opportunity, and with her two children escaped to her father. In some of their journeyings, the party to which her father's family belonged, encamped near the falls. In the morning when they left it, she lingered near the spot, then launched her light canoe, and having entered it with her children, paddled down the stream, singing her death-song. The cataract presently drowned her voice, and as the canoe rapidly neared the precipice, it could be perceived for a moment enveloped in spray, but never afterwards was a trace of the frail bark, or any of its passengers, seen.

Yet it is asserted by the Indians that often, in the morning, a voice has been heard to sing a doleful strain along the edge of the fall; and that so far as the words can be distinguished, the burden of the song is the inconstancy of the love of man. Nay, it is even said that her spirit has been seen wandering near the spot, as in life, accompanied by her children; and the mimic boat again glides down the rapids, passes over the falls, and disappears.

'Tis morn, and from the reddening east
The joyous day begins to flow,
The stars grow dim, and in the west
The clouds with streaks of daylight glow.
Each blade of grass, each shrub appears
To bow its tender head in tears;
But as the day-star rises high,
Full quickly does the illusion fly;

For what seemed once a tear, seems now
 A gem to deck a queenly brow,
 And glitters in the morning beam,
 Like diamond of the purest stream.
 The river sparkles in the light,
 And seems all joyous and all bright;
 Laughing, as though upon the earth,
 There were no songs but those of mirth.
 Would it were so! but tales of joy
 Need, as a relish, some alloy;
 And hearts are better for an hour
 Spent where grim Death has shown his power,
 Where every clod the foot may stir
 Lies o'er some long-dug sepulchre.
 And who could wish a brighter grave,
 St. Anthony! than thy sparkling wave?
 Who that has trod thy shore so green—
 Has heard thy roar, thy rainbow seen,
 Has watched thy waters beauteous play,
 As rushing on they near the brink,
 And seem a moment there to stay,
 Glistening in light before they sink—
 Has *not* wished that his lot were cast,
 So he might sleep in thee at last?
 Say, couldst thou wish a prouder bed?
 Green moss shall circle round thy head,
 And neatly carved is many a cell
 Where spirits of the water dwell;
 And glad they welcome those who go
 To revel in their joys below,
 And there forget their former woe,
 Their love and hate, their friend and foe.
 And they will braid thy flowing hair
 With many a diamond rich and rare.
 And gems as sparkling as thine eye,
 Deep in their caves unnumbered lie.
 Say, who could wish a brighter grave,
 St. Anthony! than thy sparkling wave?

'Tis morn, and near the Falls are seen
 A band in peaceful garb arrayed,
 With trusty bow and hatchet keen,
 And skins and spoils of peaceful raid.
 No war-paint streaks the swarthy cheek,

No startling whoop rings o'er the hills ;
Bright Minne-rara seems to speak
A tone the fierce Dacota thrills.
It tells him of the day of rest
That followed Allacooosa's fight,
When all his wrongs had been redressed,
And nine scalps graced his belt at night.
It may be, that he dreams how here
He sought the maiden of his heart,
How the next moon, with vow sincere,
He meets her, never more to part ;
And now with winter store returns
To her for whom his bosoms burns,
With various skins and shining fur,
The best and warmest culled for her.
For think not that the savage breast
With love's sweet passion ne'er is blest
True-hearted are Dacota's maids ;
Their virgin lips warm kisses seal ;
No change their constant mind invades,
Time weakens not their early zeal.

The band has gone, and lonely now
And wilder far becomes the scene ;
The smouldering fires are burning low
The only traces left to show
Where late the camp had been.
Stay, see ! upon that pleasant seat,
Built as a cool and calm retreat,
Beside that sparkling rill,
Sits one, as passionless and still,
As if the goddess of the wood
With spells and charms had her subdued,
To guard this awful solitude.
Vacant that eye which once could tell
The story of the heart full well ;
And all unbound that raven hair
Which once was decked with jewels rare ;
A fairy girl and beauteous boy
Unnoticed play about her feet.
Ah ! what can give a mother joy,
If not her childrens' smile to greet ?

And now she takes by either hand
The little prattlers standing by,
And long she gazes as they stand,
Into each laughing eye.
This is a sturdy boy,
Five summers scarce he's told ;
His father's pride and joy,
The young, and free, and bold.
Already had his eagle eye
Flashed at the stories of his sire,
His counterpart in spirit high,
In eloquence and fire.
The other was a lovely child ;
It gazed into her face and smiled ;
Most sweetly did its dark eye beam,
Like fairy in a poet's dream—
Its raven tresses loosely hung,
And to the morning breeze were flung,
While in its folds were wrought with care
Such trinkets as the Indians wear.

Now move they slowly to the shore
Where rides a tiny bark-canoe,
'Tis music, Minne-rara's roar—
A fitting music to the deed
Ampota Sapa seeks to do ;
Will not her woman's heart recede ?
Will not the wife at last repent ?
Perhaps the mother will relent ?
No ! see her place her laughing child
Upon the waters' foaming wild ;
Eager the boy springs to her side,
His bright eye sparkling in its pride ;
She quick the frail canoe untied,
And, seated by her childrens' side,
With buskined feet she spurned the shore
And calmly plied the trusty oar.
A moment, and her gentle eye
Conversed with river, earth, and sky,
Turned on her babes a last long look,
Which half her constant purpose shook ;
Then fixed on vacant space, rehearsed
The woes and wrongs her life had cursed.

D E A T H - S O N G .

I perceive thy beautiful form, O my mother!
 In the mists that arise from the laughing water.
 Thou beckonest me to come to the far spirit shore,
 Where there is no deceit, and no unhappiness for ever.
 Age is not measured so much by the number of winters
 Whose snows have settled upon our heads,
 As by the sorrows which have left their traces upon our hearts.

Ampota has suffered—her love has
 Been rejected; her smiles have ceased to please;
 Her endearments have palled upon the appetite
 Of her husband. She is no longer beloved;
 She is no longer caressed.

Another shares the wigwam of the once beloved
 Ampota. Another rests on the bear skin, and
 Sleeps on the bosom of her husband.

I come to thee then, O my mother!—I bring
 The pledges of my love and my virtue. Receive
 Me to thy arms as in childhood. Embrace me,
 As I embrace my tender babes.

As wildly she her death-song sung,
 Her babes in silent terror clung
 About her knees—but none could save
 The boat from Minne-rara's wave.
 A moment—it is faintly seen
 Among the spray that rolls between;
 Another—and 'tis fiercely tost—
 It hastens on—'tis lost—'tis lost.
 Down, down it goes, and no one there
 Shall sing a requiem, say a prayer;
 None shall disturb the bones that lie
 Down where the waters meet the sky,
 Entombed in moss, where spirits play
 Who shun the grosser light of day,
 And sport within a twilight land
 Which eye of mortal never scanned.
 No masses for her rest were said—
 No exorcist her spirit laid—
 For oft is seen along the bank
 At early morn, in clothing dank,
 The figure of an Indian maid,
 One child upon her bosom laid;

The Falls of St. Anthony.

And tripping sprightly by her side,
Her only son, her joy, her pride.
A magic boat is on the shore,
And slow they enter it once more ;
See through the mist they calmly glide,
A shadow on the river's breast—
Now lost, now seen, upon the tide!

The phantom boat floats by unblest.
You see each form of yielding air ;
The mother, boy, and child are there,
And as they pass, in mournful voice
She sings the husband of her choice ;
In lively strains she tells the tale
Of mutual love in flowry vale ;
Of pledges oft and oft renewed
By purling brook or shady wood ;
Of pleasure love will always give ;
Of hope, on which we mostly live ;
Of happiness that still must flow,
When truthful hearts are joined below ;
And then, in wild lamenting strain,
Man's fickle love and cold disdain.

Meanwhile, the boat speeds swiftly by ;
Again it nears the dizzy brink
Where down the cat'ract wild and high,
The sparkling waters sink.
It rests a moment, and no more ;
One bound, one plunge, and all is o'er ;
Quick close the waves above her head,
And moss and stones entomb the dead !

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SAINT JONATHAN.

MANKIND universally possess a desire to deify their favorite heroes and teachers. The mythology of the polished nations of antiquity is crowded with the names of those fortunate children of earth who were transformed into gods and demi-gods. Every weeping maid became a nymph, and many an unfortunate adventurer was transferred to the heavenly constellations. Lofty mountains and ocean solitudes were the realms of the mighty and terrible, while the lovely and benign graced pleasant green groves and cool crystal fountains. The Peruvian had his Incas, who came down from heaven, the paragons of earth and children of the sun. The fierce Aztec gazed anxiously over the dark waters of the Atlantic, impatiently waiting for the return of Quetzalcoatl in his mystic skiff of serpent skins from the fabled land of Tlapallan. The Persian, melted by the eloquence of Zoroaster, at once invested him with supernatural powers. The ancient Briton saw deity in the venerable Druids as they performed their mystical rites in the dark oaken groves. The German and Scandinavian beheld their former heroes in the person of Odin or Thor, welcoming them to the joys of Valhalla. The modern savage has

his great Medicine; the Chinaman his Confucius; and the Brahmin enthusiastically dwells upon the glorious reign of Vishnu, and ardently prays for the promised blessings of his tenth and final transformation.

Not only does the gratitude and the admiration of men prompt them to deify their benefactors, but the unscrupulous and powerful are prompted to strive after it by their ambition. Alexander caused himself to be proclaimed the son of Jupiter. Cæsar exacted divine homage; and were the names of all those who have endeavored to cause themselves to be revered as possessing supernatural powers written, they would be greater than any man could number. The heavenly bodies, when viewed through fogs and clouds, appear enlarged; so heroic men are exaggerated to the stature of gods, when seen through the misty atmosphere of an ignorant and superstitious age. Christianity and civilization have cleared up in a measure these mental obscurities, and enlightened communities have laid aside the gross conceptions of their rude ancestors. Yet the light is so much shaded by adverse customs and unnatural prejudices, that this predominant inclination is far from being obliterated, and manifests itself in the thousand and one credulities of the day. This apotheosistal current is too strong to be turned back, and men have been content to give it a new direction, by substituting canonization for deification, just as the once depraved convert says "darn" for "damn." Formerly every village had its tutelary god; in modern days every hamlet has its patron-saint. Fashionable habits easily become national customs; and, accordingly, each nation has its saint *par excellence*—a kind of universal embodiment of the powers and virtues of the whole community. Till recently there was one exception to this now universal custom. The land of the Pilgrim, the country of Washington, with powers so great and hopes so bright, had no saint to whom they might repair for support, no earthly *penates*, to guard and protect. The world progresses; and, as wise men had foreseen, this deficiency was supplied in due time. On the 22d of December, 1851, at the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, it was announced to the listening world that a new Saint had been admitted into the calendar. Sir E. Bulwer performed the consecratory ceremonies, and now the admiring nations render homage to Saint Jonathan, as the personification of the Yankee nation-universal and particular, the last and greatest of the saints; while in all lands it shall be proclaimed there is but one Uncle Sam, and Jonathan is his saint. Now, since he has become our

tutelar defender, we will proceed to note some of his prominent characteristics. He is not one of your indifferent personages having nothing to distinguish them from the crowd around, but one that may be known if not "read of all men." For his character is peculiar, his person is peculiar, his mode of life is peculiar, his country is peculiar, the age in which he lives is peculiar, and in a word he is *peculiarity peculiarized*. The manner in which he was canonized was in perfect keeping with his attributes, being entirely unique and without precedent. Some have been canonized on account of eminent services, some on account of large donations, some on account of powerful friends—Saint Jonathan on account of personal respect. The requiem of some wafted them to the calendar; others rested many years in their graves before they attained this honor; but none, except Saint Jonathan, has ever been placed among the saints while living. Some nations represent their patron-saint as a wise teacher and philosopher, instructing the people and softening their rude and barbarous manners; some, as a philanthropist, healing the sick and relieving the unfortunate; some, as the pioneer of civilization, destroying the reptiles, and blessing the earth with peace and plenty; others, as a warrior, armed *cap-à-pie*, mounted on his fiery steed, spreading death and consternation among his foes. But no martial mien nor dignity of years adorns our hero; no ancient nor modern sculptor ever conceived such a figure. Fancy before you a young giant in the bloom of youth, graceful yet stalwart, dressed in all the peculiarities of rustic and fashionable costume. He wears his hat on one side, in true "wide-awake" style; his coat is one of the "true blues," each button bearing the star and eagle. His unmentionables seem reluctantly taking leave of his boot-tops, and ineffectually endeavoring to make the acquaintance of his gay-colored vest. In a pair of huge hands, placed at a most respectful distance from his coat-cuffs, are the ever-accompanying jack-knife and piece of pine, which, with untiring industry, he manufactures into articles of every fashion and use, from a fancy tooth-pick to the model of a steamship, which Uncle John Bull strives in vain to imitate or equal. His whole apparel is more striking than elegant, presenting a most strange combination of foreign gew-gaws and substantial home-spun. His pockets are well lined with the genuine California metal; and, while he tickles his ear with its alluring jingle, he gives you to understand that there is more a-coming. Every thing about him has the appearance of wealth, and the scantiness of his garments results from the

extraordinary fact that his tailor can not keep pace with his growth. He is inquisitive rather than dignified; intelligent rather than refined; having more energy than caution; more perception than experience; more strength than tact; presenting a queer combination of gentility with a kind of impertinent familiarity, that excites the mirth, curiosity, and dread of every beholder. Yet there is a fascination about him that is almost irresistible; and, upon an intimate acquaintance, his incongruities seem to harmonize, his rough ways to soften, and new attractions to unfold. He appears so frank and open-hearted, that one would think his character might be read at a glance; yet, after years of observation, we are in doubt. What at first seemed simplicity assumes the appearance of calculation, and that artless verdancy ripens into deep design, though all appears honest, straightforward, and free from deception. His manners are perfectly free and careless. He plants the foot and swings the arm with the air of one who cares for nothing, and swaggeringly tells the world that he is his own master, and is not to be controlled nor trammelled. Yet no one is more sensitive to public opinion; and, should some ignorant, prejudiced foreigner make him the subject of a philippic or lampoon, his indignation knows no bounds.

Although canonized, he still keeps up an establishment on earth, and prides himself much upon the ampleness of his board. Being no epicure, plenty rather delicacy is his aim. He is generous, and hesitates not to send relief by the ship-load to the destitute, being a truly liberal, benevolent personage, well worthy to be the patron-saint of all cheerful givers. Not having patience in so eminent a degree as the patriarch of Uz, the impositions of the unprincipled sometimes induce him to roughly repulse the worthy, and make him prone to believe that the lame limbs and backs of the mendicants by whom he is besieged require no better ointment than his stout hickory-staff. These are but the temporary outbreaks of the "Old Adam," which his saintship has not yet been able to subdue; and which soon subsiding, leave him the same liberal soul as before. He is the patron of all the philanthropic movements of the age, and his hospitals, charity asylums, and prisons are well worthy of imitation. Having a strong religious tendency, his faith is more fruitful in good works than that of any other saint on the calendar. Spurning all priestcraft and superstition, he is tolerant and conscientious in his doctrines, granting to all whatever he may claim for himself. He is a true friend of education, and would not only have each one thoroughly

acquainted with all that pertains to his own sphere, but would have every one know every thing; desiring that the philosopher should be initiated into all the intricacies of domestic economy, he would have the luckless skater aware that it is a law of gravitation that brings him down when his foothold fails, and would have him able to calculate the exact distance the earth advances to meet his head, and to explain, upon scientific principles, why the stars are so numerous and brilliant at the moment of concussion. He is full of expedients, ever engaged in some new enterprise, or perfecting some scheme, or putting forth some new theory, though by no means one of those non-practical visionaries who stud the air with castles, and waste their strength in fighting imaginary demons and windmills. On the contrary, he is the most energetic, persevering, practical saint on the calendar, being decidedly utilitarian in his views, and very much inclined to value things according to their direct bearing upon the dollars and cents. He has not only made the elements, steam, and the weapon of Jove his servants; but has also made poetry subsidiary to commerce and education, by giving the rudiments of science to young learners, in the form of epic poems, and advertising unpoetic commodities in smooth measures and harmonious rhyme. He is too apt to have "an eye single" to a good bargain, and too often passes by as useless that which can add nothing to his profits. He loves the bright sun, because it will make hay; welcomes the rainbow as the harbinger of fair weather; thinks paintings, statuary, etc., very well for—children; admires the fertile valley rather than the picturesque mountain. He can find no beauty in the overhanging rock or frowning cloud, but sees a paradise in the luxuriant plain. Can discover only nice timber in the noble oak, and exclaims, on seeing Niagara: "Grand! wonderful! stupendous! *What a powerful saw-mill it would drive!*" He is constructed wholly upon the high-pressure principle, and is ever crowding on all the steam the most inflammable fuel can create, and by it is whirled impetuously onward, like a congreve rocket. This is manifested in all his actions, often making his haste a hurry. He is never at ease; hurrying through youth, he reaches manhood, and then flying through the country grumbling at the slowness of the cars and telegraphic uncertainties, endeavors to contrive some method whereby he may increase his speed. This haste leads him into a thousand dangers, as he had much rather run the risk of being blown up than of being left behind. A week's delay harasses him more than a loss of a for-

tune. He is prone to "cut across," in language as well as fields, as the numerous contractions in every-day use testify; and has the spirit of the wooden-legged hero, who refused to ride in the mail-coach because "he couldn't stop," for all such vehicles are to him an abomination. His favorite motto is, "Go ahead!" and were the devil to take *only* the hindmost, his salvation would be sure, however great his depravity. He desires to be educated, but it must be done quickly, and he hurries through his routine of studies, like a superstitious boy through a church-yard. No pleasure charms him unless it be brief. He has fast horses, fast steamboats, fast locomotives, works fast, plays fast, and in great principles stands fast. He lays out splendid grounds, but can not wait for the shrubbery to grow; builds fine houses, but is in too much of a hurry to lay up substantial walls; makes sumptuous feasts, but can not stop to enjoy them, and so goes a-puffing through the world like one of his own locomotives, ever-restless, ever-changing, and only quiet when making a great bustle. As might be expected, this impetuosity causes him a thousand dangers, which a little consideration would enable him to avoid, but he rushes on, undeterred, from peril to peril, and not unfrequently passes through a dozen crises in as many days.

This continual excitement, want of rest, etc., began to injure his health; for like the "Boa-constrictor," he "never bites, but swallows his victuals whole," bolting down whole ship-loads of not the choicest viands of Europe at a single meal without so much as giving them a single shake. This he has done for a long time, and its effects have become so apparent that his physicians declare, that unless he exercises more care in selecting, and increases the period of mastication two or three times, his constitution will become seriously impaired.

Another detriment to his health is a most malignant malady called the black measles, which he inherited from his mother. When young they covered his whole body; but careful treatment has removed them from his upper extremities, and unfortunately no further. They are a very great annoyance and distress, disturbing him to his very heart's core. Various remedies have been proposed for his cure. Some advise him to take a strong emancipatory purgative which, at the risk of his life, would remove them at once. While others insist that owing to certain constitutional defects, such a course would inevitably cause immediate and violent death; and by their advice he has applied mild compromise ointments and the like. These quiet for a little time; but soon the itches and burn-

ings return, and so agitate the unfortunate Saint, that some over-anxious and timorous souls live in constant dread lest these convulsions will break up the Union of his members, and send them off tangent-like to form a fragmentary cluster of saintly asteroids in the canonical system. But we have no such fear. His vigor of youth and soundness of constitution are not to be interfered with by trifling causes; for we invariably find his general health is very good, and his courage and perseverance unexampled. His whole life has been but a series of trials, struggles, and victories. When he has once determined to do any thing, no dangers deter, no toil discourages, no resistance disheartens him; he rests not, turns not aside until his object is accomplished. Hercules, while in his cradle, killed two serpents; but St. Jonathan, at his very birth, was exposed to famine and disease, forced to defend himself against wild beasts, hostile savages, and his own inhuman parent that sought his destruction. Yet never has he shrunk from the conflict, never repined. Onward, has ever been his motto; Victory or Death, his battle-cry; and Liberty, his most earnest invocation. Cæsar was ambitious, Napoleon was ambitious, and it must be confessed that St. Jonathan is ambitious, fond of power, and has a great love of riches, which, combined with an unfortunate hallucination, making him sometimes forget the means when anticipating the end, an unaccountable mania for acquiring land, enable his neighbors to exclaim with more than poetic fervor, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." And with reason; for notwithstanding he has recently annexed a million of square miles to his farm, he would not object to grasp Canada with one hand and Central America with the other, while he gazes with longing eyes upon Cuba. One of the probable causes of this is, that disputed territories have annoyed him so much that he has resolved to annex all adjoining lands, in order to prevent any dispute that might arise about boundaries. Yet he is honest at heart, and it is but the ardor and temptations of youth that cause these temporary backslidings. He is a democrat to the core, in the purest sense of the word; ever opposing tyrants and lending a hand to the oppressed. He is the great leading spirit in all the reformatory movements of the age. These qualities, with his native strength and growing power, make him the accomplisher of great and wonderful works. Throughout all his domains peace and plenty abound, and ere long he will stand without a rival, leading all and controlling all. Even now he is the hope and solace of the downtrodden, and tyrants tremble as

his rebuke continually sounds in their ears. All honor to him ; for notwithstanding all his incongruities, he is a noble being, and take him "all in all," the most perfect saint in the calendar : high-minded, virtuous, ever at his post, ever laboring ; his great motive, duty ; his great desire, right. High he sits, the saint from the people, the saint of the people. Let the proud Spaniard, as he views his country's crumbling power, call upon St. Jago. Let the inconstant Frenchman, as he bears the yoke of his puppet-like tyrant, cry aloud to St. Denis. Let the passionate Italian, as he shrinks from foreign bayonets amid the crumbling monuments of his country's former greatness, beseech St. Peter. Let the aristocratic Englishman, surrounded by his peers and his paupers, shout St. George and Victoria. But we sons of Columbia, descendants of the Pilgrims, the true votaries of Liberty, will invoke no saint but St. Jonathan, and our children and our childrens' children to the latest generation, shall revere his name, resolving that henceforth and for ever St. Jonathan shall be the patron-saint of the universal Yankee nation—and the Fourth of July, St. Jonathan's Day.

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HUMAN NATURE IN CHUNKS.

CHUNK No. 5.—THE ORDEAL OF A YANKEE PEDAGOGUE.

BY RICHARD DOE, B.L.E.S.Q., ETC.

"Vitaque tristis pædagogi."

I HAD once the honor to receive an invitation to act as the knight of the birchen rod. But an ordeal had to be passed—the fiery trying ordeal of an examination. The time and place were appointed, and thither I repaired, with the district functionary, my employer. I found assembled the honorable Court of Judgment, ready to fulfill their august duties. Let me, reader, in language of brevity, describe the dignified committee, of consequential look. The Presbyterian clergyman, wearing the deep solemnity of Sabbath-time—the Baptist, looking knowingly from 'neath his "specs," ready to immerse me in a sea of perplexities—the Methodist, whose sanctimonious brow seemed heavy with ponderous thought—the corpulent Doctor, whose apothecary's shop was in his pocket, grunting at every breath—the learned Esquire, well versed in the blind abstractions of old Lindley Murray, and the abbreviations. Last of all, the Village Lawyer, who seemed to hold himself before the world as Blackstone, Jr., deep-learned in spelling-book aphorisms. The room was thronged with spectators, to see the "Master go it," as they said. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Baptist divine. The conclusion of his "off-hand" ejaculations was in these words: "Kind Heaven, bless thy young servant in instructing, if he passes examination;" to which the brother Methodist responded, "Amen." I concluded, in my own bosom, that a failure should equally demand a blessing. The Presbyterian clergyman commenced the examination, with questions from the old

"John Rogers' Primer." "Sir," said he, "when did sin come into the world?"

"When God gave free-will to man," I replied.

"Relate the fall of Sisera"—"the death of Saul."

"Methinks, sir," I replied, "you may be forgetful of the occasion."

"How so, sir?" said he.

"Why, sir," I replied, "I am not on examination for admission to the ministry."

"It matters not," rejoined the clergyman; "you should understand the principles of divinity, so that you could satisfy the inquiring mind, at request. Divinity should go hand in hand with Science; and when the mind becomes learned, it will be also good. Science bows her lordly brow only to religion."

"That's my mind," said the Baptist.

"I perfectly accord with your views, Brother," added the Methodist.

"Come, gentlemen, proceed, proceed; don't waste the night with *ethics*," said the Doctor.

The Baptist brother, after arranging his dignity, in the form of a white cravat, commenced. "Sir," said he, "what is language?"

"The telegraph of the mind," I replied.

"Incorrect, sir, incorrect; 'tis the utterance of articulate sounds; and I wish, sir, that you would confine yourself to the text-books."

I was on the point of informing him, that it would be an approximation toward the better, if he would take his own request to heart, and stick to the *text*.

"But," continued he, "what are ideas?"

"Thoughts, journeying to do reverence to God," I answered.

"Too Utopian for my comprehension," replied the clergyman.

I was then delivered over to the Methodist divine. Said he, on a "high key," "What does A. M. stand for?" "D. D.? B. L.?" etc., etc. As I was about to answer, a little red-headed urchin, suiting his words to a quick departure, exclaimed, "Mr. Priest, what is *Amen*?" "Shameful, shameful, that in this enlightened era so little reverence is paid to reverend station." The minister felt quite abashed at so sudden an interjectory, and gave place to Calomel. "Humph! sir, define *caput*, emetic, erysipelas, etc., etc. I ask you this important question," continued the M.D., "to impress upon your mind

the necessity of instructing your pupils in the principles of physiology."

I sat in silence, wondering what relation emetics had to school-teaching. I however concluded that they bore about the same relation as salivation to salvation.

The venerable Esquire, feeling the dignity of his honorary title, was requested to continue the *cross*-examination. Commencing the preface of Murray's Grammar, with much pomposity, he ceased not to interrogate me on its every principle. Such was his zeal in syntax, that he leaped the "Finis" into a grammatical world of his own. The Esquire closed his examination by asking me to define a *period*, and to call up and see his "gals."

The village pettifogger, full of legal consequence, said, "Sir, who concocted the Master Declaration of Independence?" "Who annihilated nullification in this glorious Union?" "Who was the immortal Blackstone, that concocted laws for the universe and Great Britain?" I should have concluded that "our lawyer" was an honorable M.C., had I not otherwise been informed. The examination having been concluded, the legal examiners retired into an adjoining apartment to deliberate. During their absence, whisperings ran along the "crowd." "Wonder if he'll pass?" "they gin him a hard 'un;" "he'll go it;" "dang him, he's got the real Simon-pure grit." Soon the Committee returned, a perfect phalanx of Law, Gospel, and Medicine. The reverend Presbyterian acted as Chairman, or rather the oracle of that tribunal of brains. Said he, "Sir, after much consideration and deliberation, we have concluded to award you a certificate; and, should you not succeed as an instructor, we shall feel compelled, *ex officio*, to discharge you from the position we have conferred upon you."

"Humph! humph! one question more, one question more," said the Doctor, with a medical squint. "Were a child to disobey, would you chastise him?"

"Indeed, sir, I would," I replied.

"Blast ye, you would'nt me," growled an urchin in the corner.

"Humph! humph! shut up, sir, shut up, or I'll physic you," replied the doctor gruffly.

"Come on, you can't catch me, you old puffy pill-peddler," rejoined precocity, taking hasty departure.

"But," added the Rev. Methodist, "I suppose you will open your school with prayer?"

That question was a stumper, as the Hoosiers say; but I thought I should be regarded as heterodox, if I refused to answer, so I replied, that prayers among little urchins in the school-room would be answered by paper-wads, instead of a blessing.

"Yes, yes, humph!" added the Doctor; "the Amen would be the echo of a pop-gun."

"Yes," continued the legal pundit, "praying in school to diminutive children, is like proclaiming glad tidings of salvation to squalling infants in the tabernacle. I, sir, have seen ministers look reverential anathemas at infants in the sanctuary."

"Well, well," said the Esquire, "it is getting late; rather guess we had better adjourn." "Let us implore a blessing," said the Methodist divine.

I will give his prayer *verbatim et literatim*, for the benefit of such township functionaries: "Kind Heaven, we thank thee for this pleasing interview with thy young servant: give him wisdom from thy bounty to discharge every duty in the great drama of thought; make him instrumental in giving moral tone to the harp of life, for spheres of usefulness and honor; and when life's weary pilgrimage is o'er, receive us at thought's banquet in heaven." At the conclusion of this eloquent offering, each arose and bestowed on me friendly congratulations. All were anxious that I should find opportunity to give them a visit, for each was blessed with loving daughters, excepting the legal gentleman, who was too pompous for Cupid to assail.

After passing the evening adieus, I took my departure, with the District Committee, my employer. We soon reached his residence on a bleak and barren hill, where sunbeams were ever chilled by cold northern blasts. On entering, the Committee introduced me to his wife. She raised not her eyes, nor even bowed the compliments of the evening, but sat cold and gloomy, fulfilling a matrimonial duty—rocking cradle. At last, said she, turning to her beloved consort, "What on earth did you bring the school-master home for—say? didn't I tell ye that there wan't nothing in the house to eat, but codfish and turnips; and as for being tormented to death, as long as I haint got children to send to school, I won't, *so there!* I am discouraged, *so!*—lie still, hush! O d-e-a-r me!" continued she, "or I'll box your ears!" addressing the domestic jewel. I could not conceive how such a little delicate structure of humanity could manufacture so much thunder. The music of a scolding woman and a squalling baby should be introduced as the sub-

base in the nocturnal serenade of a cat-orchestra. A tornado followed by a score of thunder-storms and five respectable earthquakes multiplied by the numeration table, would fail to arrive at a shadow of comparison to that *good* woman. I digress. This modern Amazon continued to scold, scold, and infancy to bawl, bawl, till I could endure the agony no longer. Said I, "Good woman, (*what a lie!*) that is decidedly the prettiest child I ever saw; why, madam, it resembles you. Its features so striking—its eye like a jewel—indeed, like your own." "Do you think so, sir?" replied she. (*A smile just dawning on her cheek.*) "Certainly I do, marm," said I.

"I think it *looks* like mother," continued the woman, (the smile complete.) "Shan't I rock the cradle?" said I. "I love to rock cradles."

"You may, sir, if you please," rejoined the lady, "while I prepare some refreshments." (Her cheeks blushing with smiles.) *Baby encomiums will quell the terrific discharge of a scold's patent battery.* "That baby looks like you marm," wonderfully provided for me.

The soft-soap banner is unfurled;
It rules the heart, it rules the world.
Who, who would tear that ensign down,
And write on woman's cheek a frown?

I would cheerfully recommend to pedagogues generally, that they lay aside *hic, hæc, hoc*, and inform their minds in relation to the "live" baby parlance.

A pedagogue well versed in the infant vocabulary will be dearly loved, by dearly beloved mothers. "*'Tillee darlin', cettle shugie, ma-ma's baaby.*" Babies are the pedagogue's refuge in his hour of need—kitchen celebrities and squalling accidents. God bless the pedagogue!

CHUNK No. 6.—SCHOOLMASTER "BOARDING 'ROUND."

"*Haud ignarus mali miseriis succurrere disco.*"

As December knocked at the outer gate of the year with an icicle, I sallied forth as the Knight of the Rod. What consequence attaches itself to the pedagogue's sphere! My school-house was perched on the summit of a bleak and barren hill—resembling much an antiquated castle. It was constructed so

as to admit of constant ventilation. Its internal architecture was a complete triumph of inventive genius. The old desks fronting the centre were defaced by that magic tool, "the school-boy's knife." Names were there carved for immortality. Paper-wads, those little harmless missiles used in childhood's bombardments, *adorned* the walls. An old Franklin stove stood in the centre, to perpetuate the name of old Ben, and to *smoke*. Portraits of former pedagogues. Its pipe showed the artistic skill of my pupils—charcoal sketches here and there were discernible on the ceiling, portraying my illustrious predecessor, who was alike distinguished for making *marks*. At an early hour, the urchins began to convene. Each little "idea" as he entered, gave a sharp glance at the master, and hid under the desks. Some came with cold fingers. Some desired of me to remove their tiny coverings. Some came with their little shining pails, well stored with *frosted* cakes. The immortal hour of nine arrived, and I ordered the urchins to their posts. Such an array of red cheeks I never saw before—like twenty summer dawns on the cheek of one summer's day. Some of the young lads came with their pockets filled with birch, to eat, and perchance to counteract the effects of an *external* application, to keep it from *striking in*. As soon as silence was established, I remarked to them on the subject of their duties, but was often interrupted by repeated requests, "*Maint I gwout?*" While I endeavored to instil into their tender minds the vast importance of diligence, a little red-haired urchin cried out, "*Sam's a-pricking on me!*" As I strove with heart and might to fill their minds with honorable emulation, a pale-faced idea screamed out, "*Sal's pullin' my h-a-i-r!*" As I expatiated on the necessity of constant assiduity, a paper-wad struck me on my cheek. My anger was roused. I smote the desk with my sceptre, determined on flogging the first disobedience, but ere I could advance, I was met with—"Shan't Jim give me my knife?" I cried, "Order! order!" Just then a little specimen of humanity inquired very meekly, "W-h-e-r-e's the lesson?" "Nose bleeds!" bawled another. "Wash my slate!" cried the third. "May I go 'ome?" interrogated another. My patience was exhausted. I told my pupils that they might enjoy a recess, and out they went. Such crashing of boots I never heard before. Every boy was a miniature earthquake. Once beneath the blue sky, they screamed, and tore, and swore. One poor unfortunate wore a blue cast around his eye, from a snow-ball. Another lost his plush cap. It was a terrible time. I soon

called them in. Mr. Birch immediately gave a complimentary dance. "I'll tell *ma*—I'll tell *ma*!" they cried, as they came to the quick step. I broke my whip—lost my patience—and—and came considerably within a league of swearing. I tried to hear the lessons, but none were ready—not one. I called up a little curly-headed fellow—patted him on the head, told him he looked smart—would make a man some time—pulled his cheeks, etc. Finally, I asked him "Who made him?" and the little idea looked me in the eye *very* knowingly, and said, "*He wan't made, but grew.*" The scholars all laughed, and I—I—. It was enough. I dismissed school. It was the custom of the district to have the teacher "board 'round"—a direct insult on soul and body—an *unpardonable district sin*. Just as school was dismissed, I informed one of my pupils that I would accompany him home.

Said he, "Ma says as how she did'n't want the school-master 'bout till arter cleaning house."

"Very well, I replied.

I addressed the same remark to another.

She replied, that "the baby was sick, and her *ma* could'n't have me." "Very well," I replied.

I addressed the same to a third, but she replied that "her folks were killing hogs, and I *mustn't* come."

I told my intentions to a fourth, but he said "his *ma* was sick with the *toothache*."

"Well, I'll go home with you," said I to a fifth.

"The baby has got the measles, and *pa* has gone away, and we've got company," replied the fifth.

Well, I turned to the sixth. But the sixth was "no go;" for *ma* was making sausages, and Aunt Somebody was there on a visit, and she said she would not have the school-master then for all Texas. I gave up in despair. I raved like a school-master. I swore moderately. "No spot to receive me!" I cried. At last, driven by the hand of necessity, I set forth to seek quarters. Darkness overspread the earth ere I found quarters. Quarters, forsooth! It was impiously called a dwelling. Mother, children, and old black dog were all over in the suds. The old dog growled a recognition—the children fawned around me. I called them little gems, but humbled myself a week in sackcloth and ashes for the *lie*. Wherever they touched me appeared a grease-spot that no soap could remove. Tea was soon ready. I sat at the table—to grease I gave my shining blade. *What viands!*—*sausages* and *pork*. Doughnuts were abundant. The young 'uns cried—the cat

mewed—the old dog growled—interspersed with “be still,” “*aint you ashamed?*” “Get out!” “*Scat!*” I prayed for a club to slay the cat, and kill the dog, and murder the—the—well, the youngsters. A domestic squall and kitchen thunder, with a mewling cat and a growling dog, in a smoking room, around a green-birch fire, is, in a word, the poetry of “boarding ’round.” I soon retired. A shingle block surrounded with *fine* cotton, composed my pillow—my covering two yards of tape. I looked through the crevices of the roof, and watched the wakeful stars. The Pleiades smiled at my sweet repose. I gazed on Orion as he led his starry warriors on for the conquests of night. My dreams were kissed with memories of absent loves. I awoke—swallowed a *sausage*—pocketed *two doughnuts*, and hastened for my field of labor. I found, ere my labors were concluded, that the *exclamation-point for boarding ’round was a baby cutting teeth!* Hurrah for doughnuts! Three cheers for cradle responsibilities! Long life to old maids! *Vive les pedagogues!*

CHUNK No. 7.—RECIPE FOR MAKING HONEST MEN.

“*Fraus mendaci tecta colora.*”

WE hear, now-a-days, much in relation to daring frauds on corporations, financial croups, and monetary spasms. Business men have become distrustful of their worthy compeers. Every graduated swindler, denominated business man, regards his neighbor as a fit subject for State honors in the State’s prison. Since pippins grew in the garden of Eden to bait the devil’s trap, there has never been quite so much self-respect as at present. I will give, in brief, a recipe for making honest men, found on the track of the New-York and New-Haven Railroad, by a consummate villain, who, in an evil hour, divulged it.

Firstly, (as our good parson says, after an hour’s inspired eloquence.) Borrow, if you do not inherit it, a progressive devil, and then play honesty as president of some vaunted corporation. After a little time, become indisposed, *financially indisposed*. For your suffering, take ten thousand dollars, or so, as an *opiate*, and charge the same to old Esquire Sundries, a very clever old fellow that often foots legislative bills.

Secondly. Join the church, a fashionable church, and pray every time you are requested for out-door sinners. The stronger your zeal, the greater the blessing. If you can spare a cool thousand for benevolence, so much the better; your name will be sure to appear in the papers as a friend of the "widow and the fatherless." Stealing for the poor and unfortunate is disinterested benevolence, a kind of *financial* Christianity. Give to charity at all times, but stick for the half-cent with your maid-servants and your man-servants. Be an active temperance man, but occasionally take a sly drink "to feel well." No sin in drinking *privately*; but praying should be done *openly*. That's honest to a proverb.

Thirdly. Advertise very largely; talk of "stocks, stocks," to your friends; borrow freely of your friends for speculation; furnish your dwelling with carved work; import carpets from Brussels; supply plate of silver and gold. Present some valued token of consideration to your pastor; visit Newport or Saratoga in summer; but *swell*, by all means *swell*; there is a great deal in the *swell*. Pray every morning, when surrounded by friends; but if you omit it at other times, it is of no consequence whatever. The negligence will not be noticed by the Lord, or cared for by the devil.

Fourthly. If you again feel diseased in soul or pocket, just run your hand into the treasury, and take out the small sum of one hundred thousand dollars or so, as a sort of cathartic. Should it be discovered by the keen-eyed directors that there is a loss, be perfectly astonished that mankind will be so rascally—such robbers. You may see in the daily papers, **SOMEBODY TO BLAME, MONSTROUS FRAUD, \$100,000 LOST.** Take no notice of it; a very common occurrence; head up, and onward! No one will think you, the very charitable and religious gentleman, to blame. Should the "Daily Blackmail" surmise that you are the notorious Somebody, dash out a "clean five hundred." You can have your every sin wiped away for that amount. The "Daily Blackmail" is the *literal Bethesda of the press*, since its editor's return from his *ministerial* duties. Understand well the game of this and that, and you will in time have HON. appended to your dignity. Should you be troubled with convulsions, make a mistake, for relief, of five hundred thousand dollars. Mistakes are the natural consequences of fallibility. Act as poor as the Scriptural Job, feel lonely, show a slight tinge of insanity, get advised by your family physicians to travel; and *travel, by all means, travel.* Cross the billowy deep; visit *la belle France*, robed in her

vines; ascend the Alpine spires; become enraptured with Italian sunset, and love the bright-eyed senoras; visit Turkey, and hold sweet converse with the Sultan; enjoy the soft glance from the queens of the harem; embrace the faith of the Moslem, and hourly cross your arms beside the shrine of St. Sophia; swear hatred to the ruthless Czar, and eternal adherence to the Koran and the Crescent; visit Hungary, and espouse the cause of Liberty, yea suffer within some Austrian dungeon for freedom of speech. *The world will call you a martyr.* Return at last to the land of your fathers, compile a history of your adventures; write your own biography, and immortality is thine. Should you be mistrusted by some unlucky stockholder that had advertised you as "*five feet eight inches in height,*" with "*lean cheeks,*" and "*long ears,*" die suddenly *in all the public prints*, but come to life somewhere, no matter where—only die, and come to life. By all means die. Kick up a dust, and you are soon out of sight.

CHUNK No. 8.—ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

"*Dura pati discit plurima, quisquis amat.*"

As I sat lonely and gloomily on the barren strand of Bachelorism, away from sunbeams, away from the stars, where never a flower offered its sacrifice of odors, a thought entered my bosom that *determination* might overcome my bashfulness, and I yet might live in some conjugal paradise. How can I relieve myself of this galling chain of bachelorism? my heart seemed to inquire. I had long heard of the potency of advertising. I had seen around me, men arise from poverty to opulence through the language of the press. A thought leaped into my brain, I *will advertise* for a wife. After much writing and re-writing, I at last prepared the following as an advertisement: "A young man, of twenty-five, possessing an income of five thousand a year, of mild disposition, gentlemanly in manners, of liberal education, is desirous of forming a matrimonial alliance with some accomplished lady. Address 'Alpha,' Box —, — City." My advertisement was forwarded and duly published. I saw, in reading it the next day, that I had omitted to require communications to be "post-paid." But my card was before the world. I began to feel an anxiety to rend

asunder those little gilt-edged missives that my fancy had strewed around my brain. Two days after the appearance of my "desire," I called at the post-office. Such an amount of letters was never received before by one individual; and not one was "post-paid." I hastened home with my trophies—*advertising trophies*—locked myself in my room, and commenced tearing the envelopes. Oh! how fanciful; pink, blue, buff, white, gilt, red, and finally all kinds of colors. My heart beat a quick-step. I perspired. I felt as if I stood a chance in the lottery of hearts. I slowly unfolded the gilt-edged leaves—how delicately written, how charming-fine! The first that met my eye commenced so sweetly, "My dear Alpha." How soothing to my soul, called *dear* for the first time in my life. It was so touchingly affectionate, I must give it *verbatim et literatim*:

"— June 1, 18—.

"MY DEAR 'ALPHA': I noticed in this morning's ———, your advertisement for a partner—a life-partner; one that can love tenderly, and bind your bosom with joys. I can *love* as sweetly as a seraph, and twine every hour with garlands of affection. I possess an amiable disposition, soft as this morning's hour. Mine it is to love; without my love, kindled by angels, gloom and sorrow would soon lead me to the chamber of sepulchres. I would gladly embrace your heart and hand. I would soften the little cares of life, and steal the tear-drop from your eye.

"Dearest 'Alpha,' shall I be yours, and shall we together tread life's flowery meads? Do write immediately, *my love*, and believe me your own
"SOPHIA."

I read that little missive over and over. I believed that Sophia was inspired. I thought I could behold her robed in simplicity and love. I sighed, Sophia; I sang, Sophia. I thought that I had found the twin-spirit, the one to fill my destiny. But a hundred more unread missives were before me. I must read them all, though partiality is a law of love. I gently unfolded another; oh! how beautiful—*beautiful*.

"May 31, 18—.

"DEAREST 'ALPHA': I saw in this morning's issue, that you were desirous of forming a 'matrimonial alliance' with a lady. I am happy to present myself as a candidate for your affection. I am eighteen, with *dark* eyes and raven hair. But ah! how deep and pure my love. Affection is ever mine; my bosom is ever calm; heaven taught me how to love. As I sit by my window, I gaze upon the cloud-ships of the sky, freighted with sunset's golden leaves sailing over the etherial billows. I would that they could bear a gem of my love to thee. Write me, loved one.

"Your dear

KATT."

Well, after reading dear Katy's epistle, my regard for Sophia fell about two degrees. Oh! the thought to me of a pair of black eyes, and a bower of ringlets; and that little love-gem, too, that she wished to send me in token of her heart. O Katy! I sighed, for one moment's view, and thou art mine. I fell in love, too, with the name. Katy, Katy, how pretty it does sound. Some one "that knows" hath said, all Katys are good-natured and pretty. I partially concluded to strike up a partnership without looking any farther among my "extensive female correspondence." But no, I looked again; carefully unfolded the sheets. Oh! what met my eye! a neat, pretty little heart, worked with hair, so delicate, so emblematical, so—so generous. I laid the heart down to peruse the contents.

“ — — —, June 1, 18—.

“DEAREST ‘ALPHA’: Thou shalt be mine. Long have I dreamed of a kindred spirit; thou, dearest, art the one. I’ll love thee as none other can. I will be the angel of thy hours, and gild your life with one sweet dawn. Dearest, I yet am young, gay, and loving. No sorrow dare intrude within my heart. Educated in all branches; I can sing, can waltz, can love. My father has given me enough of this world’s gold. Ah! dearest! gold without a heart is dross. Come and see me—ah! ‘to love.’

“Devotedly yours,

JENNIE.”

Well done, I thought to myself; I’m in for Jennie; she has the “pewter,” I reasoned stoically. She may be cross-eyed, lame, red-haired, toothless. But then what are all of those to a plenty of “pewter”? Gold will extinguish all defects. “She will be my angel too,” and furnish the rocks. Well, I’m in for Jennie. Katy and Sophia were erased from my heart. It was Jennie—Jennie. But I read further from my “pile”:

“ — — —, 18—.

“MOST WORTHY SIR: You want a good and confiding wife, one that can beatify home; one that can drive the clouds of sorrow away; one that can love. I possess wealth with energy, beauty with education. My cheeks are like the dawns, my eyes like diamonds. I can play the piano or *rock the cradle*, work embroidery or ply the mop. I can dance gracefully or knead bread. I want a husband; one of means, one of energy, one that knows the true significance of love. If you are such, answer this; if not, remain single till you are.

Your obedient servant,

“MATILDA.”

When I had finished reading this epistle, my mind was settled. Matilda shall be the one. I possess all the qualifications

that she requires. I felt as if she possessed the "stuff." I thought I should never do any better in this world—ah! I was confident. Beauty and activity blended in her person. Heavens! I thought of angels—seraphs. I walked the room; I looked at the glass; I thought what an advantage I had gained by advertising. Every girl in love with me—all want to marry me. O Matilda! I sighed; a kingdom for one hour with thee. Oh! for the heaven of one moment within sight of you. I laid aside all other communications, and tried to sleep; but no, little Cupids hovered around me. I saw ringlets, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes. I could not rest.

The next number will contain the reasons why I always after that signed my advertisements "Omega," provided always they be acceptable to "*mon ami*," D. W. H.

CHUNK NO. 9.—MODERN CLERKS—HOW MADE UP.

"*Simplex munditiis*." (Elegant on \$300 a year.)

HUMAN Nature commenced in Eden, and was beautifully consummated in the person of a Modern Clerk—a dry-goods clerk. A Modern Clerk is the eleventh wonder of the world. Who or what was the architect of that extraordinary concoction of special humanity, is a matter beyond the researches of the erudite. Were I to rear the structure of a clerk, I should commence with the lower extremities. My first effort would be the creation of a pair of patent-leather gaiters, with high heels and silver buckles. If they failed to squeak politely, I should furnish them with an oblivion, or send them to the —, where they might possibly become fashionable, or at least serviceable. My next effort would be to procure the highest finished broadcloth, striped on either side to resemble a naval uniform, or to show pantaloon-respect to the American escutcheon. A cork-screw pattern might be more respectable. I should prepare a vest of the richest silks, neatly embroidered with hearts and vines. I should make a capacious vest pocket on each side, to accommodate *scissors* and *tape*; and one to accommodate a full-holed jeweled lever, five carats fine—improperly called, by ordinary men, a turnip. I should suspend to a button-hole, a snake-headed hook, supporting a pound of

solid links, immaterial as to quality, but only possessing the *shine*. I should attach to the chain a very heavy engraved locket, covering with its shining case the beloved semblance of some fortunate lass; linked in holy ties by its side, an invaluable seal, with a yard-stick and scissors thereon engraved—a kind of coat of arms. I would construct the coat of the very best imported French doe-skin; and it should be fitted only by some tailor who had already immortalized his goose and his name. I would have it long-tailed and blue, nicely trimmed with a snakish kind of gimp. I would deeply insert two pockets in the rear, for the special accommodation of “fancy notions;” and one under the arm, for untarnished linen and odors. The buttons should be of cheap but comely gilt, stamped with curious devices, such as deers, lions, and bears—particularly the bears. I would order a fancy cravat, with a knot as large as a modern conscience. I would insert upon it a pin, a locket-pin, containing a pair of miniature cheeks, so roseate as to eclipse a pair of soft eyes. The under-garment, whose title would bring a blush—“but any way,” the garment that carries a bosom, should be speckled with little green sprigs, resembling violets kissed by the frost. To keep its folds neatly adjusted, I would insert a something resembling a jewel, attached with a tiny chain to keep it from running away. The collar should of the finest twined linen, starched to perfection, and ironed with a spermacetti candle. I should make it lofty, so as to hide the ears and prevent any serious jesting. To finish the head may seem a laborious undertaking, but it is not so—the least sensitive place on the whole fabric. The hair I should part with the utmost precision, and keep it well saturated with bear’s grease or lard—immaterial. I should sprinkle it often with cologne, in order to keep up a constant evaporation; else the “ile” might strike to the stomach, and sickness and misery ensue. Should the hair resemble in some features a conflagration, I should apply immediately a solution of nitrate of silver! Red hair is very abominable in all countries but France, especially among the clerks. Red hair can not compete with raven soap-locks. Oh! ye immortal sons of calico, worship and adore at the shrine of science, for presenting you with a sovereign panacea—I mean the red-haired, genteel, special servants of “tape.” I should lay out exactly a half-acre of whiskers, in the form of a triangle, leaving to nature that sweet little bunch of hair over the chin, so poetically denominated a *goatee*. Goatees are the admiration of the ladies—the *poetry of hair*. No wonder they love them, they can pull and twist them

so bewitchingly. Goatees are the handle of the head. Hurrah for the handles! I should assuredly furnish moustaches, and advise my concoction to give them a semi-circle—a pig-tail finish—a something undescribable. Moustaches resemble a problem of geometry worked on the cheek with a piece of charcoal—they give to delicacy an air of heroism. After finishing my clerk, and presenting him with a tobacco-box, I should install him behind the counter. I should teach him to round his words, and do the agreeable; tell him to say s-a-r and ge-e-rls. I should teach him the philosophy of “gassing” as the ultimatum of mercantile success—furnish him with a life of Chevalier Woolly-Horse as the latest approved treatise on Humbuggery. If he did not know already by instinct, I should explain to him fully the main objects of the looking-glass. I should want him to bow precisely to an angle of forty to the ladies. I should insist upon his wearing a ring on each finger, to keep him from being light-fingered. After the labors of the day, I should expect that he would promenade with *ten yards* of changeable silk, and swing a cane. Such little gentilities would give him a very polite standing. I should prefer that he would take his dinners at the Astor, and go without the rest of his meals. I might furnish him with a prayer-book, but no extra spending money. I should send him into the country once a year *to swell*, and teach common folks the exalted ideas of a gentleman. My clerk is ready for a situation. Apply by letter, post-paid, to No. 1776, opposite the Know-Nothing Lodge, Creation street.

P.S.—I forgot the beaver—take mine. And the gloves, too—well, borrow, s-a-r, one for one hand, and genteelly keep the other in your pocket.

N.B.—Another feature of orthodoxy just discovered. Clerks, like lawyers, have no heaven.

PERILS OF OUR STEAM MARINE.

THERE is at present before Congress a bill, having for its object to promote the safety of our ocean-steamers, and to render them not quite so utterly helpless in case of accident, as they hitherto and most disastrously have proved. The Grand Jury of New-York have likewise made a presentment upon the subject; and it appears to be conceded upon all hands, that the evil has become of a magnitude no longer to be endured without some substantial efforts at remedy and amelioration. To recite the mere names of the *President*, the *Amazon*, *City of Philadelphia*, *City of Glasgow*, *Humboldt*, *Franklin*, *San Francisco*, and *Arctic*, must be sufficient to convince all who are interested in the saving of life and property, that this fearful waste of both the one and the other calls for the most prompt and judicious interference of Congress.

That something must be done is admitted; but what that something is to be, has been made the subject of criminative and recriminative discussion, with no other result than that of disgusting and disheartening all candid and unprejudiced inquirers.

Mr. Merriam, a scientific philanthropist, propounded the very novel idea that a vessel injured in the bows, by reversing her engines could run back so fast that the pursuing and surrounding water would in vain attempt to overtake and leap in through the gaping leak! Thousands of well-meaning and short-sighted people became clamorous for life-boats—sufficient life-boats for the passengers, and ticketed seats for every individual, in case of accident. We believe that this plan, so far as it goes, would be an improvement upon the system—or absence of system, which received its climacteric illustration in the *Arctic*. In a smooth sea, in a well-ordered vessel, and within a day's rowing distance of shore, these life-boats would not be without their use. But ships as a general thing, except

by the grossest mismanagement, are not endangered during fine weather; and in the panic which follows a collision, the boats, however ample, are apt to be either swamped or rendered unavailable by the conflict of the passengers with the crew.

In the great majority of cases of shipwreck, they come off the best who stick longest to the ship. The sea which broke the paddle-wheels of the *San Francisco*, and disabled her machinery, would swallow up the staunchest boat that ever desperation launched.

We affirm, after much deliberation, and having carefully examined the various plans proposed and recommended to Congress, that the bill for the better security of ocean-steamers should first provide for the most efficacious machinery to *save the ship*; and not, as now, direct its whole attention to affording the frightened and unskillful passengers an opportunity of going half-way to meet the death which threatens them, by deserting her. Let deep, rigid keelsons of plate-iron, water-tight bulkheads, and reliable fire-engines be provided as among the most efficacious for making the ship itself a life-boat; and still more important, let sufficient steam-pumps be supplied, under penalty, to every ship; and at the same time let the capacity and number of the life-boats be increased as a *dernier resort*.

For long days after the *San Francisco* received her fatal injuries, she floated like a log upon the waters; and had her steam-pumps been available, that vessel would undoubtedly have reached some friendly port. But the same shock which broke her paddle-wheels, likewise dislocated and disabled the machinery; and as the means of motion and of safety—the paddles and the pump—are made dependent on the same identical motor,—it follows that when any disaster has occurred—at that critical juncture, when the services of the pump are most needed and the safety of the vessel and all on board depends on their capacity and the regularity with which they work—at the time the disaster demands their most efficient exercise, the *disaster itself* has been previously instrumental in utterly destroying their efficiency, and rendering them a mere encumbrance and weight to the already over-burdened ship. To sum the matter up in the concisest terms: the ship, in case of disaster, is dependent on the pumps; while the pumps, again, are made dependent on that portion of the ship and machinery most liable to disaster. The accident which calls upon the pumps for help, does not call until it has first disabled them.

For this senseless blunder what remedy can Congress find? Does it not suggest itself with all the force of an obvious and inexpugnable truism, that the pumps should be made *independent of, and completely isolated from*, the motive machinery of whatever vessel they are really designed to help? If pumps are to be on board each ocean-steamer for mere ornament, or to satisfy the hysterical tremors of some spinster hesitating to embark, then let the present system be persevered in, until the last of the floating slaughter-houses is engulfed in the ocean, whose terrors it has recklessly and wilfully defied. But if Congress desire to increase the safety of life and property as they pretend, let them insist that some pumping-engine, thoroughly detached from the machinery, and dependent only on the vessel's boiler, shall be put on board each ship before it receives its clearing papers from the Custom-House. One of Gwynne's pumping-engines, recently sent to Boston to be used in Simpson's dry-dock, we believe discharges six thousand gallons per minute, while the cost of it is a mere trifle, and its portable and compact nature, independent action, and ready applicability in case of fire, peculiarly recommend it to the adoption and requirements of our steam marine. These engines are of every size, and the larger class are capable of throwing up thirty thousand gallons each minute of the four and twenty hours. Let some arithmetician of more leisure cipher up the grand total this would make.

At any rate, Congress should insist on pumping-engines being made independent of the machinery. We have no particular partiality for Mr. Gwynne's invention—and if any thing better can be found, let it be adopted: we merely cite the best remedy we know. A pumping-engine of *some* kind—and Gwynne's is the only one we know—should be put on board the new steamer *Arago*, and also in the vessel proposed to replace the *Arctic* on the Collins' line. Will Congress assume the credit of the initiative in this matter; or will it permit private enterprise for ever to perform the work which it is paid to suggest and supervise?

YANKEE DOODLE.

AN ADDENDUM TO THE "POETS AND POETRY OF ANCIENT GREECE."

[THE interesting and important discovery, which forms the subject of the accompanying communication, was first made known many years since. As few, comparatively, are aware of the real origin of our national song, we venture to repeat it.]

IANKE DOULE.

THE experience of every year more fully discloses the wonderful treasures of Grecian literature, and the comparative poverty of modern genius. Originality has long been extinct. The most celebrated literary productions of the present day consist of the wisdom and wit of antiquity, bedecked in the tinsel of modern languages. This age produces nothing which a little research may not find already better expressed in the golden pages of classic lore:

"Nil novum, nil quod non semel audisse, sufficiat."

It was remarked by Boileau, with equal wit and truth, that the ancients must, indeed, once have been moderns, though it is by no means equally certain that the moderns will ever be ancients.

All the writers in the modern tongues appear to have done little else than re-model the thoughts of a former age, and they not unfrequently palm off, as original, that which is directly translated from the more rare productions of antiquity. Lauder professed to have discovered the original Latin poem from which Milton translated his "Paradise Lost." It is little to the purpose to reply, that Lauder was an *impostor*; the moderns

are not candid judges in the premises; and a generation who have regarded with distrust the antiquarian labors of McPherson and Chatterton may, it is not unlikely, look with incredulity on the discovery about to be disclosed in this communication. So late as 1794, Joseph Vella could not convince his invidious contemporaries of the genuineness of his copy of the seventeen lost books of Livy, (though he actually published one book, consisting to be sure of but two pages, and those had unluckily been stolen by Florus,) and not only was his ancient Arabic History of Sicily suppressed, but he was imprisoned, as an impostor, for attempting to publish it!

That Shakspeare borrowed as largely as Milton, there can be no reasonable doubt; and, notwithstanding the pretense that he was ignorant of Greek, yet I shrewdly suspect that if the lost plays of Euripides and Aristophanes should ever come to light, the originals of his best productions would be found among them.

When I consider these monstrous frauds, I am scarcely less skeptical with regard to modern erudition, than was Father Hardouin with regard to the ancients. He showed, with immense erudition, that, except the Bible and Homer, Herodotus, Plautus, Pliny the Elder, with fragments of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, all the pretended remains of antiquity are forgeries.

But, to keep you no longer in suspense, I shall announce, without further preface, the immediate object of this communication, which is to make better known the GREEK ORIGINAL of our celebrated national ballad, "YANKEE DOODLE!" In common with the rest of the learned world, you will doubtless be curious to learn the history of this truly fortunate discovery. I had always been of opinion that this sublime poem—sublime when properly understood, but puerile in the extreme as usually recited—was not the production of a modern age. Its Doric simplicity and Laconic brevity, its Attic wit and Ionian sweetness, all seemed to indicate that it emanated from a mind not debased by the effeminate associations of modern times. The conjecture has proved to be correct. Yankee Doodle *is* of classic origin. It was chanted by the tuneful sons and daughters of Miletus, certainly in the days of Herodotus, and perhaps in those of Homer.

The original of "Yankee Doodle," (or "*Ianke Doule*," as I shall show it ought to be written,) is contained in the fifteenth volume of Schweighauser's splendid edition of Atheneus, published in Greek and Latin, at Strasburg, in 1807, pp. 1003 et seq. It will be gratifying to learn how closely our popular

American version adheres to the original, following even the evident false readings of some editions. I say *American* version; for it shall be conclusively shown, in the course of these remarks, that this relic has come down to us through some other channel than the literature of England.

But, to postpone your curiosity no longer, I transcribe the original at once, according to the text as adopted by Schweighauser; from whose judgment, however, in one or two particulars regarding this poem, I shall, in the course of my remarks, be obliged to dissent.

Ἦ ΤΟΤ ΔΟΥΛΟΤ ὩΔΗ.

Πατηρ κα'γω, συν λοχαγω,
Εἰς σταθμούς ηλασαμεν,
Εκει παιδαστε και κορας
Ὡς κριμνον, ωρασαμεν.

Στροφή.

Σιτου κορμος φιλοειν,
Τροχοι αμαξης στρεφειν.
Σε καταφερετο Σατανας!
Ἵπερος ολμου κοπτειν.

Ἀντιστροφή.

Ιαγχε δουλε, ανδροειν!
Ιαγχε δουλε, ———
—————
—————

[*Cætera desunt.*]

How accurately the very spirit and language of the original have been preserved in the vernacular melody, will appear to the learned, by a critical comparison of the above with the following most correct and authentic text, as sung at the present day:

YANKEE DOODLE.

"Father an' I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the gals and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Corn-stalks twist your hair,
 Cart wheels surround ye,
 Old Dragon car'e you off,
 Mortar-pestle pound ye!
 Yankee Doodle, be a man!
 Yankee Doodle Dandy!
 Yankee Doodle, kiss the gals,
 Sweet as 'lasses candy."

The only word not properly found in the original, is "*Gooding*" in the second line; an evident gloss which has crept into the text, or is introduced, *ex necessitate rei*, to rhyme with pudding, a word of which may be said, almost as of the name of the town in Horace, "*quod non est dicere versu.*" I think the words "Old Dragon," are substituted for some expression more pointed and direct in a more ancient copy; a change probably introduced by our forefathers, who were great admirers of this ode, but had a peculiar aversion to the direct use of what is most naturally suggested by *Σαραβάς*. The last two lines of the antistrophe are surreptitious; they bear intrinsic marks of a later origin than the former parts of the poem; and, as they are not contained in the original, little doubt can be entertained that they are the production of some scholiast who attempted to supply the *hiatus valde deflendus* in the text.

YANKEE DOODLE, the popular name of our national melody, has exercised the critical ingenuity of the most eminent scholars and lexicographers. Some have had the folly to regard it as wholly insensate and ridiculous; others have supposed it to be the echo or imitation of some bird or animal, known to the earliest inhabitants of this continent, but now extinct. Such imitations were sometimes embodied in the Greek plays, as in the celebrated chorus of *frogs* in Aristophanes,

Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ κοαξ,
 (Aristoph. Ran. 209-10 Ed. Dind.,)

which so much annoyed Dionysius in his passage over the Styx.

Others, with that reverence for antiquity which characterizes the true scholar, have sought for the origin and meaning of the words in the Saxon and German languages, and some have supposed them to be of Indian origin. Heckewelder, and after him the truly learned Dr. Webster, consider "Yankee" as an Indian corruption of "English." This, and other theories equally fanciful, will be fully discussed in the *excursuses* to the

forth-coming edition. Happily, all doubt upon the question has been dissipated by the discovery of the original text. The melody must hereafter be known by the name we have given it, "IANKE DOULE," being in fact the Greek words ΙΑΓΧΕ ΔΟΥΛΕ;—*ιάγχε* the imperative perfect of the verb ΙΑΙΝΩ, (to rejoice,) and Δούλε from Δούλος, (a slave :) meaning, "Rejoice, O slave!" or "Let the enslaved rejoice!" Thus, what was before obscure and insensate becomes at once lucid and beautifully pertinent.

This derivation, were it even conjectural, and not founded, as it is, upon irrefragable proof, would be no more indirect and equivocal than Dean Swift's celebrated etymology of "*Peloponnesus*," which it is not necessary for us to repeat; or Bailey's "*Hocus pocus*" from "*Hoc est corpus meum*," used at the moment of transubstantiation, in the Romish service: or "*helter-skelter*" from *hilariter et celeriter*, the benediction of the priest at the breaking up of the assembly.

Other and more important inferences, however, may be drawn from this valuable discovery. The American version is evidently indigenous, and has not been transmitted through the English, to whom indeed the original appears to be wholly unknown. There is internal proof of this in the fragment itself. *Κριμνον* (v. 3) is a coarse mealy pudding of Indian corn, a grain to which the English were strangers until the discovery of America. This popular condiment, called "*Hasty Pudding*" in the American version, is certainly not of English origin, and even the name is scarcely known abroad.

Again, the expression *Σίτον χορμός* in v. 5, evidently refers to the same American grain—"corn-stalks," in the only sense the passage admits of, being unknown in England. Thus a fair and conclusive inference may be drawn from this brief relic, that Indian corn was known to the Greeks, at least four hundred and fifty years before Christ; that is, in the time of Herodotus; a fact which throws much light upon the origin of the Aborigines of America, and may yet afford a clue to unravel the mysterious enigma. Indeed, it may not unlikely be found, upon further inquiry, that the Greeks, and the Aborigines of this continent, both derived this sublime production from a common and more ancient source—from the Sanscrit or Persian, for instance; and thus may yet be discovered the origin of the literature of both races. Molière borrowed his *Amphitruon* (as he did many of his comedies) from Plautus; Plautus translated it from the Greek; and, as all scholars know, it has been discovered by Dow in the Hindostanee!

The Ephesian Matron of La Fontaine was avowedly taken from the Italian; the Italians derived it from Petronius, and Petronius from the Greek. It has since, as we know, been discovered in the Arabian Tales; and finally Du Halde detected the same tale among the versions made by the Jesuits from the Chinese! But these speculations are leading me too far.

The Greeks, it is well known, had different songs for the various trades, for the names of many of which I must refer the learned reader to Atheneus. The corn-grinders, the workers in wool, the weavers, the reapers, the kneaders, the bathers, and the galley-rowers, had each their respective songs. Atheneus has not preserved any of them, but we have, from another source the song of Callistratus, to the glory of Harmodius and Aristogiton; which we learn, from current Grecian literature, was sung by the potter at his wheel, and the mariner on his bench. We have an anonymous translation of the "crow-song," (which is preserved in Atheneus,) commencing as follows:

"My good worthy masters, a pittance bestow,
Some oat-meal or barley or wheat for the crow;
A loaf, or a penny, or e'en what you will—
From the poor man, a grain of his salt may suffice,
For your crow swallows all and is not over nice;
And the man who can now give his grain and no more,
May, another day, give from a plentiful store," etc.

But once again I forbear to follow out this inexhaustible subject, leading as it does to innumerable conjectures and inquiries interesting to the scholar and archæologist. All these matters will be discussed in a forthcoming edition of the poem. Indeed I am not without strong hopes of discovering the original of several other celebrated and popular ballads. Among them, the elegiac verses commencing—

Heigh, diddle diddle,
The cat's in the fiddle! etc., etc.

bear a strong resemblance to the celebrated Greek ode,

Α ἰδάλια! ἰδάλια!

and are not unlike, in metre, to Horace's

Eheu fugaces,
Postume! Postume! (Car. Lib. II. 14.)

I shall not, however, any longer tantalize the curious with
further indications of my discoveries, but subscribe myself,
Your obedient servant,
PORSON JUNIOR.

S O N G .

THE rose blooms fair at morning's hour,
And scents the noon of day,
But few that watch the fragrant flower,
Will smile on its decay.
While yet a freshness clothes its leaves
There's wisdom in our care ;
For who his lot with beauty weaves,
Will beauty's praises share.

But when upon the drooping stalk
The faded rose we see,
And scattered in the garden-walk
Its withered leaves shall be,
How few there are whose anxious care
Will prop the fallen stem,
Or with a careful footstep spare,
What lived and bloomed for them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WEIMAR,

THE NATIVE PLACE OF GOETHE.

IN our childhood we are apt to regard events or persons with indifference. They appear natural and common; and the most celebrated seem but ordinary men. Our living near them, in daily intercourse, prevents the effect that would be otherwise produced. But, in after-life, when experience has taught us severe lessons—when we find out how many blossoms are lavished for a single fruit, how many vain attempts for one success, it is then we become more attentive. Recollections, long since faded away, revive in youthful freshness. The clouds disappear; we behold the vanished stars; those flaming, everlasting constellations are sure to be no vision of imagination. Dust and clouds concealed them from our eyes, but they were never extinguished. *Yet* a few years, and where are our works, our fame, our fears, our hopes? The house built, the field with the golden ears—what has become of both? Where did we plant? Where do we reap? What cares, what efforts for the chance of an hour! What toil to arrange the details of a life, which a breath may destroy. To contemplate, to enjoy, accords better with our being, than to build, to know, to possess. Invisible Supreme Being! I wonder at thy work in the life of man. I feel myself sunk, in his annihilation.

Such thoughts are sometimes awakened in me by recalling the days of childhood, when I walked in the shady avenues of the park at Weimar, merry and joyous, in ignorance of what surrounded me; regardless of my uncle's words, when he would say, drawing the little prattling child apart, "There is Baron von Goethe." Goethe walked daily in this park; he had there his favorite spots, his pines, his oak against which he used to rest himself. The narrow limits of a small town, the external

monotony of a life which, in later years, was somewhat wasted in ceremonious forms, the title of "*privy counsellor*," the honor of being called "*excellency*," then satisfied in his advanced age, the gigantic mind of Goethe, who had here risen from the son of a plain citizen to the dignity of a minister of state.

He was absorbed in his existence at Weimar. The little valley of *Thuringen*, the stiff hedges of the Grand Duke's *Belvedere*, the quiet river *Ulm*, gentle as a rivulet, were pleasant to him. The poet who had enjoyed Italy with all the ardor of his fiery soul, now longed for nothing more than a trip from Weimar to the Bohemian spring, *Carlsbad* or *Marienbad*. But perhaps he designed to move in every-day life with so much apparent pleasure, because his nature transformed all things into poetry! Yet when I read, in matured age, the works of Goethe, I was far rather inclined to judge him a thinking, penetrating, cold, calculating mind, than a flaming nature glorified in its own ardor. Goethe was thoroughly cold and measured. It seldom happened that he smiled, and still more seldom were the graces of his soul developed in playful wit. But it was the eye of the king of spirits! It commanded, it governed, it flattered, it defied! His look was the symbolic expression of his soul. This look was an infinitive communication, showing him an interpreter of the impenetrable—the holy; the priest of his language, one who had created his own faith—his own religion. Besides this, his deportment was dignified, though there was, perhaps, too much assumption and too little inborn nobleness. He wore a dark-blue surtout, buttoned to the neck, the left hand generally hid in his waistcoat. He walked slowly, bowed his head formally to those who met him, said a few civil words, and then walked on.

My uncle thought himself obliged to talk to me of the glory of *Weimar*, of the height of literary improvement in this place; and though, doubtless, at that time the butterflies had more interest for me than Goethe, and all the poets in the world, I could not help listening; and thus became acquainted with the classical German names which made Weimar so celebrated. The great ones were no more; all, except Goethe, who received in his plain house and small rooms, with his daughter-in-law, a little circle of friends and admirers in the evening. Goethe's residence was rather a humble dwelling for a prime minister, but the poet could here repose more comfortably in the arms of the muses. The steps were narrow, and led to a passage to the study. In this room *Bettina*, the poetical child, so celebrated in Germany by the "*Letters of a Child to Goethe*," may

have climbed often up on his lap, when he used to say to her: "Make yourself comfortable, my dear little girl!"

My uncle and I were seated on chairs opposite Goethe. When he heard that I liked mineralogy, he showed me his fine collection, and took me in a room decorated with his Italian plaster-casts. A sunbeam shone just then in the room, and a rainbow could be perceived after a passing shower. The science of colors, mineralogy, the productions of art, all were mingled like a chaos in my mind. I confessed to myself that here was a world within the world, a mixture of the past and future, of antiquity and the present. What were to Goethe the movements, the aims of the crowd, the astounding events of the history of that epoch? what to him even his fatherland? He possessed that in himself which creates and destroys, which led him far away from the rolling stream of events, and furnished him with inexhaustible, ever-burning material. He did not love but despised mankind, and created himself other ties—those of philosophy, taste, and knowledge. All that is lawful, consistent, systematic, was of importance to him; he introduced his own form of language in the world—his style was that of genius. He clung to that which he had acquired in those solitary hours, when perhaps a sweet longing after something elevated filled his mind, because he felt that there was a degree more to win. The train of his thoughts passed rapidly, like storm-driven clouds; he revealed them to himself and to others; he made them dearer and lighter, but never dispelled them. The *Farnesian* bull in his collection of plaster-casts, the noble, ideal head of *Van Dyck*, were placed near the skull of a common criminal, only to show the opposing contrast of the noble to the meanest. Such contrasts Goethe tried to render prominent. What now appears striking to me, is the plain furniture of his rooms, consisting only of a few chairs and tables. Was it to show that he did not need outward magnificence, while he valued his titles, his distinctions, his princely friends, of whom the highest had his preference? Goethe was a man in whom many contradictions met; he was sovereign and slave, free and dependent, exhibiting a thousand different colors, sipping from a thousand different sources, poet and politician—demon and angel!

Among my recollections of Weimar, two have made a deep and pleasant impression on my mind. The one was when I assisted in *tableaux vivans*, represented in Goethe's house; the other, when I drew and painted in the atelier of the high-gifted Countess Julia Egloffstein, while she was seated before

her easel, absorbed in her creations. This interesting and highly-gifted woman possessed one of those natures which may be called powerful. She had none of the littleness of her sex; all in her was created in large outline. Her superior talents formed a marvellous accompaniment to the flight of her spirit, now enthroned in the skies, now descending to the depths of the foundation of things. Strong as a man, she was, at the same time, impressible and delicate as a tender female. The soul was the sovereign of the whole being; it chained her fugitive fancy, and moderated her artistic enthusiasm. Often it appeared to me that this artist (who resided till within a few years at Rome) was wedded to some invisible spirit. The palette would fall sometimes from her hand, and she would lean back in her chair perfectly motionless. At such times I, a timid child, thought of spirits, was terrified, and would make noises to call her back to realities. Knowledge and art had opened to her their secret treasures; her conversation might be compared to a sparkling stream, rushing sometimes too rapidly along; but never exhausting itself. Art had taught her moderation as well as observation. The world was spread before her in quiet beauty. She had discovered its invisible excellences, and was continually longing in her gentle melancholy after what is beyond the reach of common mortals.

The Countess occupied the *atelier* of the late celebrated painter *Tagemann*; there she painted those sweet children of *Rubens* with flowers in their hands, and many scenes from her life in Italy, which now ornament the palaces of the first sovereigns in Europe, besides portraits of her dear friends and relations. Goethe was an intimate friend of her mother, and the friend and preceptor of her childhood. Under his eyes this German *Corinne* was educated; he first perceived the genius in his little *protégé*, and by him it was awakened and encouraged. With such native powers, developed by such a tutor, how could she be otherwise than superior? Usually she spent her evenings with Goethe; and I accompanied her there, when she arranged the tableaux. One evening we had scenes from *Goethe's Faust*, in which the grandson of *Goethe* represented the demon *Mephistopheles*. The room in which the spectators were assembled was dark, while the other apartment where the tableaux were arranged was flooded with light. I can still see *Mephistopheles* entering with *Faust* to the poor deluded *Grotchen*, who is admiring herself in the glass adorned with the jewels she has found. *Grotchen* was represented by a young lady of honor of the Grand Duchess of Weimar, with golden ringlets

and a charming, delicate figure, her costume arranged most tastefully and becomingly by Countess Julia. The demon was a real demon, so striking did the young Goethe know how to express malice in his looks and motions. After this and other scenes, Countess Egloffstein went over to Scriptural history. The sacrifice of *Abraham* was selected, and I was transformed into little Isaac. But in the midst of this representation, when the resigned Abraham was about to consummate the sacrifice, and I began to feel quite lamb-like, a terrible noise was heard among the spectators. Abraham and Isaac started from their immovable position, lights were called for; Goethe himself seemed uneasy in the darkness, and when the torches blazed again it was found that a statue of *Minerva* had fallen from its pedestal, and was lying broken in pieces on the floor. Every body looked at Goethe, who valued highly this statue, one of his Italian treasures. We feared the pleasure of the evening was over for him, but presently he asked for some music; and when he saw us still lingering over the shattered *Minerva*, he exclaimed: "Let the dead rest!" Goethe's daughter-in-law was a pretty and delicate-looking *Blondine*, who, besides a highly-cultivated mind and great suavity of manner, with the most unbounded adoration for Goethe, had the merit of having presented him with blooming grandsons. How did the poet love these young inheritors of a name invested by him with glory, which they will transmit to their descendants? Among those children the loving side of his soul was to be seen. In them were concentrated his brightest hopes for a promising future; they were to him the embodiment of his dearest wishes, the originals personified by him.

With the house of Goethe, the court at *Weimar* formed a temple for literature, in which the memory of the departed was kept sacred, and where the last who remained on earth was deeply idolized. Never has there existed a German court that could boast of so many celebrities, and manifested so ardent a zeal for knowledge and truth. The riper judgment of the aged sovereigns was united to the enthusiasm, with its lofty aims, of the younger generation. Conversation there was brilliant, and free from all egotism. Liberty had become united with trust and confidence. The true destiny of literature, the advancement in the cultivation of nations, was here acknowledged and elevated to that noble standard which belongs to the development of the human mind. Speculative ideas found here responses. What was attempted was appreciated, as well as what was effected.

Charming recollections! I feel again the young breath of spring over the freshly-turned soil; how it rushes through the blossoms! how cheerfully ripple the waves of the Ulm! Such is the power, the charms of memory! It gives to strength a revived energy; stars seem to descend from the heavens; flowers speak to us; and in the silent recesses of the soul the mystery of our existence is uttered in marvellous legends!

J A I L J O U R N A L.*

It is the fate—perhaps we should say, the price and penalty of earnest genius, that, while rendering its possessor more conspicuous than his fellow-men, it rarely tends to increase his happiness, or soften those asperities of the life-path over which we all, with more or less heroism, drag the burden of existence. We speak of earnest genius; for to that inferior endowment, that frivolous though able intellect which men call “talent,” a very different and more immediately desirable condition has been assigned. While Emmett made his dying speech and leaped from the ladder of the gallows—the brilliant and versatile Mr. Richard Lalor Shiel laid the foundation of that fame which rendered the purchase of his apostasy of some consequence to the British government. While Lord Edward Fitzgerald, badly wounded and in prison, breathed his parting sigh in an aspiration for his country’s deliverance—Mr. Thomas Moore procured the *entrée* into fashionable life, and dedicated (“with permission”) his first volume of translations to the Prince of Wales. And yet again, this lesson has been repeated in the immediate past of Ireland. While Thomas Davis died of a broken heart and overtaxed abilities—while John Mitchel

* Jail Journal; or, Five Years in British Prisons. By John Mitchel. *Citizen Office*, New-York.

was carried off from the land he loved so well, a chain-bound prisoner in a felon's cart—Mr. M. J. Barry sells his services for a salary to Ireland's enemy, and Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy steps out from the jail, where a pretense of prosecution had been made, into a seat in that British legislature he had often denounced as a "fraud," and a participation in that plunder which—while as yet he had no share in it—he called gods and men to witness, he abhorred as the Iscariot-price of Ireland's betrayal and blood.

That John Mitchel possesses genius—genius of the most earnest and honest order—he can exhibit the Irishman's best certificate—that is, an indictment and conviction for high treason against his country's oppressor. John Mitchel, Thomas Devin Reilly, Michael Doheny, and James Fenton Lalor were the men who by their pens first infused the democratic republican idea into the last ill-starred movement for Ireland's liberation. Of these but two survive. Mr. Lalor, physically weak, though mentally indefatigable, did not long survive his hopes; he sleeps in the green land that gave him birth; nor ever did that land lose a love more intense, a devotion more supremely unselfish. Thomas Devin Reilly has a grave in American soil, within the shadow of a monument which it is our shame to say has not yet been completed. Who that remembers the fiery and impetuous declamation, the linked and exulting logic, the seething and riotous sarcasm of his pen as it flashed through the numbers of the old "Democratic Review," can fail to appreciate his worth? Should they do so—let us at least trust that the political intriguers who made a capital out of his genius and anonymity, and on the reputation of his articles assumed an importance and obtained a recognition to which the printers' devils who set up his manuscript had about equal claim—let us trust, we say, that these residuary legatees of Devin Reilly's genius will not prove ungrateful to his memory. Michael Doheny, we believe, has returned to his old profession of the law; and occasionally there appears an article signed "Publicola," which we know has a ring of the "old rebellious spirit" in it. As for John Mitchel, the most earnest, perhaps, and assuredly the most able of the radical, or fighting "Young Ireland" party, he suffered for five years with unflinching fortitude the penalty of his devotion to a hopeless cause; and, having effected an honorable escape from his British captors, is now in that chrysalis condition from which—the Know-Nothings to the contrary notwithstanding—we shall be proud to welcome him a full-fledged and active citizen of the Republic, whose in-

stitutions were the model, to the realization of which in his own land he sacrificed the ease of a luxurious home and the advantages, present and prospective, of a lucrative and increasing profession. There is a thoroughness about the man and in all his utterances, whether of tongue or pen—a simplicity and directness of thought—a clearness and fixity of purpose and an earnest, unfaltering, unswerving pursuit of the object he has once determined to attain, which we too rarely meet with in these days of expediency and cant. He is a living embodiment of that love of liberty, that hatred of a foreign yoke, that relentless insurrectionary spirit which even six centuries of British bloodshed, agreeably diversified by British famines, have failed to eradicate from the Irish heart.

That the "Journal" of such a man—a "Journal" written while he was plucked, yet glowing, from the furnace in which, like another Cyclops, he had been forging the thunderbolts that were intended to strike down the Demogorgon of British tyranny; written while he surveyed the granite walls of Spike Island, or looked out on the chain-gangs of Bermuda from his dreary cabin on board a convict-hulk, or witnessed the successful resistance of the Cape colonists, or wandered through the savage though romantic solitudes of Tasmania, a prisoner and a law-dubbed "felon"—that such a journal should contain much bitterness and fierce contempt, so written, is neither unexpected nor unnatural. But there are no complaints in it having reference to his individual sufferings: he had staked his all upon a die; and, when the hazard went against him, bore his ruin with the steadfast immobility and not a little of that savage pleasantry which made the fiery martyrdom of John Huss the occasion of the only jests that grim reformer ever uttered.

The Journal itself has already appeared in the *Citizen*, and the public are so well aware of its character and diversified attractions, that we deem no comment necessary. The preface is, however, original; and contains the best and briefest outline and justification of the last Irish movement that we have either heard or read. It is the *vinum Mhyrratissimum* of a political vintage which has been bottled up and intensifying since the occupation of the "Pale" by Strongbow.

THE NEW CIVILIZATION.

THE highest order of civilization, which is the democratic, received its first permanent existence in this country. Many events, it is true, in the remote history of the world, prepared it for the reception of this principle, yet the peculiar duty of this country has been to exemplify and embody a civilization in which the rights, freedom, and mental and moral growth of individual man should be made the highest end of all restrictions and laws. To this result the discipline of Providence has tended from the earliest history of these States. The old world was not the theatre for the development of the new civilization, so different from all that had preceded it, so incompatible with the spirit and hostile to the prejudices of existing things. It needed a broader sphere than institutions founded in exclusiveness could afford, and in which so many elements of restriction and partiality mingled. A land separated from the influences of ancient habits, peculiar in its position, productions, and extent, wide enough to hold a numerous people, admitting with facility inter-communication and trade, vigorous and fresh from the hand of God, was requisite for the full and broad manifestation of the bold spirit of the new-born democracy.

Such a land was prepared in the solitudes of the Western hemisphere. And then the men, sufficient to accomplish the work, needed to be peculiar men. They were not to be stripplings made effeminate by the luxuries of courts, or weak and artificial by corrupt refinement, but stern, resolute, enduring men, ardent worshippers of truth, profoundly penetrated by great thoughts, living by faith in eternal principles, and ready to face death in defiance of conscience and right. Such men were the sires of the busy multitudes that now fill the land. Both the circumstances of their origin and early history, and the relations of equality instituted among them as they set foot in the wilderness, coöperated in the formation of the right

character. They sprung from nations, whose bloody wars had nourished the manly spirit of courage and endurance. They lived at a time when unrelenting religious contests prepared all minds for desperate trials, and infused in them the sternest moral convictions. They brought with them none to reverence. Kingly power they scarce recognized, aristocratic pretension they repelled, and priestly supremacy they had long resisted unto death. They came simply as men, with the sacred rights and eternal interests of men. The peculiar hazards of their position placed them upon grounds of equality. Mutual dangers strengthened mutual sympathy, whilst a common purpose fired them with a common zeal.

Their first act, having reached this then barren shore, was to frame a constitution whose object was the common good. A singular consistency pervaded the spirit of the early settlers, and the manifestations of it, in actual customs and laws. They asserted with remarkable directness and force the great doctrines of popular sovereignty, of political equality, of sacred individual rights. The supreme power they held to be derived not as a divine gift from God, not from the consent of monarchs, nor the concessions of nobility, but directly from the whole body of men. The perception of this truth distinguished them from the rest of the world. The same freedom from usurped authority, which marked their religious career, they carried into their political inquiries. It is true, it is to be regretted it was only comparative freedom, not entire. Many errors were mingled in their conceptions of man's sacred, inalienable rights. Their notions were strong, but not comprehensive. They allowed truth with limitations. Without being grossly inaccurate, they were strangely confused. They respected private judgment, but confined it to certain subjects of thought. Conscience was sacred only within a circumscribed sphere. The full and ample discussion of certain topics was prohibited by painful penalties. The discipline and doctrine of a church themselves had organized was too high a theme for vulgar approach—too holy to be disturbed by profane touch. Religion, or the mysterious affinities of man to higher beings, they were unwilling to leave to his own soul. It was a thing to be controlled and regulated by the State, for which the arm of civil power was to be invoked, to compel outward conformity and force inward faith. Here was their weakness. Here they departed from their own principles, and submitted to the prejudices of the past. Here they were as intolerant and narrow-minded as the bigots of other nations, and a remoter age.

Yet it was impossible for a people of an origin like theirs, or of such convictions as they had, long to submit to oppression of any sort. Much as they were willing to concede to religious injustice at home, they were disposed to yield nothing to political usurpation abroad. The spirit of resistance awakened with the very first assertion of foreign control, and arose as the arrogance of authority grew bold. The more formidable the danger, the more bold and unrelenting became their opposition. Purposes of freedom kept pace with despotic pretension. Every year gave them energy, by augmenting the justice of their cause, and discovering new means and materials of strength; when, at last, after expostulation and remonstrance failed, a transcendent expression of popular will severed the chains of allegiance, and made a whole nation free.

The Declaration of Independence was a tremendous act of revolution, founded upon the rights and sanctioned by the natural justice of mankind. The history of the world records nothing like it either for sublimity of purpose or importance of result. It was as peculiar in its design as it has been permanent and extensive in its influence. A nation, poising itself upon the rights of its people, solemnly absolved its political connection, and instituted a government for itself; it did more, it instituted a government drawn from popular choice and establishing the equal rights of men. This was the origin of democratic liberty—the source of true civilization. It established the distinct existence of democracy as a social element, and began a reform destined to cease only when every nation in the world shall be finally and triumphantly redeemed.

What, then, is the nature of this democracy? What are its claims and objects as a social element? What its views of government? and what its means as well as hopes of success? Simply, it is the political ascendancy of the people; but let us attempt to state in what sense. It is not the government of a people permitted, in the plenitude of their power, to do as they please, regardless alike of the restraints of written law or individual right. A more terrible condition of society than this, the wickedest despot could not conceive. Wild uproar would make room for fanatic excesses of passion or the alternate bloody triumph of miserable factions. Nor is it the government of the majority carried into the determination of all questions that concern the rights and duties of men. As a safe and wise arbiter of controversy, the will of the majority is to be respected. Where thought and expression are free, it can seldom become oppressive. Adverse parties watch the

movements of each other with sleepless vigilance, and, in cases of manifest violations of right, never fruitlessly invoke the correcting spirit of reform. Nothing is more certain to prostrate even the most triumphant party than the usurpation or unjust exercise of power. Still, to prevent the beginning of evil, majorities must submit to restraint. There are some things over which they can rightly exert no control. There are personal feelings, social dependencies, commercial rights, too exalted or subtle to be meddled with by human legislation, and which legislation touches only to wither and destroy. They are to be set apart as sacred things, which the ruthless hand of power should never invade. Democracy, therefore, is the supremacy of the people, restrained by a just regard to individual rights; that condition of society which secures the full and inviolable use of every faculty. It recognizes the distinct existence of individual man in himself as an independent end, and not merely as a means to be merged in a mass, and controlled as a thing by public caprice or policy. His instinctive convictions, his irrepressible desires, his boundless capacity for improvement, conspire with all the indications of Providence, with all the teachings of history, and all the designs of his internal condition and adjustment, to make the doctrine of individual rights the greatest of political truths. Clearly to define and religiously to respect those rights, is the highest, almost the only duty of government. All its action beyond this tends to gross abuse and wrong. When it institutes partial laws, when it grants monopoly, when it lays restraints upon free intercourse and trade; in short, when it establishes any law or custom of unequal operation, it departs from its true functions, it begins a course of injustice and fraud, it opens the way for any degree of oppression. So severe is even-handed justice, that not even in the name of liberty can liberty be violated. Hence governments perfect themselves in proportion as they allow a larger measure of freedom to remain with the people. Their first care should be to expand the sphere of individual action, and to harmonize the interaction of mutually dependent wills, by removing the distance and separation which is the source of jealousy and contest.

As an element of social progress, the recognition of these principles is of the utmost importance and weight. Until they are widely received and permanently adopted, there can be no complete civilization. If we apprehend it, civilization consists in the establishment of elevated social relations, upheld by lofty and refined personal character; or, in other words, the

development among men of the best powers of the mind and heart. It suggests at once the idea of a high degree of advancement in social organization and in individual culture. It supposes a condition of prosperous trade, intellectual elevation, and moral development; but literature, science, politics, and morals must have reached a considerable progress, and physical comfort, commercial ease, and mental attainments be generally possessed by the people.

Now, our proposition is, that the highest degree of civilization can only be reached by a rigid application of the democratic principle. Society can only find its true perfection by a broad recognition of the doctrine of individual and equal rights. As to its influence, in the first place, on outward prosperity merely, can any thing be clearer than that industry will be productive in proportion to the freedom with which its energies are applied and its gains appropriated? To leave men free in the direction of their pursuits, not only imparts immediate happiness, but gives tenacity to their purposes and strength to their power of execution. They labor more effectively, because they labor willingly. What would be otherwise drudgery becomes pastime, attended by a pleasing conviction of usefulness and the calm assurance of ultimate competence. Stupid inertness is exchanged for cheerful vigor, and the depressing prospect of endless toil is brightened into a future of seductive ease. For acquisition would be secure from the exorbitant taxes of unrighteous government, whilst no pampered aristocratic class would hang or make weight upon society, or exclusive interest absorb and impede all the channels of commerce. Such a change would produce results of immeasurable magnitude and uniformly good.

It would tend to equalize the distribution of wealth. Without wholly removing poverty, it would lessen dependence. The strange contrasts created by over-grown affluence and wretched indigence would give place to apportionments of property more equitably adjusted to the degrees of personal capacity and merit; whilst the poor would be raised, the rich would be made better; restless heart-burnings would cease to embitter the intercourse, or provoke the embittered feelings of classes feeling themselves to be equals; arrogance on one side would engender no spleen on the other; and destitution, which is the fruitful parent of crime and misery, would occur only as the retributive consequence of ignorance and vice. All ranks of men would begin life on a fair field, "the world before them where to choose, and Providence their guide." Inclination and

sagacity would select the sphere, and dictate the mode and measure of exertion. Frugality and vigilance would compel success, and defeat and ruin be felt only as the requital of ill-desert; or, if such things be, as vicissitudes inflicted by Heaven among its inscrutable designs.

Every kind of labor being thus effectively supplied, an abundance of product would compensate its toils. At the same time, means and leisure for nobler pursuits would be provided. Prosperity admits of various employments among men, by augmenting the number and wants of a population, and, at the same time, commensurately multiplying its resources. As physical comforts increase, the taste for elevated and refined enjoyment springs up. The demand for artists, poets, and philosophers expands, science becomes a distinct pursuit, literature is made profitable, and all the more delicate and ennobling modes of exerting human faculties receive invigorating rewards. Discovery and invention enlarge the scope, master-strokes of genius stimulate the activity, lofty moral instructions refine the nature of thought. A benign influence spreads itself through public sentiment. High notions of justice soften while they give dignity to manners. Mind, warm in purposes of generosity, strong in adherence to virtue, takes the control; in short, we behold a people rich, powerful, and enlightened.

Nor less auspicious would be the adoption of the democratic idea to the elevation of individual character. In times past, the greater number of men have been nothing at all, because nothing was made of them. There was little in their circumstances to let them know that they were moral agents. All the influences around them were adapted to produce impressions directly the reverse. Living creatures they were, machines of curious workmanship, admirable as drudge-horses, effective as self-moving engines of destruction—things where-with superior classes might pamper themselves, or ruin and destroy their adversaries; but more they were not. Neither the society of the past, nor its governments, could teach men their true nature, or inspire them with self-reliance, or cheer them with hope. Were they not the unreasoning tools of power?—were they not curs to be cuffed at will?—chips to be hurled about at caprice? Well might they have said to their heartless oppressors, We have obeyed like cowering slaves, we have toiled until blood has stood upon our limbs as sweat, we have drained the dregs of life's bitterest cup, for your gratification; and what have you given us in return?

But matters have since advanced. The grinding foot of oppression has been raised, if not removed. Better notions have grown up in the hearts of men; but alas! how much is there to stifle and impede full growth. A hateful despotism still too often actuates human will; the spirit of exclusion, of scorn, of tyranny, of selfishness, still lingers about the high places, and makes itself felt in the depths of society. Nothing short of the full recognition of the principles of democracy can regenerate man. There must be something in his circumstances to remind him of his inherent worth; something that, amid withering and depressing care, will ever bring back the fresh consciousness of his manhood. How can he, whose life is perpetual toil, whose only exercise of conscience and free-will is in the stern struggle for subsistence—how can he attain a true insight of his immortal value? Some virtue, it is true, is found in the least favored conditions. There is room enough in the lowest walks for the sweet play of affection. There are everywhere friends to be esteemed, kindred to cherish, or a wife and children to love. There are endurance and energy imparted everywhere by the discipline of life; but how little is all this compared with the perfect stature of a man. No! let it be understood that the same nature is common to men; that they have equal and sacred claims; that they have high and holy faculties; that society respects, and the whole force of government is pledged to protect their rights; and then will they acquire some adequate notion of who and what they are. A feeling of exaltation and nobleness would pass into their souls, and the humblest person would expand with a sense of innate dignity—a sense that would raise him above the dusty, beaten paths of life, give a respite to depressing care, strengthen self-respect, infuse warm and liberal emotions, quicken the best sympathies, and lend animation and support to the noblest powers. He would feel at once that he was man, known and honored as such, of higher importance and more inestimable worth than the whole outward world. In this ennobling influence, Christianity and democracy are one. What, indeed, is democracy but Christianity in its earthly aspect—Christianity made effective among the political relations of men? Christianity, in which it accords with every design of Providence, begins with individual man, addressing its lofty persuasions to him, and makes his full development its chief solicitude and care. The obstacles reared by artificial life it throws aside; the rubbish heaped by centuries of abuse upon the human

spirit it removes, the better to unfold man's inward beauty, and bring forth man's inward might. The proudest thrones may crumble, the broadest empires contract and become nothing, but the spirit of the humblest man can never perish; for it is the germ of an immortal, ever-expanding, ever-quickenning existence.

THE PLEASURE-BOAT.

SWIFT from the flow'ry, verdant shore,
The pleasure-boat is gliding,
With flashing prow and dripping oar
The silvery wave dividing.
The gentle winds but kiss the lake,
Nor raise the rolling billow;
While soft and low the small waves break,
And soothe the mermaid's pillow.

But soon, alas! the storms arouse
The waves to wild commotion,
The helpless galliot's gilded bows
Are buried 'neath the ocean.
Thus when we launch, on Life's broad stream,
Our hearts with hope are glowing,
And whilst we live in pleasure's beam
Our tide is onward flowing.

But soon the stream is ruffled o'er,
On hidden rocks we're steering;
The sky's o'ercast, and hope no more
Our darkened way is cheering.
But lo! an opening, broad and clear,
Among the waters raging;
Boldly and firm we onward steer,
Faith all our fears assuaging.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Third Gallery of Portraits. By George Gilfillan. New-York: Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman. 1855.

We have some how got an idea into our heads, that we should put the title Rev. before the name of the very vigorous author of these lingual portraiture. We suspect Mr. Gilfillan of being a pastor of some religious denomination; but, at any rate, by the help of his glowing genius and ever-busy pen, he has erected for himself a pulpit more lofty, a congregation more extensive and intellectual, than has fallen to the lot of any practical parson within the hemisphere of our acquaintance. The portraits in this volume are not mere mechanical similitudes of the various and conflicting characters which, in turn, claim the attention of the essayist. He has imbued them all with his own superabundant vitality; and however wrong he may be—however much he may exaggerate the foibles of an enemy into glaring faults, or soften down the guilty actions of a friend into the mere aberrations of genius—we, at least, are never bored with a monotonous rehearsal of common-place; we never fall asleep while we watch the as yet undeveloped likeness leap into light and life beneath the artist's hands. Gilfillan is a passionate and rapid writer; his quick and impetuous thought has moulded for itself an utterance of language more vigorous, more terse and emphatic, than any man of less genius would be able to handle or control. His words, in their accumulative and fiery flow, seem to feel no rein, nor to acknowledge any rider; but, if we forget the superficial heedlessness, and examine only the true worth of the various judgments upon men and things contained in the book before us, we shall find, to our astonishment, that the rapidity and carelessness belong to the expression only; while the sense with which each paragraph is pregnant has in it all the ripeness and maturity of a long-weighed and firmly-settled conviction.

The review of Edgar Poe is an illustrious tribute to the genius of the most illustrious—the most unfortunate of all our literary men. Unfortunate, indeed! not only in his life, but in that immortal part of him which has yet survived the attack of the envious and malignant editors to whose care, with his dying breath, he confided his scattered gems. Mr.

Gilfillan's view of Poe's private life is false as the blackest and most cowardly calumny can make it; but that calumny, that falsehood, belong not unto him. Let them be laid, where they belong, at the door of that treacherous friend, who has blackened Poe's monument with a thousand crimes, and all to throw out into bolder contrast the virtues and the generosity which he does not scruple to ascribe to himself at the cost and to the ruin of him whose tomb he desecrates.

But we have not space for such a notice of this "Gallery" as its merits strongly urge that it should have. We must, therefore, content ourselves by quoting, as concisely as we can, its various headings and contents. First, we have a file of French revolutionists, comprising Mirabeau, Marat, Robespierre, Danton, Vergniaud, and Napoleon. After this stormy group, a constellation of sacred authors—Edward Irving, Isaac Taylor, Robert Hall, and Dr. Chalmers—look mildly out upon us, and seem to plead for holier thoughts and gentler teachings to humanity. Next, we have a cluster of new poets—Sydney Yendys, Alexander Smith, J. Stanyan Bigg, and Gerald Massey; whether all these are but passing meteors or bright particular stars, will be found candidly and kindly and most genially discussed in the essays and copious extracts devoted to each aspirant for the sacred bays. Having disposed of those inoffensible animals—the minstrels—the critic next essays his undaunted pen upon those great modern critics whose very names are a terror to authors of less hardy nerves; he has chapters upon Haslitt and Hallam, Jeffrey, Coleridge, and Delta, Thomas Babington Macaulay, and last (by no means least) upon the well-beloved and frequently re-read Thackeray. Whatever awe these names may convey to common men, they have none for the robust Gilfillan; he paragraphs and alliterates and passes judgment on their various claims to leadership—still preserving a due courtesy for their high place—as coolly as though he were dissecting some poor devil who possessed no organ through which to thunder back a reply. Lastly, we have miscellaneous sketches of Carlyle and Sterling, Emerson, Neale, and Bunyan, Edmund Burke, Edgar A. Poe, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Benjamin Disraeli, Professor Wilson, Henry Rogers, Æschylus—the whole concluding with a masterly and analytical dissertation upon the plays and poems of sweet William Shakespeare.

If our readers can not find in this extended catalogue much to amuse, instruct, and better them; much to make them smile, and much to arouse that nobler and more human emotion whose symbol is a tear, then we can only recommend them to look out for such books as they require themselves; for we can find no recent issue of the American press which, for so many reasons and so strongly, we can recommend. This book is, of course, a reprint from the English edition; and its typography and style will compare not unfavorably with the original. Messrs. Sheldon & Co., it is but justice to add, did not avail themselves of that privilege of literary piracy to which we owe the present agitation for the establishment of an International

Copy-right: they purchased the advance-sheets of Mr. Gilfillan at a round price, and their volume contains all the latest revisions and addenda of the author.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham; or, Tales of the Middle Ages. An Historical Romance. By Agnes Strickland. New-York: Garrett & Co.

It is one of the gravest questions in literature, whether the noble philosophy which is taught by history—or, in other words, by the experience of the past—has not suffered more from those romances which, attempting to render the study popular, have melo-dramatized its features, than from all that callous indifference or courtly flattery have effected by neglecting its pursuit on the one hand, or altogether perverting its teachings to gratify a reigning family upon the other. Be these things as they may, however, it is certain that, for the ordinary reader, those works of fiction which deal with widely-known and once-exalted characters, possess a peculiar and by no means unaccountable interest. There is instruction mingled with the amusement; and though we be deceived in our ideas of the people and the age described, we are, at least, most agreeably deceived; and carry away with us from our pleasant studies much of that easy, superficial knowledge of men and things which forms the staple of conversation in good society, and enables us to bear a part in discussions not too abstruse, relating to the subject. Of all writers of historical romance, Miss Strickland is alike to our thinking the best qualified and by far the most conscientious: she may heighten the colors of her picture; and that, indeed, is the artist's privilege; but she neither distorts the facts nor falsifies the general accuracy of tradition in the characters she selects to sustain the interest and variety of her plot. Her "Lives of the Queens of England," are already enshrined in every library which pretends to cultivate the *belles lettres*; and her "Pilgrims of Walsingham," introducing us colloquially to the court of that great though dissolute and unbridled monarch, Henry VIII., will be found a valuable and delightful addition to the light reading and historical education of the age. The style throughout is admirably sustained; and the character of Charles V. will be found to recompense the most assiduous attention of those who care to trace the effect of unlimited power upon the mind of a man endowed by nature with a noble and not unamiable disposition. The plot of the story is too intricate to be detailed in such limits as we find ourselves confined to: we shall therefore do what little justice we can, alike to our readers and the fair authoress, by advising all true devotees of the higher and the nobler order of romance to purchase and to read these "Tales of the Middle Ages."

The Home Cyclopedia, in Six Volumes. Each complete in itself. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John street. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co. 1854.

THE student of polite literature will not need to be told the value of comprehensive and reliable Encyclopedias; the labor that they save him, the

information they condense and impart, the accessibility which they give to abstruse and valuable knowledge—all these, and a thousand other advantages, speak trumpet-tongued to recommend them. They place before the merest tyro, in a form at once pleasant and unlaborious, the concrete result and deductions of the great thinkers and explorers who have gone before him; he can master a subject in a paragraph, at least obtain a sufficient mastery for all conversational and superficial purposes, because that paragraph is itself the distilled quintessence of all that has been thought, discovered, and reasoned out in relation to the particular point of which it treats. An "Encyclopedia of the Fine Arts" was especially needed upon this side of the Atlantic, by those who have not yet availed themselves of the facilities for visiting Europe. We may build railroads, steamships, aqueducts, and arsenals, to order and by contract; but art is not a commodity that can be "raised" by any patent process, nor can a correct taste in the matter, so essential to those who aspire to the fullness of a polite education, be received by intuition, or created without reference to those works which are the standard of perfection. Mr. Ripley and Bayard Taylor, who have combined to edit the "Cyclopedia of Literature and the Fine Arts," have discharged their duty in a manner worthy of their respective reputations, and the nobility of the subject-matter of their compilation. Dr. Antisell, whose fame as a chemist and natural philosopher guarantees his ability to edit the "Cyclopedia of Useful Arts," fully equals what our knowledge of his manifold acquirements led us to anticipate; his volume is full of the soundest information, and complete in all its departments. The "Cyclopedia of Europe," by Francis H. Ungewitter, LL.D., may be taken as reliable authority for all facts connected with the history and geography of the continent it refers to; without either pedantry or prolixity, the German statician gives us a rapid survey of the history, condition, extent, population, government, military strength, and manufactures of the various cities, nationalities, and countries which successively claim his attention. The "Cyclopedia of Geography," edited by T. Carey Callicot, may be looked upon as the most perfect universal gazeteer yet published. Carefully condensed and abbreviated, the volume contains an account of many places altogether omitted or erroneously set down in gazeteers of greater bulk and pretension. McCulloch's, and all other European works of this description, reprinted and in circulation in America, will frequently be found either lamentably deficient or most grossly mistaken in the topography and statistics of the United States. Mr. Callicot has remedied their negligence by a thorough and elaborate study of all the best authorities upon the subject. The Cyclopedias of "Science," by Professor Samuel St. John, and of "Universal Biography," by Parke Godwin, we have not yet received, but hope to do so soon.

A few such works as these we are now noticing, would obviate the necessity of an elaborate and expensive library. They may be called the

"pemican" of literary food—condensed in substance, nutritious in the extreme, and safe and portable companions through the vast fields of inquiry over which the human mind is occasionally called to travel.

The End of Controversy Controverted. Two vols. 900 pp. New-York: Putnam & Russell, 79 John street.

WE have been favored with a copy of the new work of Bishop Hopkins, being a reply to that well-known work of the Romish Dr. Milner, entitled "The End of Controversy." This title—not a very modest one by the way—is happily made use of by the Bishop of Vermont, who entitles his brilliant work "The End of Controversy Controverted." We do not pretend to be judges of theological matters; but we risk nothing in saying that, in this book, the Bishop of Vermont, who is universally recognized as one of the most learned theologians in the country, and one of the most powerful with his pen, has fairly outdone himself. History, logic, wit, and patristic lore, together with perfect clearness, manly vigor, and lively interest of style, render it the most readable specimen of theological controversy which it has ever been our fortune to meet. These letters of the Bishop are addressed to the Romish Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. A previous controversy on the Papal Supremacy having already taken place, some years ago, between these two prelates, Archbishop Kenrick can not, of course, leave this latest work of Bishop Hopkins unanswered, without judgment going against him by default. And in the present excited state of the public mind, in opposition to Romanism, not only will this capital work of the Bishop of Vermont have a large and rapid sale, but thousands will be on the *qui vive* to see what the Romish Archbishop will make out to say in reply.

THE
UNITED STATES REVIEW.

MARCH, 1855.

THE DISRUPTION OF PARTIES, HERE AND IN
GREAT BRITAIN.

As to governments, this fact is clear: that in no country not absolutely aristocratic, can there exist of necessity less than two parties; nor can there, of a like necessity, be more. There may be factions divided upon minor issues, mere sectional disputes, or what we call ism-atic differences. But in no country having more than the will of a single individual to be its law, whether governed by a prescriptive oligarchy, as in Britain, or by a self-elective hierarchy as in Rome, or by the whole body of the people, as amongst ourselves, can there be more or less than two antagonistic camps.

In Russia, Austria, and in France where the divergence of individual opinion is suppressed, at least in its expression, by the *ipse dixit* of a dictator, the natural and healthy formation of two great rival parties takes the form of a thousand abnormal and occult conspiracies.

In Britain, hitherto there have been whigs and tories; in Rome, the adherents of an absolute papacy and their rivals, who would make the triple crown a mere bauble in the hands of the more earnest disciples of Loyola; amongst ourselves the people rallied equally around the federal and democratic standards.

We say that whigs and tories have *hitherto* been the rivals contending for the control of Britain's policy. That they no longer are so, the coalition cabinets of Aberdeen, the incapable, and Palmerston, the insidious, sufficiently attest. The whig and tory issues have unwittingly accomplished their design; and must now make room for graver, sterner, and more hostile questionings. For whigs and tories were but two rival branches of a dominant and ambitious aristocracy, each hostile to the other, but united in their still bitterer hostility to popular advancement. They used the monarch as a mere automaton, a puppet to be obeyed and adored by the people so long as he subserved the wishes of his lordly prompters—a puppet to whose shoulders by dexterous sophistries and the claptrap of a constitution, they could shuffle off any inconvenient responsibility or too intolerable despotism.

Until within the past few years, the aristocracy had absolute possession of what, with courtly sarcasm, they called the House of Commons. His Grace the Duke of Marmalade had his hereditary seat and vote up-stairs; his sons the Marquis of Anchovy, and the lords Henry, Augustus, Fitzplantagenet, and Charles all occupied their rotten boroughs in the popular branch and to the popular cost. When the farce of an election came, each titled county magnate sent down his rescript to his agent: "Tell the chaw-bacons on my property either to vote for my nephew, the Hon. Shuffle Tadpole and my friend, Mr. Toady Fitznoodle, or to prepare to face my strongest and most legitimate displeasure." In other-words, they might obey their consciences at the sacrifice of lands and home; or preserve their freedom by the entailment of utter ruin on themselves and families. And so the aristocracy controlled alike the king and the commons, and yet managed to escape the dangerous responsibility of such a power, so exercised; and when the people grew enraged at some more than ordinary grievance, the commons made a mighty show of popular determination; they pointed to the throne and muttered Cromwell's name; and the monarch pointed back to the ministry, and the ministry retorted on the peers; and the peers protested that king and commons had conspired against them, and that the enormous and undue authority which the people arrogated was becoming every day more dangerous! And so the three estates of the realm played thimble-rig with responsibility; and when the people thought they had fixed "the little joker" under the crown, or the woolsack, or the speaker's chair, behold! they were deceived by combination, and relapsed into

despairing apathy. The government of the mightiest empire this world has ever seen was gambled for by about five hundred families, and the game had this advantage to its players that, whoever lost, the British people paid the stakes.

Such was the system of the British Government; and whigs and tories were as such its rightful and proper exponents. The former played the crown against the whigs; the whigs, when hard pressed, played the people as their counterbalancing trump. And thus the tories out of office were whigs in theory; and the whigs in office were very truculent tories in fact. And both, in heart and spirit and deed, were banded oligarchs, having the suppression of popular right for their fundamental object—the tories desiring to meet and conquer it by open force; the whigs preferring to cajole and swindle it out of its existence.

But every temporary gain that the whigs made in their rivalry, they effected at a permanent cost; every trivial concession made to popular clamor both increased the appetite of the claimants for a share in their own government and increased, moreover, the means at their command whereby their wishes could be realized. Thus the Reform Bill was introduced, alike to suppress discontent and ingratiate the whig ruling faction with the masses: and when its miserable godfather, Lord John Russell, produced his crippled bantling, and declared that it was "the final measure of concession," he could not see, for his lack of foresight, that the bantling so sedulously swathed in cerements, and crippled by red tape, would inevitably outgrow restraint and become a Revolution in its manhood.

That manhood is now imminent: the mutterings of that revolution may be heard. The feudal enemies, in presence of their common foe, now coalesce and attempt by their united strength to bear back the impending danger. Democracy has come of age in England; and whigs and tories are no more. The veil has been rent in twain from the top to the bottom; the idol of aristocratic prestige lies buried under the corpses of the fifty thousand soldiers, starved, massacred, or frozen on the bleak heights of the Crimea; and while the pirate crew of lordly Ministers and Right Hon. Nincompoops roar, wrangle, and recriminate, the rat of the London *Times* takes leave of the ruined ship of State, and with its rat-like instincts abuses now what of late it deified as "the envy and the admiration of surrounding nations."

Aristocracy and democracy stand face to face in England;

and one must fall—and which it is not difficult to predict. The former may, and not unlikely will, endeavor to stave off the evil day by giving to the crown (under cover of the “exigencies of the war”) an imperial and unlimited authority. Already we see hints to this effect through all the aristocratic journals of Great Britain: the government of the French assassin is lauded to the skies, and the hireling writers zealously ejaculate, “Oh! had *we* some such system of concentrated authority, how different a history would this Crimean campaign acquire!”

Having given this brief review of the present disruption of British parties, we have now to notice the same remarkable phenomenon amongst our own. For it can not be denied, even by the most sanguine whig or democrat, that these names have ceased to represent the two great political camps into which our people are divided.

Originally hostile to the simple democratic principle which the wise founders of these united republics made the key-stone of the Constitution—the whigs, or federalists, were reluctantly compelled to accept a condition repugnant to their desires and aspirations: some of them still hankered for the flesh-pots and fat places with which a British Colonial Secretary used occasionally to reward the loyalty of a devoted Colonist; while very many were enraged to see the people elevated to an actual sovereignty—whereas, to the federal mind, a federal oligarchy would have been in every way more agreeable. A National Bank, with all its unlimited, incomputable influence, was just such an instrument of corruption and intimidation as the whigs desired: with the keys of the treasury in their hands, and the credit of the country and the control of commerce absolutely vested in the executive, and that executive a mere creature of their own—they still had hopes of curtailing the injudicious liberty which Thomas Jefferson had planned, and the people by their strong right hands achieved. They would not openly abolish vote by ballot; but by their bank, its favors, and its terrors, they would secretly emasculate what they dared not publicly attack. It was a specious scheme, and one which threatened a success that would be ruinous to freedom. Each day its corrupting influence became more bold and profligate; each day the men of wealth and large commercial speculation became more inextricably entangled in its meshes; if they resisted, it could crush them into bankruptcy; while they flattered and promoted it, their paper met a ready discount. The history of that bank seems now to us like a hideous and

unreal night-mare; and yet had it not been for the iron nerve and self-devoted wisdom of Andrew Jackson—had that great federal freedom-crusher been able to cajole or conquer the jealous anxieties and ever-watchful genius of “Old Hickory,” our country would have this day been the play toy of the meanest and the foulest money-tyranny that earth has yet witnessed. But Jackson gave to whiggery its death-blow; and that it lingered on with intermittent syncope until the last presidential election is merely another proof of the “cohesive power of public plunder.”

There is no whig party proper at the present day: no democratic party proper at the present day. There are whigs and democrats; but their parties, as distinctive organizations with regular principles and platforms, are now the legitimate ornaments of our grand political museum. One party can not stand without another to oppose it; and the utter annihilation of the whigs entailed the prostration of their enemies. One side of the arch can not stand if you remove the other: it is the pressure of an almost equal opposition that combines individuals into a mass.

The power of federalism was broken by the arrest of the national bank; it has been destroyed by the gradual ascendancy which British proclivities and, their natural sequence, abolition treason have gained in the whig councils. The ablest leaders of the present movement now openly proclaim that war upon the South, and war against the Constitution, form the legitimate mission of the party whose traditions they disgrace; they accept the aid of every faction that will swear fealty to their cardinal dogma, and, in return for such fealty, offer their whole influence and advocacy to the advancement of whatever “ism” their precious recruits have fixed their hearts upon. Mormonism, Spiritualism, Bloomerism, Millerism, Socialism, Woman’s-rights-ism, Protectionism, Anti-marriage-ism, Anti-Rent-ism—whatever “ism,” whatever cause either knavery may suggest or a frenzied brain find attraction in, these self-made leaders of degenerate whiggery adopt and incorporate in their disunion creed. They have seduced many worthless democrats moreover into their unclean fold; and we wish them every joy of their allies.

We have not deemed it necessary, nor do we now deem it, to make more than a passing allusion to moribund Know-Nothingism. The motive which originated the Hindoo association was doubtless good. Warm-hearted and enthusiastic youths grew weary of the vileness and the villainy of dema-

gogues; and finding the whig party in utter ruin, and the democratic party in a state of internal feud, they felt the promptings of ambition, so natural to adolescence, and determined themselves to remedy this evil or perish in the attempt. They went to work with a vehemence which argued ill for any permanent success; they did not stop to examine the things that had really disgusted and estranged them from both whigs and democrats, (more especially from the whigs;) but seized upon the first good "cry" that came to hand, and (as Lola Montez proclaimed aloud that she had been ruined and was still persecuted by the Jesuits) so, these aspiring and unhesitating youths now declaimed, with all the eloquence of a debating club, that the Society of Jesus had a council in every State, an emissary in every village, a spy in every family, and a fixed resolve in every Jesuitical heart to tie the Union hand and foot, and carry it bodily to the foot of St. Peter's chair.

But it would be cruel as well as useless to break a broken reed; they meant well, did those unthinking Hindoos; and when their zeal finds a worthy channel, and their worship a fitting shrine in the new Constitutional party that is so rapidly, though silently being formed, we have every trust they will again become respectable and useful youths. Let them read St. Paul's eulogy of Christian charity, and endeavor to apply his precepts to their fellow-citizens of foreign birth.

What, then, is the inevitable upshot of this entire disruption? We think there can not be a doubt, and we look forward to the issue without fear. There will arise from this general confusion a purified and triumphant democracy—whether called by that name, or called the Constitutional party, it matters little. And on the other hand, we shall have all the factious fanatics and frenzied factions arrayed around the abolition standard. All true republicans and men who venerate the Constitution upon one side; all traitors and disorganizers on the other. Who that believes in an over-ruling Providence can question the result?

D A N T O N .

"It was just a year ago that I was the means of instituting the revolutionary tribunal. May God and man forgive me for what I then did ; but it was not that it might become the scourge of humanity."—*Danton.*

THE haughty Tribune's life
Was drawing to its dark and dismal close,
And many a gloomy thought usurped in strife
That hour of gathering woes.

For the last time he stood
Among the herd who shrank before his name,
And proudly bore himself against the flood
Of undeservéd shame.

He braved them as their lord,
With voice of thunder and with eye a-flame
Thrilling with fear the fierce, besotted horde,
Who envied his great fame.

The ghastly Robespierre
Shrank from the terror of the storm he raised ;
St. Just beheld his cloudy front with fear,
And trembled as he gazed.

He pointed to the past—
His services to France and freedom's cause ;
Taunts and defiance at his foes he cast—
Sworn traitors to all laws !

Blood he had caused to flow,
When Freedom's price was blood and blood alone.
He could not gaze on agony and woe,
When that excuse had flown.

For this—and he must die !
Champion of Mercy and of Freedom proved—
And he must see insatiate Murder's eye
Gloat o'er the land he loved.

This is he doomed to bear !
But yet his soul, emerging from the tomb,
Will on the banquet of the guilty glare—
A retributive doom.

Day passed—but not before
His howling foes their sentence sent abroad ;
He heard the clanging of the dungeon door,
Yet stood erect—unawed !

But when the solemn night
Displayed her pitying stars in heaven's high dome,
He felt the lordly consciousness of might
To gentler thoughts give room.

The scenes of youth again
Before his softened vision were unrolled ;
Sad voices whispered, that were joyous then ;
Hands touched him that were cold.

Oh ! gloriously they came,
In shining garments through the darkness driven ;
His dungeon faded, or, at worst, became
A vestibule to heaven.

Again the green hill towers,
Up which he strained with boyhood's hurrying breath,
While yet uncrowned, nor conscious of those powers
Which purchase fame—and death.

What riches memory hath !
His mother, father, and those early friends,
Who watched with flushing cheek his upward path—
O God ! and here it ends !

He had won fame—but now
Her gilded mask veiled anguish under pride !
The envied laurels burning on his brow
He cast with scorn aside.

Oh! for one glorious hour
Of his free boyhood under the free heaven,
Not trammelled by the crown and curse of power,
His fame he would have given.

* * * * *

Dawn broke—and at its breath,
All softer passions in his breast were urned ;
Against the surges of despair and death
The Tribune grimly turned.

'Twas his last day of life,
Yet many a barb of bitter jest he hurled ;
The smiling front betrayed no inward strife—
He knew and scorned the world.

Grandly he marched to death,
With a calm scorn and a prophetic eye—
Bold, stern, gigantic to his latest breath,
He well knew how to die.

He died—his spirit soared—
He died and Freedom staggered in his blood ;
It was the signal, and the Fates outpoured
O'er France the crimson flood.

GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE.

P A R T I I .

THE most striking characteristic of Grecian literature is doubtless its genuineness and that unborrowed intellectual development which has excited the wonder and admiration of all after-times. It is emphatically a national literature, the indigenous product of a virgin soil, and not the stunted growth of a transplanted exotic. The Greeks were not servile copyists or imitators, but the originators of every branch of literature in which they excelled. That was a just and candid remark of Cicero's, when he exclaimed, "*Illæ, omnium doctrinarum inventrices, Athenæ!*" To our mind there is something morally sublime in the wonder-working faculties of a great people, exercising boundless dominion over the world of thought which they had themselves discovered. To pass from the known to the unknown, even in physical speculations, is an effort of genius to which few may aspire, and we are inclined to wonder by what peculiar felicity the Grecian mind was enabled to shake off the fetters which bound it to the earth and assert its heaven-born original—by what potent charm it was empowered to break the spell which had so long bound the world—by what miraculous energy it called down manna for the famished nations and brought out rills of water from the barren rock. The only land to which they could possibly be indebted was Egypt, where upon the banks of the Nile was seen the first organization of civil society, and where the arts of peace were cherished, while the rest of mankind were banded in savage hordes; but that their obligations were slight and unimportant may be at once inferred from a consideration of the peculiar and distinctive character of the two peoples. The whole constitution—the foundation and superstructure of society and civilization in the one was radically

different from that of the other. Among the Egyptians all knowledge was confined to the esoteric order of the priests and rulers, while the mass bowed down in the most profound ignorance and abject superstition before Apis and the sacred crocodile. Their hieroglyphic lore has been compared to the mummies embalmed in their own catacombs,—wrapped in a thousand folds that preserve the form, but preserve it with the living principle gone. The majestic pyramid and towering obelisk are monuments at once of the mighty and misdirected mind of ancient Egypt; they attest the pride and superiority of the few and the degradation of the many—everlasting mementos of her glory and shame. In Athens, the whole mass shared an equality of civil rights and a community of privileges, from the sailor on the Piræus to Pericles the Olympian. It was a cultivated and refined “mob,” which criticised a frieze by Phidias, applauded a speech of Hyperides, and hissed or clapped the drama of Euripides. Theophrastus had dwelt a long time at Athens, and piqued himself on the correctness of his pronunciation. A huckster-woman, with whom he was chaffing in the market, detected his foreign accent, and addressed him to his great mortification as *To Zéve*; Demosthenes was hooted from the rostrum for an incorrect accentuation of a single letter, and when, by a forensic finesse, he purposely mispronounced a word, he was corrected by a simultaneous outcry of the whole assembly. It would seem that our own John Randolph of Roanoke was not a greater stickler for orthoëpy than this Athenian “mob.” A social organization, therefore, so essentially diverse from the Egyptian, it is evident, could not possibly have been derived from it. The Greeks had advanced through the initial stages of their civilization, had poured forth from an exhaustless source the treasures of poesy, had given birth to agitating forms of eloquence, and founded a mighty dynasty, while Egypt was regarded as a far-off land, over which brooded a solid and unapproachable mystery.

Instead of imitating or borrowing the wisdom of Egypt, they were rather inclined to bow in awe before it: it seems to have impressed them with a feeling of solemnity, similar to that which the son of Misraim himself experienced as he bent in worship at the mysterious veiled statue upon which was inscribed, “I am all that has been, that shall be, and none among mortals has hitherto taken off my veil.” The learned and cunning priests delighted to impose, by their vast pretensions to antiquity, upon the credulity of “the children,” as they ridiculously styled the Greeks: when Solon was travelling through Egypt

in quest of knowledge, they derided him with the taunt that the Greeks had not among them one ancient dogma derived from the tradition of their fathers, nor one branch of knowledge covered with the hoar of time.*

It is evident that the Greeks looked upon the "gift of the Nile" with something of awe and veneration, even in the days of Herodotus, and after they had overthrown the armies and humbled the pride of the Persian. They drank in with a greedy ear all the wondrous stories related by the "old father of history," who more justly deserves to be called the father of historic romance. With a childish simplicity of mind, they pondered over his accounts of monstrous men and birds and beasts—of fountains which grew hot at the rising sun, intricate labyrinths whose mazes no man could thread, rivers that flowed from an unknown source, temples upon which were carved mysterious symbols, eternal obelisks inscribed with secrets too sacred to be uttered. The religion of the Greeks was doubtless indebted for many of its myths to that of the Egyptians; but this surely is not to be wondered at, as at all anomalous, when even many of the ceremonial rites and institutions of the chosen people of God have their archetypes in the mystic worship of that strange land in which they had sojourned, and from which they departed under the guidance of a leader, whose praise it was to be skilled in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. But whatever was thus appropriated by the Greeks passed through an entire transformation in its accommodation to their own peculiar capacities of belief; so that what was engrafted seemed like the natural efflorescence of the parent stem. Imaginative and airy, they found little congeniality in the sublime but obscure pantheism of the Egyptian hierophants as they sought to trace

"—— the wide extended plan

Which links in bonds of brotherhood the beetle and the man."

The architecture and statuary of the two nations are strikingly characteristic of the respective Pantheons which they conspired to beautify and adorn. The Egyptians seemed to have aimed, by the massive and ponderous structure of their temples, whose very columns threatened to burst from the weight resting upon them, and by colossal sphinxes,

"Staring right on with calm eternal eyes"

* *Vide* Plato in his "Timæus," (Vol. vii. p. 8, Leip. ed.)

upon the beholder, as though endowed with reason but refusing to speak, to express that *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, which they at the same time felt to be unutterable. Their minds were filled with a conception, that by its vastness eludes the firm grasp of thought, and stretches into the boundless domain of imagination: they strove to embody the infinite in the finite. But to the rationalistic art of the Greeks a different problem was proposed: their religion was the worship of the beautiful, and they delighted to send their thoughts upon vast excursions amidst all that was fair and good until they were lost in the contemplation of that fair and first good which, like a glittering apex, crowns the symmetrical pyramid of their mythological system. The beauty which the eye drank in and the heart enshrined was reproduced in the Parthenon by the creative art of Phidias and still beams in the "statue that enchants the world."

The influence, therefore, of Egypt upon the civilization, literature, and art of the Greeks was demonstrably slight. They regarded no predecessors or rivals as objects of imitation, and hence the whole cast of their thought was original and natural; and the rise, progress, and decline of their literature was in accordance with the order of nature—first rude, then gradually moulded into elegance, and finally polished into insipidity. "The early Greeks," says an eminent critic, "had but one task to perform: they were in no danger of comparisons or imputations of plagiarism, and wrote down whatever struck them as just and impressive, without fear of finding that they had been stealing from a predecessor. The wide world was before them, in short, unappropriated and unmarked by any preceding footstep, and they took their way without any hesitation by the most airy heights and sunny valleys." Emerging from the uncouth barbarism of a pre-historical age, they described every object and incident which came under their observation with all that fervor of inspiration which can only exist in a rude era of natural emotions and untainted feelings, before reflection and generalization have imparted to language a philosophical dialect. There is a poetic imagery of expression peculiar to the men of a fresh age, which arises at once from their greater susceptibility to the illusions of fancy, and is the legitimate consequence resulting from the paucity of their language. More, we think, is due to this latter consideration than has been generally conceded. No language is more highly imaginative than that of the rude sons of our western forests, and we think the figurative dialect in which they clothe their conceptions is attributa-

ble in a great degree to the necessity which compels them, in describing abstract qualities or general ideas, to employ the few symbols which compose their ordinary medium of intercourse in a metaphorical signification. In the Indian it can not, as in the Greek, arise so much from that natural excitability of mind, which is fostered in a rude age, and which invariably characterizes a poetic temperament; for the rigid discipline to which he subjects himself, tends to suppress this impassioned ardor of feeling and delicate sensibility to external impressions. He is, in fact, the untutored stoic of the woods, and if his language were derived from his mental habitudes alone, we should find it to resemble the curt and formal laconism of Sparta.

There is, however, a natural proneness in men of rude and uncultivated minds, to suffer themselves to be deluded by their own imaginations, and, like Prospero, to start in affright at the spectres which their own fancy has conjured up. These illusions, in which consists the power of true poetry, to induce a belief of the actual presence and being of that which has only an ideal existence, are more vivid and impressive in a dark age before the light of civilization has been too widely diffused. We all know that to an ignorant and superstitious person, whose mind is impressed with stories of goblins and apparitions, there is no time so weird and alarming as the faint and dubious twilight at the dusky dawn of day, when there is just sufficient light to reveal to his startled vision the dimly-defined forms of the objects around him: whatever the eye can not clearly distinguish is distorted by the imagination, converting the most familiar sights into "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire;" and as the increasing light of day dispels these deceptive appearances, so also the advancing light of knowledge and science dispels the ideal creations of the "vision and the faculty divine." But occasionally in an age of general illumination, we meet with a few instances in which the poetic temperament quite absorbs the powers of reason and just discrimination. John Bunyan, in whose mind an overgrown imagination ran riot, affords an apt exemplification of the mental state which we have been endeavoring to describe. He was in the world but not of it, among men but not of them; he lived, as Judge Edmonds and the spirit-rappers now live, in a world of his own creation, and peopled it with the creatures which his own fancy engendered. His mind was, in truth, a perfect chamber of imagery, hung with hideous and frightful pictures of tormenting fiends, or radiant with celestial smiles of seraphs and angels. Read that most interesting narrative of his religious experience

detailed in "Grace Abounding," where his spirit seems now and then to catch some gleam of hope "heavenly fair," and bursts forth into strains of lyrical rapture, "like a lark rising from his bed of grass," and anon as though "the pains of hell got hold upon" him, he is beaten back into the "horrible pit and miry clay," and his song of joy is turned into wailings, a dirge like the moan of a lost soul. The Pilgrim's Progress towards the bright and smiling land of Beulah, which he has described, is to him something more than mere allegory; he had felt his own feet sinking in the Slough of Despond; he had seen Apollyon with his own eyes, as he "strode right across his path," and filled it up; he had gone down into the dark valley of the shadow of death—had walked close by the mouth of the bottomless gulf, where the flames and the smoke of torment ascended for ever and ever—where doleful voices and fiendish yells smote upon his ears, and the clanking of chains sank into his soul like iron; he had seated himself among the Delectable Mountains, trodden the Enchanted Ground, and his heart, too, leaped up within him as he beheld from afar the land of promise, and drank in the music of celestial voices wafted from the streets of pearl and gold, which were gleaming in sunlight beyond the cold waters of the black river of death. We know no work more psychologically curious than the auto-biography of the preaching tinker of Bedford, or one which more vividly depicts the strong delusions which possess the mind when the imagination usurps the throne of reason and judgment. It is like Delilah making mock of Sampson after she had shorn him of his locks, and the Philistines had put out his eyes and bound him in chains of brass.

But to return to our theme. In a rude age, the emotions are excited by every breath which moves over the great deep of man's internal feeling; and natural sensibility is not repressed by a calm and philosophic skepticism. Men have not yet learned to reason logically or abstract carefully, and the rational faculties of the mind are duped by the enchantment of the senses. Hence the frenzy, the inspiration, the plenitude of belief which filled the eyes of the Homeridæ with tears, and caused their hair to stand on end and their heart to beat with unwonted vehemence,* while the rapt throng that gathered around them, stamped and raved alternately with rage and

* Vide Plato's *ION*;—*Ἐγὼ γὰρ ὅταν ἐλεεινόντι λέγω, δακρύων ἐμπιπλῶμαι μὲν οἱ ὀφθαλμοί, ὅταν τε φοβερόν ἢ δεινόν, ὄρθαι αἱ τρίχες ἴστανται ὑπὸ τοῦ φόβου καὶ ἡ καρδία πηδᾷ.* (Vol. III. Leip. Ed.)

defiance, or dissolved in tenderness and pity. To enjoy this "fine frenzy," requires a child-like simplicity of mind and an enthusiastic credulity, which permits the passions of our nature to be transported with an ecstasy of enjoyment. This, we are conscious, is not the enunciation of any new principle in poetical criticism; it is a doctrine at least as old as the day of Plato, and it is darkly intimated and expressly taught in many of his Dialogues—in his *Phædrus* and *Gorgias* and *Ion*; and is, moreover, sanctioned, by Horace, who, speaking of poetry, said—

"Hic error tamen et levis hæc insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige."

There is a period in the history of every people where their early native literature, if they have any, is marked by the characteristics to which we have adverted; and this similarity is found not only in the *materiel* of primitive poetry, but in its modulation likewise, so that even the same airs which are sung by the Scottish peasant on the banks of Ayr or bonnie Doon, exist among the village children of India, and are chaunted by the Bengalese boatman as his bark floats down the Jumna or the sacred Ganges.* Of the same nature was the provençal poetry which prevailed at a time, over a great part of Europe, essentially modified, however, by the spirit of chivalry and the Christian religion. The poetry of the beautiful language of Oc, was that true poetry of feeling which is the effervescence thrown off from the agitated surface of society—a poetry which found a response in the bosom of the Andalusian peasant and Richard of the Lion Heart. What ulterior form it might have assumed, had the peaceful glens of Languedoc never been visited by the fire and sword of Simon de Montfort, it is impossible to tell. Sudden in its rise, universal in its prevalence, and instantaneous in its extinction, it resembles the profuse vegetation of an arctic summer, which bursts forth as soon as the ice and snow have passed away, covering the hill-side and plain with its verdure, but destined prematurely to wither and die beneath the blasts of returning winter.

Fortunately for the Greeks, fortunately for all mankind, their genius, so peculiarly adapted to the production of that

* "The common people are all fond of singing, and some of the airs which I used to hear from the boatmen and the children in the villages, reminded me of the Scotch melodies. I heard more than once 'My Boy Tammy,' and 'Here's a health to those far away,' during these twilight walks after my boat was moored, which wanted only society to make them delightful." (Bishop Heber's India.)

objective poetry which deals not in dry and impalpable abstractions, found interpreters in Hesiod and Homer. We can not here pause to discuss whether the Homeric poems were originally composed by a number of wandering minstrels and sung by them throughout Greece, in detached and broken descants, or were poured out from the exhaustless fancy of a blind old bard. Whether we choose to believe in a thousand Homers or in a single one—the thousand-souled—*Ὅμηρος μυριάδων*—our conception of Grecian genius must be the same. What particularly strikes the admiration of the reader, in these unrivalled ballads, is the wondrousness of the knowledge which they display, so that we can almost believe with Cornutus, the Stoic, that it pleased the heavenly deities, under the veil of fables and in the pleasing guise of poetry to give mankind all knowledge—logic, rhetoric, philosophy, and art. Besides the pleasure which their intrinsic beauties must ever impart, they are invaluable historically, as evidences of the social condition and every-day life of Greeks. One of the most distinguishing traits of Grecian genius observable in its primitive poetry is the purity of taste which never indulges in exaggerated description. There is a minuteness of detail, it is true, which savors of redundance, but the whole is told with such a simple and unaffected air, that it resembles not the tedious garrulity of drivelling dotage, but rather the pleasing repetitions of lisping infancy, rejoicing in its newly-acquired faculty of speech. The early Greek poets tell every thing because nothing had been told before them.

To the same purity and propriety of their taste is to be attributed the grace and elegance of all their mythological creations. There is something exceedingly characteristic in the early religion of all nations—in the graceful mythology of the Greeks, the genie superstition of the Orientals and the demonology of the North. Far different from the light and airy forms of the nymphs and naiads with which the Greeks peopled every wood and water-course, were the sombre phantoms which haunted the sons of Odin—giants clothed with spell-wrought armor, dragons keeping sleepless watch over hidden treasure, wailing ghosts that sighed upon the night winds, vagrant shadows gliding over the smooth surfaces of glassy lakes. While the peaks of Parnassus and the fountain of Castalia are invested with a charm as the fabled retreat of Apollo and the Muses, the genii and fairies have failed to impart this character of divinity to the enchanted gardens of Aladdin on the golden waters of Parisade. But beautiful and

even sublime as are some of the mythic fables of the Greeks, it is not to what in the technical language of criticism is called the *machinery* of the poems, that the modern reader turns with the greatest delight. For us, Jupiter and the Immortals holding high debate over the fall of Troy, or mingling with the contending hosts about its gates, possess inferior attractions to those which draw us towards the human characters that are revealed before us as our fellow-men. It was objected to Homer, by Longinus, that he had made the men of the Iliad gods, and his gods men; and it is often unquestionably a great relief to turn from Olympus with its dissensions and intrigues to the human agents that acted their parts around the Scæan gate and on the walls of Troy. Among them we behold the imperious Agamemnon with his stately and sustained elevation; Achilles, the wrathful, the inexorable, who comes to the "banquet of death," doomed by the fates to return no more to his native land; Nestor, whose speech flowed sweeter than honey; the craven Paris flying from before the face of injured Menelaus; Hector, laying aside his helmet that its waving crest may not frighten his boy; Andromache fainting at the sight of Hector borne to the chariot of his conqueror and trailing in the dust; Priam borne down by the weight of years and a heavier load of sorrow, going forth to crave the body of his son, kneeling at the feet of Achilles, and "kissing those hands, the blood-stained, the murderous;" Helen lamenting over the corpse of Paris, "the fond and gentle-hearted," charming us, by her loveliness and tears of sorrow, into a forgetfulness of her frailty.

In turning from the Greeks of the Homeric age to the early Romans, we discover at once we have passed to another and a far different race of men—a race distinguished only for a rude and rustic simplicity in peace, and an invincible ferocity in war. Composed of a heterogeneous mixture of all kindreds and nations and tongues, they were nevertheless united in devotion to their *Agreste Latium*, and bent all their energies to its aggrandizement. They had founded and reared a city which was destined to become the mistress of the world and be pre-eminent in arms, as Athens had been in literature and art; and had organized a system of government, which, in after-times, their generals and pro-consuls spread over the known world, and all before their spoken language had received any definite form or stability from literary composition, and while it was so constantly fluctuating, that the men of one generation could not, without the greatest difficulty, decipher the treaties, records and other columnar inscriptions of the preceding. We have no knowledge of any other people arriving at so great a de-

gree of grandeur and power in a state of such rude civilization and barbarian ignorance. There seems to have been among them a complete and universal predominance of the physical over the mental; it was enlargement of territory and dominion, not of mind, that was their chief object of national concern. It is true they had their heroic songs; that they borrowed from Etruria its Attelane farces, and imported from the same country the Fescennino verses with its *ballet* and railery; that the *Fratres Arvales* chaunted rude hymns to the gods; but we look in vain for that higher order of primitive poetry which is to be distinguished from the *refrains* of soldiers at a military ovation, or the praises of departed heroes celebrated by the guests around a festive board.* It has been conjectured in modern times, and with the greatest plausibility, that the ballad poetry of the Romans still lives in the fabulous legends of their early history; and Niebuhr, whose incredulity upon some subjects often led him into the greatest credulity with regard to others, conceived that there must have been extant at one time, in Rome, a grand and complete epic poem, commencing (for so he thought it should) with the inauguration of Tarquinius Priscus, and ending with the battle of Lake Regillus. Though we can hardly bring ourselves to believe in the existence of this magnificent epopee, we have not the least hesitation in believing with Schlegel that the fugitive ballads and popular songs which incontestably appeared in the early days of Rome, have been transmuted into history or incorporated with it; that the fabulous birth of Romulus, the rape of the Sabine women, the most poetical combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, the pride of Tarquin, the misfortunes and death of Lucretia, and the establishment of liberty by the elder Brutus—the wonderful war of Porsenna, the steadfastness of Scævola, the banishment of Coriolanus, the war which he kindled against his country, the subsequent struggle of his feelings and the final triumph of his patriotism at the all-powerful intercession of a mother; that these and the like circumstances, if they be examined from the proper point of view, can not fail to be considered as relics and fragments of the ancient heroic traditions and heroic poems of the Romans: but the poems themselves have perished for ever; Cicero even in his day asked, “*Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt?*”

“Quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant,
Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superaret,
Nec dicti studiosus erat.”

Cicero in *Bruto*, cap. xviii.

* Vide Cicero's *Brutus*, chap. xix.

With these old ballads perished Roman literature, if compositions so rude deserve such a name.* That which is known to us as the literature of the Latins is a recension of the Greek—a Græco-Roman literature, of which almost the only thing Roman is the language. It dates back to Ennius as its *Alter Homerus*; so powerful and lasting was the influence of whom upon the Romans that they were termed by Quintilian, an Ennian people—*populus Ennianus*. It was from the conquest of the Greek colonies, planted in Italy along the ancient Calabrian coast, that Rome derived her first knowledge of any productions superior to the rugged lays in honor of her heroes and

* One would imagine from Niebuhr's positive and dogmatic manner, that these lays formed a part of the extant literature of Rome, and that he was as familiar with it as we are with the odes of Horace. We extract from his history as follows: "The poems, out of which we cull the history of the Roman kings, were resolved into a prose narrative, consisted partly of such as are detached and without any necessary connection. The history of Romulus is an epopee by itself. On Numa there can have been only short lays. Tullus, the story of the Horatii and of the destruction of Alba, form an epic whole, like the poem on Romulus; indeed, here Livy has preserved a fragment of the poem entire in the old Roman verse. On the other hand, what is related of Ancus has not a touch of poetic coloring. But afterwards, with Tarquinius Priscus, begins a great poem which ends with the battle of Regillus. Knowing nothing of the unity which characterizes the most perfect of Greek poems, it divides itself into sections answering to the *adventures* in the lay of the Niebelungen." We believe it is Vockerodt, who speaks of the literary societies that existed before the flood; Niebuhr is the very man to inform us what specific subjects were canvassed by those antediluvian Pickwickians, Mahabel, Methuselah, and Lamech. Had he lived at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, he doubtless could have "made known to the king his dream and the interpretation thereof," as well as Daniel.

Livy, it seems, has invented in his history a "fragment of a poem entire in the old Roman verse." If to possess the scansion of Saturnian verse be proof of a ballad original, we can furnish another "fragment" in that *section* of the last-mentioned epopee, which rehearses the wrongs of Lucretia:

"Tace, Lucretia, inquit, Sextus Tarquinius sum,
Ferrum in manu est, moriere si miseris vocem,"

is an extract from Livy, divided almost exactly into the Saturnian measure. But this alone to our mind proves nothing. We have somewhere seen the following sentence from "Robinson Crusoe" reduced to measure, and which may lead some future Niebuhr to argue most learnedly that De Foe, instead of writing a novel, was the author of a strange species of drama, of which the following is a *strophe*:

"As I was rummaging about her,	Iambicus dimeter hypercatalectus.
I found several	Dochmaicus.
Things that I wanted;	Dactylicus dimeter.
A fire-shovel and tongs,	Dochmaicus ex epitrito quarto et syllaba.
Two brass kettles,	Dochmaicus.
A pot to make chocolate,	Periodus brachycatalectus.
Some horns of fine glazed powder,	Euripideus.
A grid-iron and seve-	Dactylica peuthimimeria.
Ral other necessaries."	Basis anapastica cum syllaba.

demigods. How long she would have remained without inventing a native literature worthy of the name, had not captive Greece, in the words of Horace, taken captive her rude conqueror, and introduced the arts into rustic Latium, we have no means of deciding. As it was, her invention was forestalled, and her intellectual eye, instead of being aided to explore "untrodden heights," was dazzled by the excess of light which Grecian genius shed around it; but probably it was better even so, for that eye might have remained for ever closed had it not been couched by Greece. The original poetry of Rome—the ballads which rehearsed the valor of Herminius, the mournful fate of Virginia, the heroic self-devotion of Curtius, was suffered to sink into oblivion; while the senator and plebeian flocked to the theater on Mount Aventine to applaud a homely version of Antiopa by Livius, or the Medea of Ennius. To the Camœnæ of Latium succeeded the Muses of Greece, and the loose numbers of the Saturnian measure gave place to the majestic flow of the hexameter.

The Romans, however, are not the only people who have been taken captive by the refinement and art of their enemies. The Arabians, after having almost extinguished literature and science by the devastating conquests of a rude and fanatic soldiery in the seventh century, were converted during the eighth into the almost sole cultivators of letters: the same people which had ravaged Egypt and swept over the land of the Magi and Chaldee, and laid waste the smiling plains of Asia Minor during one century, in the next, under Haroun al Raschid and Al-Mamoum, literally ransacked these countries in search of books and parchment and works of art, so that hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdat, laden with the intellectual treasures of the very nations they had depopulated, and whose libraries they had burnt. The Tyrtæan strains of the Cambrian harpers—the lays of "high-born Hoel and the soft Llewellyn," were chaunted by the courtiers in the royal halls of the "ruthless king" Edward. The *gaya sciencia* of the Spanish cavaliers was derived from the hostile knights of refined Grenada, and at no time did the literature of the Moors acquire a greater ascendance over the mind of Spain than when the Catholic banner of the cross was hung out from the watch-tower of the Alhambra along with the crescent flag of the Moslems.

Such then, as we have stated, was the origin of literature among the Romans, and, as its institution was due to acknowledged plagiarism and the most slavish imitation, so also

its subsequent amplification was effected by the depredations they committed upon the literary wealth, the poetry, eloquence, and philosophy of their refined and polished neighbors of elder Greece. The spirit of conquest, which had so long tended to retard their progress in civilization and refinement, no longer clogged but guided and accelerated their steps; and the day which witnessed the overthrow of the Achæan league and the subjection of Greece under a Roman pro-consul, signalized her intellectual supremacy over the minds of the rude conquerors, whom, then as afterwards, in the palmiest days of their glory, she regarded as little better than barbarians. Between the inception, therefore, of Greek and Roman literature, there was the widest difference: the one was the bold sally of original and inventive genius, essaying an untried excursion; the other an entrance upon a road, which had been already opened, the hills graded, the valleys filled up, and every obstruction removed. The Greeks delighted to follow nature, and ever kept their eye with admiring reverence upon all that was fair and beautiful and good: the Romans followed the Greeks—afar off, and kept their eye upon the finger-boards which they had erected. Having thus imperfectly noticed the rising dawn of literature in Greece and Rome, we will presently proceed to a consideration of the respective periods in the history of the two nations at which it attained its highest splendor—the ages of Pericles and Augustus.

In all antiquity there are probably no two eras more interesting or illustrious than the administration of Pericles in Athens and the rule of Augustus in the imperial city of the world. The former seems to have been the great embodiment of Grecian art and genius: the latter seated upon the throne of universal dominion, swayed a sceptre which Virgil and Horace loved to wrap with sprays of bay and myrtle. There are probably no two names in the annals of biography, which awaken in the mind of the classical scholar so many pleasing reminiscences, and around which gather so many associations of our school-boy novitiate: types of whatever is great and glorious in Greek and Roman story, they act like the magic incantation of some charmed word of Arabian fable, at whose utterance the portals of memory fly open, revealing a thousand cherished recollections of our childhood, the familiar school-room, the loved class-mates, the revered preceptor, the well-thumbed lexicon, the soiled Xenophon, and the dog-eared Horace. They are bright particular stars, each constituting the nucleus of a constellation of luminaries, from which shall issue

rays of light and glory to the remotest times and generations. It has been the rare province of a few choice and imperial spirits, to stamp upon their own and all after-time the indelible impress of their genius and memorial of their fame. In the history of our race, there have been a very few, who nobly emancipating themselves from the shackles of ignorance and superstition, have risen superior to those three often passive yet ever potent agencies—time, place, and circumstance: a very few, who, like Homer looming up amidst the faint gray light that precedes the dawn of civilization, have scattered “the rear of darkness,” and projected the gigantic shadow of their fame far beyond the narrow precincts of a single land or age:

“A shadow which shall grow
As down the heaven of time the sun descends,
And o’er the world shall throw
Its image, till it sinks where blends
Time’s dim horizon with eternity.”

But small, very small is the number of those whom Heaven has dispatched on a mission so glorious or intrusted with so proud a prerogative. In giving expression to the “lively oracles” of genius, or in working out the deep counsels of Omnipotence, providence resorts in the order of nature to a different process. So far from having ordained that an age or nation should be like clay in the hands of a potter, He has, imbued them with a plastic power by which to mould, and a spirit with which to inform those who are to be their types and representatives. In the moral world, it is by the gradual infusion and slow percolation of great truths, that the whole “age and body of the time” is permeated, and the vast heart of society quickened into newness of life. Great changes in the political and mental, as in the physical world, do not take place *per saltum*, nor do they always come with observation; their progress is not like the mighty rushing tide of Fundy, but steady and imperceptible as the setting in of the waters upon the wide sea-shore, where wave succeeds wave until the whole sea is heaved up. The reconstruction of society upon new foundations, the institution of new systems of religion and forms of government, the refinement of literature and art are not brought at once into full existence, like the castles of fairies beneath the wand of enchantment, but rather like that structure of the wise man of Israel, upon the holy mount, where though there was heard no sound of axe, or hammer, or any

tool, a temple arose such as the world had never seen "gar-
nished with precious stones for beauty, and overlaid with gold
of Parvaim." The body politic is something more than a mere
passive automaton to be moved by the wire-works and whis-
tled through by the ventriloquism of jugglers and magicians.
Humanity ever true to the "tune of the times," sometimes
speaks in a still small voice, and sometimes, to use the majestic
diction of Milton, "in a seven-fold chorus of harping sympho-
nies." It is not an organ, upon which a few master-performers
can sound what stops they please; but resembles rather the
Æolian lyre, which sends forth notes, now high, now low, as
its chords are swept by the rushing tempest, or lightly touched
by the finger of the dying zephyr.

Great genius has been evinced, not only by those whose

"Soul was like a star and dwelt apart;"

whose "golden urns" drew streams of light denied to others;
but also by that power, which, like the converging specu-
lum, condenses and brings to a focus the light common to all.
It is not by the erratic flight of genius that would "pluck
bright honor from the pale-faced moon," that the man of his
age is known; but rather by the calm and equable progress,
which enables him, while following the direction of his age, to
outstrip it in its course: all are tending towards a common
goal; but it is for the few stout hearts and master spirits, who
reach it in advance of their fellows that we reserve the crown
and laurel. The formative influence which time and place
exert upon human character is forcibly illustrated in the lives
and histories of Pericles and Augustus: they seem to have
been at once the creatures and creators of their age, and doubt-
less the true exposition of the relation that subsisted between
them and their times, is that of a mutual action and reaction.
Of Pericles, this is eminently the fact. It has been truly re-
marked by Bulwer, in one of his productions, that the life of
this surprising man is rather illustrated by the general light of
the times than by the blaze of his own genius; no relics, save
a few bold expressions, remain of that eloquence which awed
and soothed, excited or restrained the most difficult audience
in the world. It is partly by analyzing the works of his
cotemporaries, partly by noting the rise of the whole people,
and partly by bringing together and moulding into a whole the
scattered masses of his ambitious and thoughtful policy that
we alone can gauge and measure the proportions of this master

spirit of his time. The age of Pericles is the sole historian of Pericles. Augustus, too, stands out in bold relief as the great representative of Roman sovereignty and munificent patron of that literature, which has shed such a halo of glory around his name. He is the exponent of that most interesting period of the history of Rome when the arts of peace had superseded those of war and the people which had so long tossed to and fro in the agitations of civil conflicts, sank to repose upon the silken couch of an easy despotism. The armies which had conquered the world were disbanded, and the men who had passed their lives in the camp, and cherished the eagles of the legions as their domestic gods, retired to the tranquil pursuits of husbandry and the peaceful enjoyment of their *lar et fundus*. To the race of stern republicans—Brutus, and Cato, and never-smiling Cassius—had succeeded Mæcenæ, and Horace, and Anthony—a race of courtiers, poets, and voluptuaries.

In contemplating the Grecian of the Periclean, and the Roman of the Augustan age, it will be seen that a great change had been wrought in the national mind of either country—a change that is gradually superinduced in the history of every national literature, which has been carried to a high degree of cultivation and refinement. During these two several periods, the Greek and Roman character received its fullest and fairest development, and the star of their glory and literature reached its culminating point, and soon began to decline towards its setting. The earlier authors of a country excel in the native and original powers of a creative genius; but have not learned to discriminate between that which pleases by being intrinsically beautiful and true to nature, from that which charms by its novelty alone or some conventional and accidental association, and hence invariably mingle much that is trivial, common-place, and superfluous with their descriptions; the early poetry of a rude age has its own peculiar *conceits*, as well as that which is the offspring of a deteriorated and corrupted taste; but, in the one case, they spring from ignorance, as the conceits of Ennius or Chaucer; in the other, from affectation, as those of Claudian and Cowley. It is reserved for a taste, chastised and refined by experience and cultivation, to separate and exemplify those genuine and substantive principles of beauty to which it is attracted by a kind of elective affinity, while it revolts from the offensive and incongruous circumstances with which they were originally combined. It is to a certain extent with literature as with the fine arts: the first painters may design with all the boldness of Michael

Angelo or Raphael, but can not color with the softness of Titian or the grace of Correggio; it remains for the artists of another age to achieve the felicities of tint, tone, and chiaro-oscuro, to retrench all superfluous concomitants that mar the simplicity of nature, and thus give form and expression to those living principles of beauty which are not dependent upon custom or fashion, but have a foundation deep-seated in human consciousness. There alone it is, that forms majestic like the Olympian Jove of Phidias, as lovely as "Anadyomene" of Apelles, where she seemed to rise from the bosom of the sea, can spring into life beneath the chisel of the sculptor and pencil of the painter. But this period is of short duration; the mind of man, "various and studious of change," becoming sated with uniformity, though it be the uniformity which arises from the perfection of art, turns away from the longer contemplation of unadorned nature, and forms redolent of "uncreated beauty" come to pall upon the taste; so that art having reached the limit of ideal excellence, beyond which it can not pass, proceeds to diversify and variegate its creations with garish and adscititious ornament, which, like a quaint and affected mannerism or gaudy coloring in literature, serves only to mark the deterioration of taste and declension of genius.

What the age of Raphael, Angelo, and Corregio was to Italian art, the age of Pericles and Octavius was to the literature respectively of Greece and Rome. Under the administration of the former, Grecian genius reached its grand climacteric, while the literature of Rome underwent a transformation during the reign of the latter similar to that of the city itself, which the emperor boasted at his death he had found composed of brick, but left marble. It would be particularly interesting to dwell upon the gradual transition of the Grecian mind from its comparative rudeness to the height of its ultimate refinement; it would be interesting to depict the era of the old Pelasgi, with its semi-barbarism relieved by the amenity of pastoral life, and its twilight of fable broken by faint streaks of the approaching light of a brighter day; it would be interesting to mark the breaking clouds as they melted away from the sky at the ruddy dawn of the heroic age; its effulgence, like the light of a painted medium, colored with hues of a wild romance, which reveals itself in the mournful story of Theseus. In such a retrospective review, the age of Solon would strike our attention as one of the salient points of Grecian history, an age in which the Athenian people received at the hands of the "Great Archon" an organic law, which, by its adaptation

to their national character and social condition, evinced the consummate sagacity and profound statesmanship of its author. After this period, events of stirring interest would begin to thicken upon us—the overthrow of the commonwealth of Solon, the usurpation and splendid despotism of the Pisistratidæ, the daring attempt of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the fall of Hipparchus, and the final expulsion of Hippius. And then we would arrive at the period of the Persian invasion, a period replete with events of momentous import to the civil, political, and intellectual progress of the Grecian and the whole human race. The vicissitudes of prosperous and adverse fortune are crowded into such a short space of time, and the scenes of that drama in which Miltiades and Themistocles, Aristides, and a host of kindred spirits were the actors, are shifted with a startling rapidity that resembles more the wild extravagancy of a troubled dream than the authentic rehearsal of history. The bloody plain of Marathon, the pass of Thermopylæ, Athens deserted, and her temples, palaces, and towers laid in the dust, the shores of Salamis, the stricken field of Platea, and the promontory of Mycale, all would be successively presented to our view. But this, though both interesting and instructive, would involve rather a discussion of the philosophy of Grecian history, which is not so much the object of this essay to elucidate, as to educe and exhibit a few of the original intellectual peculiarities which, combined with extrinsic influences, have impressed themselves upon the productions of Grecian genius, and which show its preëminence over the Roman.

The first and chiefest characteristic of the Greek mind, is one to which we have already alluded—its originality; and it seems to have been endowed not only with a creative faculty, which delighted to expatiate over the boundless realms of the imagination, but was instinct also with a plastic power and artistic skill to render objective the beauty which it at first apprehended as a subjective principle—a power which created and a skill which embellished the world of letters and the world of art, until their waste places were converted into royal gardens, where pleasant fruits, and trees, and flowers grew in wild yet tasteful luxuriance. The Greeks felt that they possessed a spiritual as well as a physical nature, with its own peculiar longings and appetites, but capable of higher enjoyments and a more exquisite gratification than the most refined pleasures of sense can afford. To gratify their intellectual taste, and satisfy the cravings of their mental constitution, required a

pabulum far different from that upon which all anterior nations had subsisted. The civilization of Egypt was a partial civilization of esoteric art and religion; the civilization of the Sidonian and Tyrian Phœnicians was a civilization of commercial opulence and luxury; the civilization of Babylon was a civilization of voluptuousness and physical power; but the civilization of the Greeks was a civilization of literature, philosophy, and æsthetic art. They were the first who gave adequate expression to thought and feeling, in strains of poetry and song, in the revelations of the drama, the disquisitions of moral and metaphysical speculation, the records of history, and in the disciplined arts of a popular and forensic eloquence. These are the triumphs, these the proudest conquests of Grecian genius; and in them it is, more than in that patriotic devotion to national pride, and the magnificence and power of a national confederacy, that the surpassing glory of a race consists. We look back with reverence to Greece, not so much as the land of warriors, military commanders, and civil rulers, as of poets, philosophers, and orators—as the land of Demosthenes and Plato and Homer, rather than of Lycurgus, Leonidas, and Alexander.

In the Grecian mind, moreover, there existed a pleasing amenity and sprightliness of spirit, as contradistinguished from the severity of the Romans, and that imperturbable *stoicism* of their character and feeling, which by its congeniality to their disposition seems to have been an untaught, innate philosophy. The Greeks possessed a taste and sensibility “feelingly alive” to the sensuous enjoyment of nature and art, and a delicacy of tact which enabled them to apprehend the most fugacious impressions. Labuyère himself had not a finer or more subtle perception than the Greeks have exhibited in many of the thin-spun speculations of a refining philosophy, in the minute portraiture of dramatic character, and in the artifices of rhetoric and oratory. The sensitiveness of the Grecian mind to be impressed by that which strikes the senses, is shown not only by its mere delineation of nature and of the passions, but also by the influence which their dramatic representation exerted upon the feelings of the refined populace before whom they were exhibited. The tragic poet, whose pathetic tones had drawn too freely upon their tears, and cruelly waked all the tenderest emotions of the human soul with an “ecstasy of woe,” was only rewarded by the fine which they imposed upon him for the painful agitation and deep distress he had inflicted upon them. Never did a people possess such an appreciation of the

spirit of dramatic representation, or surrender themselves more unreservedly to the wizard enchantment of that divine inspiration of genius, by which the creations of the fancy, mere figments of the brain, are imbued with the breath of life, and presented to the mind's eye as real and acting existences. The Titan chained to the rock, beneath which roll the rivers of hell; Philoctetes with his loathsome wound, sent to pine in exile on the dreary shores of Lemnos; Œdipus, blind and heart-broken, clasping with a father's tenderness the daughters whom he never more may see; Ajax bidding a reluctant adieu to the "sweet sun which never shall again receive his greeting;" Electra holding in her hands the sacred urn, that contains, as she believes, the ashes of beloved Orestes—all were to the Greeks vital realities, and sent away from the theatre in their turn, an agitated throng swaying to and fro with sympathetic emotion,

"Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess beyond the muse's painting."

Analogous to this great susceptibility of the Greeks to the illusions of dramatic representation, and equally illustrative of their fondness for the pleasures of a refined sensation, was the exquisite zest with which they entered into the most delicate and intricate delights of musical combination. Among them, music was inseparably "married to immortal verse," and those bursts of choral rapture with which the Æschylean and Sophoclean drama is replete, were accompanied with

"————— the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds,"

and chaunted in sweet and solemn breathing airs, which sometimes seemed to "take the imprisoned soul and lap it in Elysium," and sometimes, like the Doric flutes of Milton, inspired "instead of rage, deliberate valor." It is evident from the comedy of Aristophanes, that he considered the metrical and musical innovations of Euripides as exceedingly prejudicial to the taste and morals of the Athenians; and that a necessary connection subsisted between the national morals and the national music, strange and incomprehensible as it may appear to our more phlegmatic temperament of mind, is a truth which has been handed down to us by many ancient authors, and is confirmed by irrefragable facts and instances. There is extant a singular decree purporting to have issued from the

magistrates of Sparta, condemning "Timotheus of Miletus for despising the harmony of the seven-stringed lyre, poisoning the ears of the young men by increasing the number of strings, and introducing a new and effeminate species of melody." Whether we choose to regard this decree as genuine, with the learned Dr. Cleaver, or as the forgery of some old grammarian, with Professor Müller, it serves to illustrate the jealous circumspection with which the Doric communities kept watch over the integrity and simplicity of those national melodies, which were associated with all that was touching or sublime in their civil and religious celebrations. Plato, in his *Model Republic*, actually proposes to soften and subdue the natural wildness and ferocity of his citizens, by the refinements of music and the mixtures of harmony, for which some have thought fit to make him the butt of their bungling ridicule, not being able to discern the exquisite sensibility of the Greek mind to the voluptuous enjoyments of melody in its most simple strains or complicated variations.

The Roman mind, on the contrary, had none of that quickness of apprehension, that keen perception of the beautiful, or that delicacy of intellectual tact, which characterized the Grecian: and independently of the essential differences that existed between the intellectual constitution of the two nations, it is natural that the literature of Rome should have been inferior to that of Greece, from its almost total want of originality, and consequently of that freshness and living grace which is beyond the reach of art. The Romans received the literature of Greece at a time in which their intellectual character had not been sufficiently developed or matured to enable them properly to imbibe its spirit. A familiar acquaintance with foreign models, and an enthusiastic devotion to a foreign language and literature, at the period when a people are just settling down into a defined and established form of social and political organization, are always necessarily attended with mischievous consequences to their future intellectual progress. Men should not be introduced to this intimate acquaintance with the highly-finished productions of superior genius, until their own original and characteristic faculties have received a thorough development. They should be capable of duly appreciating the most approved performances without servilely imitating their exterior forms and modes of expression. Every nation has its own peculiar idiom both of thought and language, between which there subsists a mutual adaptation, that ought not to be warped by any intellectual subserviency, or violated

by the introduction of a foreign phraseology. It was finely said of Cowley, that he wore the garb of the ancients but not their clothes; it cannot be said of the Romans that they merely wore the garb of the Greeks—they actually wore their clothes—they invested themselves with the gorgeous panoply of Grecian genius, and mere pigmies though they were in comparison with the Greeks, attempted to wield their weapons of etherial temper; but, hampered in the freedom of their intellectual movement, and after staggering beneath the burden which they were ill able to sustain, they remind the poetical reader of Tasso's Erminia arrayed in the armor of Clorinda, and her delicate form bowing and trembling under its weight.

"Col durissimo acciar preme ed offende
Il delicato collo e l'aurea chioma
E la tenera man lo sendo prende
Pur troppo grave e insupportabil soma;
O con quanta fatica ella sostiene
L'inequal peso, e move lenti il passi,
Ed à la fide compagnia, s'attiene
Che per appoggio andar dinanzi fassi."

Modern Italian literature also affords an illustration of the point under consideration. Immediately after the revival of letters under Dante and his contemporaries, an exclusive devotion to the classics checked the progress of Italian literature, and precluded the exercise of the least originality. Men bathed their souls in the pure streams of ancient eloquence and poesy, but lost, for a time, all native intellectual vigor, just as those who dipped in the waters of the Salmacian fountain were said to emerge weak and impotent. During the whole of the fifteenth century, the Italians, instead of perfecting their own beautiful language, turned away from it to pay assiduous attention to the language of the ancients; their own genius was not put into requisition, but suffered to lie dormant. From Boccaccio to Politiano there was a dearth of any thing like original thought, either in poetry or prose; a dull and dreary pedantry was all that prevailed; and Sismondi truly says, "Another age was required to knead afresh the clay for the formation of a nobler race. At the close of the fifteenth century, a divine breath animated the finished statue, and it started into life."

The Romans were endowed with a genius, which, powerless to create, was capable only in its highest reaches of embellishing the forms of literary development which had been domiciliated in their midst. Virgil certainly was more than a fair

representative of the Roman mind as it was revealed during the Augustan age; yet what evidence has he afforded of even the least inventive powers? The Eclogues derive their constructions, their finest touches and most enchanting pastoral descriptions, from the Idylls of Theocritus; the Georgics, the most finished didactic poem in the Latin language, is written avowedly in imitation of the Works and Days of Hesiod, while as to the *Æneid*, Niebuhr correctly observes that Virgil himself felt a misgiving that all the foreign ornament with which he had decked that poem was not his own wealth and that this at last would be perceived by posterity; so that when death was releasing him from the fetters of civil observances, he wished to destroy what in those solemn moments he could not but view with melancholy as the ground-work of a false reputation. He who puts together elaborately and by piece-meal is aware of the chinks and crevices which varnishing and polishing conceal only from the unpractised eye, and from which the work of the master, issuing at once from the mould, is free.

The Romans, then, were inferior to the Greeks in their creative powers; and besides this inferiority of mental constitution, there were many national and extraneous causes which operated against the literary culture of the Romans, which it was our intention to have discussed. Among these we will merely instance their absorbing passion for the *physical* aggrandizement of their country—the despised and degraded condition of those who were the first cultivators of letters at Rome—who being slaves consequently rendered the profession of literature less honorable in the estimation of the patricians—the want of homogeneity in the population, arising from the incessant immigration of aliens and the enfranchisement of slaves, and the aristocratic nature of their government, which symbolizing with that of Sparta, repressed the freedom of speech that was enjoyed by the Athenians, who are the true exponents and representatives of the Grecian genius and character.

To condense and close these remarks, if we seek for an exhibition of the predominant spirit of Rome, we must transport ourselves, in imagination, to some scene of her civil and military magnificence and display—to some triumphal pageant, in which her mighty men of war, the conquerors of the world, are seen moving with “pomp and circumstance” along the Sacred Way, and bearing in solemn procession the *Spolia Opima* up to the temple of Feretrian Jove. The streets are strewn on

every side with flowers, and a thousand altars smoking with incense, send up clouds of fragrance from their consecrated shrines. At the head of that long line march a band of musicians, clashing their brazen cymbals and blowing with horn and pipe a "hoarse blare" in unison with the song of triumph; next follow with "solemn step and slow" the priests and flamines in their sacrificial robes, and, close behind, the destined victims of Jupiter—the white oxen of Clitumnus, with their gilded horns and their heads crowned with garlands and wreathed fillets; and next, accompanied by their weeping wives and children and servants, come the leaders of the captured army, spared only to grace the triumph of the conqueror; there too, are the haughty lictors, bearing the laureled *fascēs*, behind whom follow a motley host of musicians and singers, dancing like baccants, attired as Satyrs and wearing crowns of gold on their heads; and next, standing proudly eminent in his golden chariot drawn by four milk-white steeds, the conquering leader moves along, arrayed in a purple robe embroidered with gold, a crown of laurel around his brow and a laurel branch in his right hand while the left grasps the ivory sceptre, on whose top perches the spread eagle of Rome; and next come the stately consuls and grave senators, arrayed in their gorgeous vestments of purple and gold, and glittering with the insignia of office, and last, the victorious army, shouting the praises of their general or singing the battle-hymns which have so often risen above the din of conflict and the clash of arms; while on all sides the thronging populace of the "Eternal City," all clothed in their robes of white, send up to heaven the exultant shout, *Io triumphe! Io triumphe!* This is Rome in her day of pride and glory.

In turning to Greece we will avail ourselves of a picture that has already been drawn to our hand by the pencil of a master. It is the Olympic festival. To conjure up an image of that scene we would invoke the imagination of the reader to that sacred ground, decorated with the profusest triumphs of Grecian art—all Greece assembled from her continent, her colonies, her isles—war suspended—a sabbath of solemnity and rejoicing—the Spartan no longer grave—the Athenian forgetful of the forum—the high-born Thessalian—the gay Corinthian—the lively gestures of the Asiatic Ionian;—suffering the various events of various times to confound themselves in one recollection of the past, he may see every eye turned from the combatants to one majestic figure—here every lip murmuring a single name—glorious in greater fields: Olympia

itself is forgotten. Who is the spectacle of the day? Themistocles, the conqueror of Salamis, and the savior of Greece! Again the huzzas of countless thousands following the chariot-wheels of the competitors—whose name is shouted forth, the victor without a rival? It is Alcibiades, the destroyer of Athens! Turn to the temple of the Olympian god—pass the brazen gates—proceed through the columned aisles, what arrests the awe and wonder of the crowd? Seated on a throne of ebon and of ivory, of gold and gems—the olive crown on his head, in his right hand the statue of victory—in his left, wrought of all metals, the cloud-compelling sceptre—behold the colossal master-piece of Phidias, the Homeric dream embodied, the majesty of the Olympian Jove! Enter the banquet-room of the conquerors;—to whose verse, hymned in a solemn and mighty chorus, bends the listening Spartan? It is the verse of the Dorian Pindar! In that motley and glittering space (the fair Olympia, the mart of every commerce, the focus of all intellect) join the throng, earnest and breathless, gathered around that sun-burnt traveller;—now drinking in the wild account of Babylonian gardens, or of temples whose awful deity no lip may name—now, with clenched hands and glowing cheeks, tracking the march of Xerxes along exhausted rivers and over bridges that spanned the sea;—what moves, what hushes that mighty audience? It is Herodotus reading his history!

C U I D A D O !

A WOMAN's tenderness and trusting heart,
 A child's quick faith, that very soul of art—
 Vain gifts to own, but perilous to show!
 They are like jewels on the chieftain's crest,
 That signal forth his rank, but t'wards his breast
 Invite the lead they never can arrest—
 The sharp lead of the foe.

RAPE OF DEARBHORGIL.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

BY COLONEL RIDGLOW.

THE early history of Ireland is involved in great obscurity, and though the subject is tempting and at the same time romantic, yet as it would not necessarily be an introduction to this ballad, I shall for the present confine myself to the case before us. The incidents are sufficiently obscure, and the time long enough past, to make the matter a proper subject for the imagination.

The scene is laid about the year 1167, according to some historians; according to others, the event happened about the year 1150. There is, however, no dispute about the facts, although many of the collateral incidents may have been lost.

The ballad is founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by the Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by their dissensions, and of subduing them. Ireland was at this time divided into a number of petty principalities—five at least—each of which was governed by its own prince, sometimes hereditary, though more frequently gaining position by usurpation and the power of the sword; and over the whole reigned a monarch, generally elected by the chiefs of the different principalities.

It may be easily imagined that the crown did not rest very firmly on the head of any one, and that rapine, murder, and bloodshed were the order of the day. With no power to restrain and no law to punish, might became right, and the sword was king.

Such was the state of affairs in Ireland when the events occurred which form the ground-work of the ballad. O'Halloran relates the circumstances as follows: "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter of the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his

passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. MacMurchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."

The monarch, Roderick, espoused the cause of O'Ruark, and they drove MacMurchad from his dominions. He fled to England, and obtained from Henry II. letters permitting any of his subjects to engage with MacMurchad in the enterprise against Ireland. A considerable force was soon mustered, and both parties prepared to take the field. Dissensions and bribes soon weakened the Irish; and Roderick, finding himself unable to maintain the combat, surrendered. It was a long time after, however, before the conquest was considered complete, but the English had gained a foothold, and there was not patriotism enough left to expel the "ruthless invader."

While MacMurchad was in England, Dearbhorgil entered the convent of St. Bridget, at Kildare. MacMurchad died in the year 1171, four years after he had carried off the Princess of Breffni. O'Ruark was assassinated at a conference between him and Hugh De Lacy, by his own nephew, Gryffyth, in 1172.

WHAT gives to the Princess of Breffni this mood ?
 Why seeks she so often unblest solitude ?
 From morning till night on the turret she walks,
 She gazes on vacancy, vacantly talks ;
 Or sings with low voice as the day wears along,
 To calm her wrought-spirit, some snatches of song.
 O'Ruark has far on a pilgrimage gone,
 And his lady now sighs in the castle alone.

No one to console her, she pensively sees
 Birds courting their mates on the blossoming trees ;
 All nature looks gay in the flowering spring,
 The insects, bedizzened with gold, are on wing ;
 The butterfly-tribe sport from flower to flower,
 In pleasure and love pass the sunshiny hour ;
 But O'Ruark has far on a pilgrimage gone,
 And his lady now sighs in the castle alone.

'Tis sad thus to count every hour of the day,
 And then think of weeks, when one's love is away :
 When the sun in the evening sinks down in the west,
 How sweet in the arms of a dear one to rest !
 No wonder the lady so pensively roved,
 For absent was he whom she tenderly loved.
 O'Ruark had far on a pilgrimage gone,
 And Dearbhorgil now sighed in the castle alone.

Oh! does she so speedily wish his return?
For him does her eye now so languidly burn?
Is it grief that has faded the rose on her cheek?
Do watching and weeping their wild work here speak?
'Tis watching, 'tis weeping, anxiety, care,
That gives to the lady so restless an air;
For O'Ruark has far on a pilgrimage gone,
And Dearbhorgil now sighs in the castle alone.

What flushes her cheek as she looks o'er the plain?
What brightens her eye? 'Tis that cavalier train
That gaily caparisoned rides through the wood,
Which changes so quickly the fair lady's mood.
The foremost rides fleetly; his steed is well tried—
A chaperoned palfrey is led by its side.
O'Ruark has far on a pilgrimage gone,
And Dearbhorgil now sighs in the castle alone.

She waves her kerchief, the signal he knows,
And straight to the hall of the castle he goes,
Unbinds the gay palfrey, and carelessly throws
The rein on its neck, all regardless of foes;
Dismounting, he raps with the hilt of his sword,
And calls to the warder, "Ho! where is thy Lord?"
"O'Ruark has far on a pilgrimage gone,
And my Lady now sighs in the castle alone."

"Then call me thy Lady." Thus spoke the bold chief
MacMurchad of Leinster; "be prompt and be brief.
My retainers are yonder, and here is my sword."
Throughout the whole castle like fire flew the word:
"MacMurchad is waiting below at the hall—
Send hither the guardsmen, and arm, one and all;
For our Lord has afar on a pilgrimage gone,
And our Lady shall sigh in the castle alone."

The lady came not. He impatiently blew
A note on his bugle; a squire to him flew.
He flung him the reins, then strode to the hall;
The lady was ready, and waiting his call.
The guard circle round her; he reaches the door,
And two of the foremost lie stiff in their gore;
All their efforts are vain, for Dearbhorgil is gone,
And O'Ruark may sigh in his castle alone.

Oh! lightly I ween to the saddle she sprung,
On the neck of her courser the reins loosely hung;
They waved an adieu as they rode from the door—
O'Ruark shall see his young bride never more;

For swiftly in flight over hill and o'er plain
Their steeds bravely bear them; pursuit is in vain.
Their retainers are near them, for valor enrolled,
"Those who join us shall stay," says MacMurchad the bold.

And though there was arming for fight to prepare,
O'Ruark was absent! ah! would he were there;
Not then had Dearbhorgil forgotten her vows,
MacMurchad in triumph not borne off his spouse.
Throughout his dominions beloved and revered,
The brave Prince of Breffni by foemen was feared;
High feats of his prowess in arms have been told,
But little of this recked MacMurchad the bold.

Now quickly their steeds the O'Ruarks bestrode;
Some followed MacMurchad—to the monarch some rode;
And a faithful retainer soon hurried away
To relate to O'Ruark the deeds of the day,
Who from his devotions full quickly returns
To marshal his bands, and march to the Ferns;
But the spies hovering round him, his doings unfold:
"Let him come with his clan," says MacMurchad the bold.

The King sent a courier to Leinster to say
MacMurchad should answer, and not make delay;
Should give up his bride to O'Ruark again,
And make reparation most fully, in pain
Of the monarch's displeasure, who sought to restrain
The lawless, licentious, and wished to maintain
Both morals and government, pure as of old.
"I shall keep my young bride," says MacMurchad the bold.

At once to the rescue most willingly flew,
To aid brave O'Ruark, the pure and the true;
The prayers of virtue ascended for him,
And husbands and fathers with anguish looked grim;
And Roderick, the King, with his followers came;
They marched over Leinster with sword and with flame.
And now, as his army the allies enfold,
Fast flies from his country MacMurchad the bold

To Henry of England MacMurchad now hies,
While O'Ruark is watched by retainers and spies;
And Henry soon granted the succor desired,
At once with the conquest of Erin inspired.
Though the King and O'Ruark are still in the field,
And justice is theirs, in the end they must yield;
For backed by his hirelings, and flushed with his gold,
Returns to his country MacMurchad the bold.

It boots not to tell of the deeds that were done,
 How freely the blood of the patriots run ;
 At last, how dissensions their councils divide ;
 Forgotten was honor, and country, and pride :
 How the banner of green at last trailed in the dust :
 How base England triumphed, unrighteous, unjust :
 How Ireland was conquered by treason and gold,
 Dearbhorgil the frail, and MacMurchad the bold.

THE DAILY SPASM.

A NEWSPAPORIAL IDYL.

In Press :

THE MEMOIRS OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
 and his Times.

By A JOURNALIST.

THIS work gives a complete Panoramic View of Public Events and Newspaper Literature for the past thirty-five years. Its pages are characterized by a spirit of candor and justice that will command the admiration of its readers, while the views entertained with respect to the facts recorded will show that Journalism, up to the present time, has been only in a transition state in this country.

The true character of the principal subject of the work is now, for the first time, made known to the public by one who can not be charged with any bias of friendship, or for prejudice, against THE LEADING JOURNALIST OF THE UNITED STATES !

[The above advertisement called to mind an article we have had for some time lying in our drawer. As the subjects refer to the same dogma of newspaperial influence, we make ready room for the contribution of our correspondent.—Ed.]

EVERY evidence of the weight attached to the printed utterance of opinion is eagerly scrutinized by the public, and forms a peculiarly gratifying bolus to the chronic self-complacency of the editorial corps. We have, therefore, proposed to ourselves, as the thesis of this well-pondered but not ponderous essay, to consider in some of its most salient aspects the supremacy over public affairs in this Republic exercised by one solitary member of the daily press in this, the self-dubbed Empire City of the Union. *Ex uno disce omnes !*

The paper which, after much mature deliberation, we select for special notice, is called the *Daily Spasm*; and is printed, edited, and published by a gentleman of foreign birth, who has generously consecrated to our service that genius which he does not hesitate to confess he finds to be his principal ingredient. He may properly be styled the "Paul Jones" of publishers: and there were at one time certain rumors very scandalously current, to the effect that he desired to import and engraft upon the literature of his adopted country the fine feudal practice of "black mail"—so highly eulogized by Sir Walter Scott, in his Rob Roy and other similar productions.

Whether his boyish predilections really tempted him to revive, or attempt the revival of this "Border Law," as it was called; or whether the report had no foundation save in the malice of his enemies and rivals, we can not undertake to say: any correspondent having the organ of inquisitiveness very largely developed, may consult the judicial records of New-York upon this point. When he finds that the slander is unfounded, we shall be glad to hear from him. But let him write to us, in any case, the result of his researches, for otherwise the condition aforesaid might not improbably involve an eternal separation.

The Editor of the *Daily Spasm*—or, as for euphony and brevity we shall call him, the spasmodic editor—presents in his person a beautiful illustration* of the foresight with which kind Nature has adapted a special instrument to every separate end. Not only mentally but physically, as well, his organization enables and compels him to look on both sides of a subject at one and the same moment. And as there is a silver lining to every cloud, and a golden one to a great many—and as he can always see both sides, and has a singularly strong partiality for the auriferous appearance—what wonder, we ask, that he occasionally presents to the public in all the gorgeous drapery of euphuistic phrase a subject, or a fact, which, to their partial vision, has all the blackness, all the horror of an impending thunder-storm? And as, moreover, every golden cloud must have a sunless gloom upon its outer side, what wonder, we again inquire, that the same double-sighted, double-minded censor should not unfrequently attempt to darken and befoul what seems most bright and most auspicious to the single-sighted, single-minded observer? Add

* We use the term, "a beautiful illustration," after the fashion of the dissecting-room. Thus doctors tell us of a "lovely tumor," "a most perfect cancer," and a "really beautiful suppuration."

to this duplicating obliquity of vision, that his skin has the toughness and insensibility requisite to the passive part of his profession, and that his jaws, being provided with high cheek-bones, offer every desirable facility to those who would make him, *volens volens*, swallow his own libels—and we cease to wonder at the very questionable eminence these qualities have raised him to. With the hide of a rhinoceros, the vision of a squinting wolf, the swallow of a hungry anaconda, what needs he but a pair of horns to realize the dream of the apocalypse?

So much for the exterior and mere physical adaptations of the gentleman to whose genius and urbanity we dedicate this “first-rate notice.”

We have now to speak of the influence he wields, and of the policy by which he wields it. We shall likewise embellish our discourse by some recent and illustrious examples of the victories achieved by the consummate indirectness of the spasmodic chief.

And first, as to his influence: it is immense!

Immense—for he confesses it himself: his subordinates are proud of it: his correspondents exult in it: his paper-folders fall into an ecstatic trance whenever it is alluded to: and the ragged little news-boys, as with condor lungs they bellow, “*Extra Spa-a-a-sm!*” assume all the appearance and characteristics of delirious pride. His circulation, he assures us, is immense; and on each successive sheet of each edition, and in every issue, there is a spasmodic paragraph referring to the *Daily Spasm’s* “enormous influence!” Ask any of those nameless quacks who advertise mysterious cures of all unmentionable maladies; inquire of any horological astrologer or septifilial fortune-teller; ask all the humbugs of the age; ask Barnum, Rrandreth, the Bearded-Lady, Professor Holloway, or Perham, the great founder of panoramic-lotteries; ask all or any one of these what publication they consider most likely to attract the notice of the disreputable class whose patronage they respectively solicit; and can there be a doubt but that the *Daily Spasm* will be their verdict and their choice?

As for the editor; more libel suits have been brought against him, more personal assaults made upon him, more savage epithets applied to him, than ever fell before to the lot of any less-aspiring publicist; his name has become a household word throughout the length and breadth of the United States; and even the sad natives of New-Jersey, as they sit beside the Hackensack or gather clams, their only esculent, along their

wreck-strewn beach, are not unconscious of the syllables which indicate the potential man.

The influence he wields is, therefore, beyond the suspicion even of the most captious caviller. It is gigantic, inscrutable, resistless; and all by indirectness!

But to illustrate this influence, we must describe his policy; while, *vice versa*, his policy can be made comprehensible and apparent in no other mode than by reciting some of the latest samples of its success. Let our readers now sharpen their wits and prepare to follow our experienced pilotage through the tortuous sinuosities of spasmodic power.

And first we would impress on them a very evident, but by no means obvious truism. It is this: That the forces of attraction and repulsion, though essentially antagonistic, are neither equal nor of like availability. The latter, by all odds, is the most serviceable, as we hope presently to demonstrate; and likewise, that it is to his repulsion or repulsiveness the spasmodic editor applies for the accomplishment of his designs.

Repulsion proper is equal to attraction proper; but diplomatic repulsiveness, by placing itself on the side opposite to its natural position—in other words, upon the wrong side, or *behind* any object which it desires to impel forward, can accomplish all that attraction would do by drawing the said object after it in its advancing course. Thus while Greeley, Abby Folsom, and Lloyd Garrison would lure on, or attract the abolition chariot (*hearse* were the better word) to the chasm of disunion and annihilation, the *Daily Spasm*, by placing itself in the rear of the dismal vehicle, adds terror to its flight, and lends the glandered jades and broken-winded hacks who work its tottering machinery a vigor not their own. What it desires, it execrates—what it lauds, it hates.

Let it be understood at this point, that we speak of diplomatic repulsiveness when exercised by the cool judgment of the great spasmodic founder. There are times when he permits his excessive friendship to destroy a friend by its confession; times, too, when the rancor of some personal disappointment, such as that of a foreign mission, may blind him to the benefit his most atrocious calumnies confer.

For examples of diplomatic repulsiveness, we shall cite a few cases still fresh in the public mind. For the Judas-kiss with which he can kill an enemy, let the present disorder and disintegration of the Hindoo association suffice. He has established for himself a reputation most disastrous to whatever cause he advocates; and that the Constitution has survived,

not only the vindictive denunciations of its foes—for these are flea-bites—but likewise the more deadly imputation which such a friendship casts upon it, is perhaps the highest evidence that could be given of its permanent and indestructible vitality.

That the gentleman we refer to in these terms of strong but all too feeble eulogy was born a British subject is not denied; that for quarter of a century he remained among us without renouncing his original allegiance to a monarchical government, even while aspiring to influence democratic men and democratic measures, is somewhat strange; but that he should recently have been seized with admiration for the republican form, insomuch as to embrace the citizenship long open to his option, and so long contemned; this fact, we say, is one of ominous and most alarming import. While king-craft enjoyed his voluntary allegiance, no thinking man could have a question of its infamy. And as his conversion to democracy took place about the time of Mr. Henry Nykoff's dismissal from the British secret-service force, a suspicion naturally suggests itself which, until better informed, we do not care to state more openly. We can not think so meanly of Lord Palmerston.

And yet * * * * *

At any rate this thing is sure: that the *Daily Spasm*, whether actuated thereto by foreign hire or by the mere malignity of its conductor, has done, and is daily doing throughout the country, a work for which the enemies of human freedom rightly understood, might well be supposed to reimburse it—a work to make angels weep, and all the “satanic” myriads thrill joyously in their fiery lairs.

We do not now allude to the reckless mutilation by which, through his daily columns, he has reduced the tongue which Milton wrote and Patrick Henry spoke to be a barbarous billingsgate and unintelligible jargon—a mutilation which has devolved on the respected ghost of Lindley Murray the rôle of a grammatical Prometheus, with a spasmodic vulture for ever preying on his tenderest parts of speech.

We do not mention any of his minor crimes against morality, the panics he has stimulated, or the characters he has undeservedly traduced. But we allege that it shakes the very pillars of the faith with which many thousand well-disposed, ill-judging persons regard the Constitution of these States to hear the charter of true liberty admired, and praised, and fulsomely beslimed by such a man.

The men of Massachusetts knew not where to choose a

Senator; they looked around in vain, and could not fix on any candidate. But when they heard the spasmodic chief reviling, with well-simulated detestation, Mr. Henry Wilson, they began to suspect that gentleman of some occult ability, some undeveloped virtue, some talent, or political probity of which they had never hitherto had any sample. The paper piled its agonized pretenses up to an amazing height; it belched forth libels, falsehoods, sneers, and imprecations in every issue and on every page. Thus recommended to the confidence of an unwary people, what wonder Mr. Wilson was successful?

So also in New-York; the whirlwind of curses from the same quarter filled the sails which Mr. Seward set to victory; and we do firmly believe, and have the best possible evidence to convince us, that such was the deliberate design with which the assaults were made.

Again, this editor of foreign birth, whether misinterpreting his home-instructions, or actuated by the mere spirit of destruction, we can not say, allied himself to the young and, until then, victorious Hindoo association. He lapped its weak and inchoate existence in his pestiferous breath, and his embraces strangled it. The Hindoos lost caste; they became political pariahs, the shunned of all untainted parties. Their bitterest enemies were ceaseless in proclaiming that the *Spasm* applauded them, and the leprosy of such a love eat up their souls.*

But this repulsive power is one which requires a head of no common coolness to control and manage with safety. Its wielder must never drop the iron mask, nor yield even a moment's ascendancy to an emotion however strong. He must beat down those gushes of natural and tender feeling, which so constantly threaten by their effervescence the disgrace and utter ruin of a friend. His love must find utterance in libels; his gratitude in scurrilous abuse. While, on the other hand, no pang of personal indignity, no rage of disappointed lust, no frenzy of dishonored age, no fury of the world's contempt should ever wring from him to a foe the benefit and recommendation of one spasmodic curse. Like the splenetic wife of Hercules, he must send presents to his enemies and

* We hardly think Lord Palmerston would feel obliged or feel inclined to pay for such a service. As a consistent enemy to America and to human freedom, the editor in question should, very evidently, have given to the association in question the immeasurable assistance of his most determined hate. Had he done so, many a timid conscience, alarmed to find itself agreeing with him, would have joined the Hindoo ranks.

sting them unto death in the Nessus garment of his approbation. Like a rower, he must turn his back upon the haven he would make; and treat the public, as did the Irishman his pig—lay hold of it by its meanest part and feign to pull it back in the direction he desires it to advance.

As illustrations of this double danger, we may briefly allude to two particular and prominent examples. Some few months since, a gentleman whose name (as a matter of mere taste) we prefer to omit, was thought by the few who thought any thing at all about him a well-meaning, hot-headed, rather amusing specimen of the *enfants perdus* genus. His abduction of an elderly but wealthy spinster, we palliated by a comparison of her over-plus and his necessities; we called to memory the rape of the Sabines and hurried over, with as little attention as possible, the pecuniary alternative for which the prudential Romeo made offer to resign his claim. We heard that he had been employed as spy or secret emissary by some foreign and tyrannical government; but we shut our ears to the fact and resolved to remember him (if at all) only as a prompt, polite, but dangerously-speculative tea and coffee seller. Another great point in his favor was the abuse once diplomatically heaped upon him by the spasmodic chief. Alas! the gentleman had been long absent from his country; he returned, we believe, through Paris; and, on revisiting his old friend in New-York, the ecstasy of such a meeting overcame the caution of the editor and blinded him to the injury his affection would inflict: he publicly confessed his affection for the jilted diplomat, and the ex-coffee seller's reputation withers as, day by day, those pestilential puffs convulse the *Daily Spasm*.

On the other hand, a Pennsylvanian colonel, who has the happiness of enjoying to an unusually acrid degree the detestation of the editor in question, was still further fortunate enough to have roused the spasmodic ire beyond its diplomatic point. The "canny Scotchman" was, for once, too enraged either to stab with insidious praise or mould his maledictions into admiration. For six long weeks preceding the day appointed for the election of a clerkship to which this colonel not in vain aspired, the *Daily Spasm* seemed alike to have taken leave of sense and what little decency the laws against obscene publications had hitherto enforced upon it. It foamed with rage and reeled through ever-deepening sloughs of blasphemous indecency. As the natural consequence, the colonel's majority, great and certain as it was before, augmented beyond measure. The editor too late was made aware of the service his insanity had rendered.

We think we have enlarged upon this point enough. We have given the public of America a glimpse behind the scenes for which they stand indebted to us. We have stated the plain truth, as all who care to examine for themselves may find it. We have stated a conviction which has grown with our growth and to which each day adds further, ampler confirmation. We state what we do know and speak the thing we understand.

Should any captious critic object to us that the claims of General Pierce were advocated by the *Daily Spasm*, and were nevertheless successful, we answer that it is an evidence only of the good sense and sound judgment of the American people. The election of a President is a solemn act; and where their hearts and reason direct that their choice should fall, even the concurrence in that choice of the most obnoxious individual, can not sway the settled faith or shake the settled confidence of the intelligent and thoughtful mass. General Pierce was elected even although the *Daily Spasm* implored and begged that it might be so; and in despite of the superlative vituperation of such an advocacy. But now that its editor has thrown off the mask, and in his disappointed and insensate fury assailed the man whose honesty and genius even then he dreaded, and with cause; now that he openly and so ruinously advocates the interests of the rival who then had the benefit of his hostility, how much more easily do the wheels of the administration and executive revolve! What an increase of confidence is felt in both by the good and patriotic of all parties.

We have painted no imaginary portrait—no ideal head: our sketch would be inartistic if we had; for nothing but a well-known reality can justify the introduction of repulsiveness and horror into any picture. Let whoso suspects the cap of fitting him, try it on and amuse the public by its exhibition. For ourselves we are contented—should the public be so—to consider this a highly-wrought and all but speaking likeness.

PRAGMATA—*Continued.*

BY O. G. ROSENBERG.

CANTO SIXTH.

Thus, while he dug him down towards the truths
Which never change—the self-dependent laws,
In which, alike, what makes and what is made
Are rooted, and by which alone they live—
Unquickened yet, but quickening, the sixth sense,
Which is the sense of the soul—that living eye
Which looks undazzled upon God himself—
The strength that treads upon the wave and cloud,
As if it were a god itself—the faith
Which to its own use masters and compels
All things, and is a God, opened within him.
It grew—as yet a tongueless word—a thought
Without an act, a lifeless pulse and will.

It happened, here, he met a common truth—
Such all men meet, and many—a woman's heart
Just blossoming from childhood, pure and clean.
And when he met, he wondered. Not but often
He had met such before, and seen them blight
Upon the stem, or wither as they bloomed;
But with his toil, a passion for the pure
Had woken in him. Labor cleanses ever;
And all which cleanses, hungers for the clean.
Now might he see its beauty. Like a lily
Opening her virgin petals to the sky,
It stood before him. With a curious eye
He searched it—with a speculative finger,
Touched it, and called out music—heard its joy

Laugh up in bubbling whispers to his ear,
And listened to the rarer voice of sorrows,
Its fullness dreamed, from very need of grief
To balance joy and laughter. The girl's heart—
Albeit he was older—spake to his.
True things need no long knowledge, ere they speak
One to another. Even mirth and tears
May have communion. So they spake together.

She was not lovely. Neither painter's hand,
Nor poet's passion would have taken her
To bed in the rich labor of their love,
And make immortal. Yet for him she wore
A robe of dazzling loveliness—a girdle
More beauty-giving than the magic cestus
Of Aphrodite—a crown, such as those
Which star angelic brows with light divine—
The whiteness of the soul. One might not tell
Of goodness, but the crimson of her blood
Kindled on cheek and brow—a wail of woe
Brought alms from eye or hand—one gentle word
Lit all the dimpled smiles, whose laugh is love.
Yet words, which call up blushes that know more
Than she knew, were as if they were not spoken
When uttered near her. Like some weedless wave,
Her glass-clear face let see her innocence,
Unconscious of the shadow of the cloud.

Under the beauty of that gentle heart,
His own more calm and silent seriousness
Expanded into joy, as wind-harps find
Song, in the kisses of the winds. He learnt,
And loved. Her girlhood knew not what he knew;
Yet it believed in more than he believed.
Her ignorance tarried far behind his knowledge,
Yet was its innocent faith a higher wisdom.
And so they spake together. He found reasons
For that she felt, while she rejoiced to see
The meaning of her faith unrolled before her,
And looked up to his eyes. And still she told him
New feelings, which were questions to his thirst
For truth, and ever in the analysis
Of his own toil he found her, reasons still.

And sometimes was her soul, the stone, whose touch
Tested the metal of a new-found truth,

Working conviction, or detecting lies,
Which rung like gold. She had a faith in him,
Because she saw that all he did believe
Had roots of iron ; and he worshipped her,
Because he saw a more complete belief
In her, so full of blossom and of fruit.

They talked of Time, and of Eternity,
And Human Life. She could not see the whole
Of grief and woe, he saw upon an earth
Where Godhead's daily work is life and beauty.
She felt all labor should be joy, because
It ought to tend to joy. Then first he learnt,
Want of success and inward weariness,
And the disgust and anguish, are not children
Of circumstance they only seem to spring from ;
But of the man, who makes the circumstance
An impulse and an action. Then he found
The meaning of the "porch" in which the Greek
Once stripped him to the soul of worldly care,
That its own nakedness might be a mail,
Which, like the slippery limbs of well-oiled wrestlers,
Offered no spot for gripe or planted blow—
But found for better use. That soul must take
All which is human—want, and weariness,
And woe, and tears, and suffering, into it, •
Which would be mailed against them—not divorcing
From earth to strengthen, but by wedded share
In all that laughs, or weeps, or lives, or loves,
Or perishes, or withers, gaining strength.
And so, they spake together—he, confirming
Her faith—she, widening and enlarging his,
Until their souls almost became as one,
Yet separate still. Perfected unity
Is an absorption, and absorption—death.
Not in themselves can things that love, absorb,
Although their instincts, by a strange compulsion,
Tend to identity—dimming the act
Which is the promise of more perfect bliss,
With a desire, like an imperfect shadow
Projected backwards from the tomb, on earth.
And then they spake of this, and saw that each
Must have a separate path, and separate task,
Although alike, or cheering each the other—
That love, and truth, and faith, are only lovely

To toil and knowledge—toil and knowledge only
To faith, and truth, and love. And so they loved,
Because each one was lovely to the other—
Separate, yet interlaced—inwoven hearts—
The blending threads, whose varying colors paint
The web of gladness, in which each has part.

Who say, the course of true love runs not smooth,
Lie in their teeth. How, other, can it run?
What strength has earth to change or trouble truth?
There wanted not who told the girl the story
Of what he had been. She had heard it first
From his own lips, in all its guilt and sin,
Nor with one palliation; and she saw
Labor had done its need. He did not tell her
Of penitence and suffering. These may be,
And yet, not cancel error. Not by tears
Does cleansing come. There is one pool alone
Of healing—one Bethesda for the soul.
She loved him all the more, because she knew
The past was as a mighty fire, whose ash
Manured the soil, which, but for that dead past,
Might have been ever barren. There were those
Who had claims of kindred on her, bade her shun him,
As if he were a pestilence. But ever,
She bade him wait, and in her gentleness
He learnt the strength of patience. Soon or late
Patience must gather. So, it came to pass
As she had said; and their still-growing love,
Undarkened by that jealousy and doubt
Which never spring from truth, won silent favor,
Until none chid it; and the man became
In his ripe age the husband of the girl.

Such loves endure and strengthen, until Death
Perfect and merge them in the greater love
To which they ever tend. The end of toil
Is that perfecting and absorbing love.
Only reward of labor, this—the joy
Of its own working and progressing will,
Which is a fullness and delight, embracing
All that it looks on—even as the stream
Which belts the beauty of the earth with tides
That never tire of kissing—a delight
Which is all love, and only, unlike God,

In that it can not all contain the life
It fain would drink into its own large heart.
No hindrance, varying intensity—
What is more like, is nearer God himself.
So love itself, loves that it is most like.
Strength clings to truth, and truth to faith, and faith
To that which it believes, and have more love
For these, though they love all things—none the less
In love for all, that they love these the more.

And so the Pilgrim travelled ever on,
To the mute gates which open outward, ever.
And ever with him, with an equal step,
Went the companion of his pilgrimage,
The wedded wife of his body and his soul—
Younger in life, and yet as old in faith,
Sharing and cheering every step he took.
Sometime they slackened—sometime hurried pace,
As if their love sufficed them; yet, as if
Their conscience chid the very love which seemed
As if it could suffice them. So they went,
And ever as they went; they found new reasons
To feel that earth is good, and God is good,
And life is meant for labor and for growth.
Nor did she feel that he knew more than her—
Nor he, that she was feebler. His wanderings
Had been in the circle only, and led him back
To the very starting-point where she stood ready,
Bathed in the blushes of her innocence,
All wonder and belief, to take his hand—
A marvellous gazer, waiting for a guide,
More sure of foot, on the threshold of a life
Which seems to ignorance as it is to wisdom,
All joy and beauty. He, in cancelling
His past, had grown again a child in heart,
Although a man in years and strength. He placed
His palm in hers, and hand in hand, and limb
To limb, and heart with heart, alike in hope,
In faith, and love, they went upon their way.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

THE English and French reports of the present European war, while affording infinite amusement to the American reader, can not have failed to enlighten an observing public as to the reliability of any statements made by a monarchical press, in matters where the interests of their masters are in any wise concerned. At one time an English mail teems with details of an expedition, by which, if their statements are to be believed, Cronstadt is to be demolished within a few hours after the arrival of Sir Charles Napier's "splendid armada"—that "*glorious and powerful fleet of 44 vessels, 22,000 guns, 160,000 horse-power, and 22,000 seamen and marines!*"—and that the world may not hesitate to accept, as gospel truth, such gasconading assurances, we are furnished, in addition to these startling statistical statements, with long lists of terrible battleships with more terrible names—with minute accounts of an "asphyxiating bomb," intended to suffocate, smother, and utterly deprive of breath such unfortunate Russians as may escape the unerring aim of those "dreadful Minié rifles."

We have scarce time to recover from the unpleasant contemplation of such devastating implements, and to become, to a degree, reconciled to their recitals of wholesale slaughter, when our feelings are again shocked by more recent reports of the "annihilation of Sebastopol." All our preconceived notions of fortifications—all our early opinions in regard to military defenses are upset by the intelligence that, "*The colors of the allied army are now floating over Sebastopol.*" With a slight change, only to be accounted for by a difference of idiom, the same information is promulgated to the world by the declaration of the French press, that "*The capture of Sebastopol in 1854 avenges France for the defeat of Moscow in 1812.*"

This last grand achievement, alike unequalled in magnitude, in rapidity, and in its results, scarce leaves us room for further expectation. We sit down, and with mingled feelings of fear and wonder, proceed to pore over the self-congratulations of the two victorious nations, who have so generously taken charge of the cause of Christianity and civilization; and while we felicitate ourselves that their invincible legions are so many thousand miles distant, it is not, we confess, without an involuntary twinge of the nerves that we recall to mind how recently the "Great Thunderer" intimated that it would be our turn next.

When Mr. Richard Cobden told the good people of England that "*he could crumple up the Czar of Russia like a piece of brown paper*," a few incredulous persons thought that the distinguished Free-trader, in speaking so contemptuously of the Czar, had either overrated his own abilities or had undervalued the capacity of another. When Blackwood and the Edinburgh, years ago, demonstrated to their confiding readers the utterly helpless condition of the Czar and compared Russia to a bottle, the mouth of which once closed, its unfortunate inmates must, of necessity, miserably perish; there were some so obtuse as to fail to exactly comprehend the fitness of the comparison of those far-seeing British political writers. When the daily fabricators of British public opinion explained how, in the event of war, the Czar would inevitably be assassinated by some one of his notoriously disaffected subjects, many Americans, ignorant as we must confess them to be of such matters, wondered why one tyrant should incur greater risk than another by the commission of the same act. When our own good sense had begun to tell us that such an uncivilized and disaffected set of barbarians, led on by an unpopular and cruel master, could never, for any length of time, withstand the prowess of by far the bravest and most loyal of troops, an occasional intimate would betray an unwillingness to accept our dictum with his wonted unreserved confidence.

That not a shadow of doubt may remain on the mind of our most incredulous reader, and for the benefit of disbelievers in general, we have been at the pains of collating, from the most authoritative and reliable sources, detailed accounts of this last and most glorious feat of arms; and when we assure our readers that the following extracts are copied verbatim from the London "*Times*," the Paris "*Moniteur*" and the "*Constitutionnel*," we trust that a perusal may not only silence discussion as to a great historical fact, but lead, as well, to a serious consideration

of the approaching danger arising from this speedy termination of the European war—and, perhaps, incidentally suggest early action on the part of Congress in the matter of "Harbor defenses." But to our extracts.

It has been charged that British officers are generally such men as have succeeded, by dint of their relatives, in buying commissions, and have more arrogant bravery than war skill. What will their calumniators say to the following?

"On the 23d, Fort Constantine was destroyed by the Allies, and Fort Alexander was taken. On the 24th, the redoubts and forts around Sebastopol, the batteries, and the Arsenal, were in the hands of the Allies. The flag of the Allies was hoisted on the Church of St. Valdimin. Menchikoff surrendered at discretion on the 26th. The remainder of the Russian fleet is safe in the hands of the Allies."—*London Times*.

Again—

"The Russians have lost 18,000 men in killed and wounded, and 20,000 prisoners. Six ships of the line and Fort Constantine have been destroyed. Fort Constantine blew up after *five hours'* bombardment, and 10,000 Russians were buried in the ruins. Prince Menchikoff fled to Fort Alexander, where 18,000 Russians shortly after surrendered."—*London Times*.

Again, we have the assurance of the *Constitutionnel*, the *quondam* organ of M. Thiers, that "universal interest" has been provided for, Europe saved, civilization taken under special protection—and all in the name of "universal interest."

"A landing, which will reckon as one of the most wonderful feats of the age; a citadel, supposed to be impregnable, surrenders at discretion, after a few hours' resistance—all this would seem a prodigy, if it was not well known for centuries what the abilities of our generals and the impetuosity of our soldiers can do—1854 HAS HEROICALLY AVENGED 1812. It belonged to Napoleon III. to take a marked revenge on Russia for the glorious disaster which prepared the sublime downfall of Napoleon I. *And what is noble and grand in this revenge is, that it is taken in the name of a universal interest, that it saves Europe and protects civilization, that it prepares for the world a LONG FUTURE OF PEACE, CALM, AND TRANQUILLITY.*"—*Constitutionnel*.

Not only has Europe been saved and civilization been preserved, but, as we learn from the same reliable source, Russia is now effaced from the list of nations.

"The colors of the Allied army are now floating over Sebastopol. The march of the troops has been only one series of successes and victories, and a few days

have sufficed to accomplish one of the most glorious campaigns that the history of modern nations will have had to enregister. A few days have been sufficient to strike to the heart the power of RUSSIA NOW EFFACED FROM THE LIST OF NATIONS."—*Constitutionnel*.

La Presse, displaying a praiseworthy prudence in preparing for future exigencies, thus comments—

"The centre of gravity of European policy is displaced. The capture of Sebastopol is the starting-point of a new policy."

The jackass of the London *Times* kicks at what he supposes to be a dead lion :

"When the particulars of those memorable acts of war can be ascertained and related with precision—when the plan of operations of the Allied armies is unfolded to our view—when it is possible to record some of the exploits of those who in that triple army have deserved so well of their country and their allies, we shall have ample opportunities of reverting to the topics on which the ardent curiosity of the world is naturally fixed. But there is one part of this subject on which we feel no such hesitation, and are held back by no suspense. The grand political objects which first directed the attention of the Allied powers and of this nation to the enterprise against Sebastopol, may now be considered to be within our grasp; the important results which we promised ourselves from that expedition are either achieved, or upon the verge of achievement; and, as no enterprise of war was ever sent forth upon a scale of more colossal magnitude, or conducted with greater energy or more rapid success upon the scene of action, so none, we confidently believe, will deserve a more brilliant page in history, from the political consequences it is calculated to secure.

* * * * *

"But the loss of that strong fortress, on which so many millions of money and so many thousands of lives have been expended—the destruction of that fleet which has paid within ten months the penalty of Sinope—the defeat and capitulation of that army which had been assembled and intrenched to defy the united vanguard of England and France—the utter humiliation of that haughty emissary Prince Menchikoff, who may ere long return as a prisoner to Constantinople, which he quitted to threaten invasion and to give the signal of war—the discomfiture of all these over-reaching attempts, the exposure of so much falsehood, and the chastisement of so much ambition, are only, as it were, the more transient and local incidents of this just catastrophe. If we proceed to take a more general view of the effects of this stroke upon the Russian empire, they extend far beyond the defeat of an army, the loss of a province, or the failure of a campaign. For the first time since Russia has assumed a leading part in European affairs, she has found herself vigorously resisted in the prosecution of her policy by England and France, and immediately a total reverse has overthrown her schemes. The Emperor Nicholas is the first sovereign of his house who has seen the rank of his empire sensibly lowered, and an important province of his do-

minions held by foreign armies. The tricks and disguises which had thrown an air of exaggerated mystery and importance over his resources are rapidly falling away. His diplomacy, which was said to rival that of the adepts of Jesuitism itself, has grossly deceived him, from ignorance of the real spirit of Europe and fear of wounding the ears of an autocrat by the keen language of truth. His fleet has never ventured beyond the cover of his land batteries; his army has never stood its ground in any position or on any field of battle since the opening of the war, except against the feeble Turkish corps in Asia; even his fortresses, which seemed built for all time, have surrendered in a few days, and his only attempt to take a fortress from the enemy was signally defeated. What, after such a series of mischances and mistakes, remains of the political *prestige* and military renown of Russia? We are told, indeed, that the emperor has still the resources of an inaccessible territory and an indomitable will, and that he may retire behind his steppes to preserve somewhere between Moscow and Kasan the palladium of his dynasty. But is that the part of a great European power—to abandon frontiers he can not defend, and to pride himself on a gloomy endurance of evil when his own weapons are turned against him? And, if his own frontiers can be assailed and invaded with impunity, much less can he extend a protecting hand to those foreign courts which have unwisely preferred the protection of Russia to the confidence and respect of their own subjects. Those courtiers of the north have long been unable to understand, or unwilling to believe, that their idol had limbs of clay, though its face was of brass; and *they may have yet to learn that the same force which dealt this blow has others in store to do by the north of Europe what the loss of the Crimea has done by the East.* The awful rapidity, the overwhelming force, the retributive effects of this visitation seem to arm it with the terrors of a divine judgment; and these rash and blasphemous appeals to the Eternal Justice, which served to kindle and inflame this war, have not been unheard. We trust that on our parts, favored as we have been by a variety of circumstances, and by the course of events, this victory may give us not only the power but the will to exercise the authority of this nation for noble purposes, for the progress of civilization, for the defense of freedom rightly understood, and for the strengthening of those ties of faith and concord which unite us in peace to every nation, but one, throughout the earth. Allied to France by the same efforts and the same triumphs, the incidents of this war have already immeasurably increased the mutual confidence and respect of two nations which have just shown that they are the most powerful states in the world.” —*London Times.*

“It is to watch over the destinies of the *two hemispheres*”—said the Earl of Clarendon, referring to the alliance, of which he was one of the godfathers—and now, since the fate of one hemisphere has been decided, we must calmly and coolly await our fate.

“For who can turn the stream of destiny?”

HUMAN NATURE IN CHUNKS.

CHUNK No. 10.—ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE—*Continued.*

BY RICHARD DOE, B. L. E. & Q., ETC.

"Where seest horns or hoof or tail?"—*GOETHE.*

I COULD not sleep. My fancy wandered through the regions of romance. I saw in every silvery moonbeam the winged semblance of Matilda. He who, for the first time, dreams of love, beholds a paradise of senseless beauty—a cottage beside a lakelet. At first I determined to peruse no more of my epistles; but curiosity is not easily overcome by the assaults of love. Curiosity is the schoolmistress of the world. I at length broke the seal of another, beautifully stamped with a heart, when, lo! the following poetic appeal greeted mine eye. I inferred she must have been a warm admirer of the renowned poet whose modesty never ascended above "the letter H," at least the rhythm seems to breathe of "the chemisette:"

O "Alpha," let the fairest yet
That e'er loved mortal kindly, dearly,
But once to know thou'lt not forego
The hopes that flow to you sincerely!
So full, replete with loves most sweet
And tender passions is my bosom—
I sigh—I long—nor is it wrong
(At least in song) thus to disclose 'em.

— — —, 1855.

"Your Own Lucy."

A poetess for a wife! Who knows, thought I, but she may be famous in the literary world—the centre of literary attraction. I read and re-read the production; I tried in vain to sing it to some familiar air. Suddenly my mind took another

tour of conjecture: she could easily compose nursery rhymes—fond lullabies—affectionate sonnets. Lucy must be the one, thought I. But—but there's Matilda, the girl with "grit" and change, domestically educated and domestically suited to me. I had heard somewhere that poets were always on the verge of starvation. But Lucy—no poetry in the name—a simple, plain, and unmistakable evidence that she is female. I can not live on couplets, thought I; nor entertain my friends generally with iambs and hexameters. She loves me—she honors me—ah! she may prove a traitor in the citadel of hearts. Letters may abound with affectionate strains, and may not in the least shadow forth the heart. Well, what can I do to render a poetical bride happy and content? No poetry in me, no harmonious breathings, no inspiration, but a cool practical man—one that looks only at facts, one that studies with a scowl on his brow, as if each new idea was painful. But a poetess may serve to awaken the beautiful in my heart—lead me away to the ideal world. It may make me popular—a poetic wife, a poetic "dear." I can easily, with such a wife, move in the "first circles," receive calls from my wife's literary friends and admirers, and in the papers read the poetical effusions of Mrs. Doe. But, then another consideration arose—should I return hastily from my labors and desire conjugal attention, do you suppose my domestic poet, busily engaged in some exalted conceptions of the beautiful, would lay aside her Pegasus to sew a button, mend a rent, darn a stocking? I am doubtful—I think not. I am fearful she would scold in dactyls—look anapaests. I fear she might sing on a high key,

Old teasing, scolding Mr. Doe,
I know nothing, sir, I know—
Go sir, go sir, go sir, go.

It would be awful in the extreme for me to be compelled to wage a domestic war against my poet-wife. I began seriously to reflect on my bold advertisement. However, once enlisted, "fight or die." Live or die, sink or swim, I'll marry.

I at last determined to call, in regular order, on each one, as I had their respective addresses. Accordingly, one pleasant July morning I took the cars for —, where bloomed and lived the captivating "Sophia." Upon inquiry, I soon found her residence, called at the door, rapped for a full half-hour, was finally ushered into the kitchen by a very delicately-constructed old maid—inquired for "Sophia," was told that was

her name—informed her that I was the identical individual who had advertised for a life-partner. “Glad to see you, sir,” said she; “guess I can make you happy—any way, I’ll try—delays are dangerous, they say.” I looked at her with an eye single to mine own glory. Silence, I thought, would be unbecoming on such an occasion. “Will you tell me your age?” “Yes, sir,” replied Sophia; “I was twenty-five the *first* day of last April. I look old now; for I’ve been sick for some time with—well, the doctors call it, *general debility*. I am so glad to see you, sir; I feel better already.” A kingdom for a clearance, thought I. Finally, I informed her, that I was down to — on business, and thought I would just call in, as I had understood that she was indisposed. Told her I wished to be excused just now, and at the first convenience would call again. Accordingly, I departed, trusting that the Lord would never grant that *first convenience*. As I bade her adieu, it struck me that she was born on a very suitable day in the year. Not exactly disheartened, nor cast down, I determined to visit “Katy.” The idea of dark eyes and raven hair was poetical to me. I soon reached her residence—was ushered into the sitting-room—inquired for Katy. Soon a tall, overgrown specimen of womanhood entered—told her my name was “Alpha,” and had come to reciprocate her polite missive of the 31st of May. “Glad to see you, sir,” said Katy; “saw the advertisement, and concluded there could be no particular harm in addressing you.” Katy’s voice was slightly cracked, or rather resembled an untuned violin. Judging from her sunken cheeks, I inferred she had seen the vicinity of thirty-five, the very anxious period in female progression. Her dress was old-maidish, and her ringlets were the result of the barber’s skill and ingenuity. Her eyes were a beautiful light blue, soft and melancholy, resembling in brilliancy an untrimmed lamp. Katy presented her qualifications as exquisitely as circumstances would allow. She said that domestic duties were hers by instinct, and that love was ever present in her bosom. She said she possessed an ear for music, but unfortunately was denied the inestimable blessing of a musical education. As for the needle, she had acquired wonderful skill—could embroider a heart, or rejuvenate ancient hose. In the mean time, I felt an anxiety to conclude the meeting, and hasten home to the shades of Bachelordom. I told Katy “dear,” that necessity (the grandmother of excuse) compelled me to take leave. She sighed, “*Oh, dear! sorry—do come again.*” I took my hat, while she manifested a desire to kiss an adieu. I reluctantly

afforded an opportunity, which she readily embraced. Such a kiss never leapt the shrine of lips before. It was peculiarly soothing—the catnip-tea of the heart. I left, remembering Lot's wife. I then set forth at railroad speed to visit Jennie, “the devotedly yours.” Ere sunset I reached her home, called at the door, inquired for “Jennie,” was told by Margaret or Biddy that *Mrs.* Jennie was sick with the measles, and that no company was received. I had scarce left before I imagined that the foul malady had seized me. I thought I was sick. I eyed my personal appearance in the mirror to see if I could see any symptoms of a “breaking out.” Measles or no measles, I was bound to call on “Matilda,” who resided but a short distance from —. I hired a “fast team,” and set forth; reached — at sunset; sought and found Matilda's residence, and soon was in the presence of your “obedient servant.” I told her I was Alpha. “Yes, sir,” said she; “couldn't get a wife without advertising, could you? Poor stick, I guess.” I told her my reputation was immaculate, and that I had neglected in my youth to effect a happy alliance. Her eye was piercing as an eagle's—her hair, as red as sunset. “Rather guess,” said Matilda, (my obedient servant,) “you can't come in here; don't like your personal appearance; you are too old—gray-haired. Now—why you look as if you were on the verge of fifty. You'd be in your grave in less than a year. I don't want to be a *widow at the altar*. I answered your silly advertisement out of curiosity. You must be green to think I'd leave my home with you—better chances every day. You needn't call again.” If I arose deliberately, it was not intentional. *I left*. If ever I swore inwardly, without violating Christian respect, it was about the period of my departure. In this instance, I unequivocally got the mitten. I didn't say good-by, nor did she whisper an “adieu.” I never “sighed Matilda” again, nor did I ever hear the word “curiosity” without having my passion aroused. It struck me she could ply the broomstick with more efficiency than she could the piano. “*Sour grapes*.” The anger of a bachelor once aroused, knows no restraint. I perfectly detested everything in the shape of black eyes, ringlets, and rosy cheeks—felt that total destruction could alone afford a balm. I was not long in getting my steed to his destination. In my journey, I saw nothing but scowls. The very zephyrs seemed to whisper, “You can't come in;” the very rivulets seemed to chant that melancholy allusion, “*Poor stick!*” The stars, wandering o'er the blue meads, attired in their sheeny robes, seemed to laugh at my

misfortunes. I will not be thus thwarted in my purposes, I declared. I will make one more effort; and then if I fail, I will retire to the lone haunts of bachelorism, and there pine away and die. I will see the poetess, the sylph-like Lucy. I inwardly declared, happiness and domestic felicity may yet be mine. I yet may become the companion of beauty, the solace of some loving heart.

After a good night's repose I determined, despite the coldness of Matilda's reception, to enjoy a few felicitous moments with the companion of the muses. After a few hours' ride I reached the residence of the poetess. Upon making inquiry for "Lucy," I was pointed to a neat cottage at the base of a hill. Thither I repaired with becoming alacrity. I pulled long and loud at the bell, and soon was ushered into the parlor. I inquired of the servant for Miss Lucy; was told that she would be "down" in a moment. My knees began to tremble; my heart palpitated; my cheeks seemed flushed with feverish excitement. How shall I appear, I thought to myself, in the presence of a renowned poetess? She may ask me to repeat some favorite song. I know none, without it may be some effusion of Watts, or that little simple, metrical oration, "You'd scarce expect one of my age." I heard footsteps; she's coming, I thought; I brushed my hair, looked at my boots, twitched my vest, straightened out my galvanized chain, put on a smile, and ate a clove or two. She entered; I arose, and bowed very politely. She returned the compliment. I told her that my name was Doe, Richard Doe, of —, and that I was the identical "Alpha" that advertised for a wife. "Oh! Mr. Doe," said she, without the sign of a blush on her cheek, "you afford me the most exquisite felicity in meeting you. I read your advertisement with much pleasure. I felt that you were a gentleman, one that moved in the highest circles." I told her I did. With a sharp glance of her keen, piercing eye, "Sir," continued she, "with whom of the literati are you personally acquainted?" I pondered a moment in unspeakable agony. "Well," I answered, "Dr. Watts, and—and—" "Oh! dear," said Lucy; "Dr. Watts. Well, you are, indeed, a favored one. You need not name another. Are you fond of poetry?" "Very much so," I replied. "You may write poetry, perhaps?" continued she. "Y-e-s—I—I do, sometimes." "Have you any of your productions with you?" queried she. At this point I began to think that it was about time for me to beat a retreat; but I must answer. "I think I have," I replied. "Afford me the pleasure of hearing it read,

if you please," said she. Now, by-the-by, I had a little production of my own, that I had spent days in effecting. So I opened my pocket-book, and pulled it out. I read it to her. It was this:

I walked out one pleasant night,
The moon was very high;
And every star shone very bright,
And I was very dry.

"*Very* pretty, indeed," said Lucy. "You will undoubtedly make a poet—but allow me, dear sir, to inquire, when you were '*very dry*,' did you drink?" I thought that was rather insulting at first, but I had read somewhere that geniuses were very eccentric. I answered plainly that I did. I thought she would think it strange if I did not ask her to read some of her own compositions; so I put on a smile, and made the request. "Oh! certainly I will," she replied; and out she went in hot haste, but soon returned with an armful of her productions. She glanced hastily over her "pile," and produced one. Said she, "I don't know how you will like this; it is not as good as some of my efforts—was written more hastily—with less care." I told her to make no excuses; that I had no doubt they were all first-rate—tip-top—not to be beat. "Well," said she, "your judgment, I fear, will embarrass me. Now, don't criticize; don't laugh." I promised sacredly not to say a word—not to smile—nor even to breathe a word in relation to it. Lucy began—she did not read, but sang. Alas! for me—unfortunate mortal.

Heigh ho! my verdant beau,
The fair can only win;
Before you go,
You'll surely know,
You can't—you can't come in.
Heigh ho!

Heigh ho! good Richard Doe,
You can't smile, but to grin,
And you will find
Well to your mind,
You can't—you can't come in.
Heigh ho!

Heigh ho! my foolish beau,
Too old are you to win;
You've been too gray
This many a day—
You can't—you can't come in.
Heigh ho!

Heigh ho! poor Dickey Doe—
As ugly you as sin—
You'll never sip
My ruby lip—
You can't—you can't come in.
Heigh ho!

Immediately I demanded an apology. "Oh! Mr. Doe, you did not 'take,' did you?" said she, with a peculiarly knowing smile. "I did," I replied. "Well, sir, I am gratified if you can comprehend a *hint*. You know more than I thought you did. Did you, sir, suppose that I could love such a toothless, sunken-cheeked specimen of humanity? You—*you*, the acquaintance of Dr. Watts! If I married you, it would be simply for the purpose of having a subject for comedy constantly at hand. You have but one idea about you, and that is in a fainting condition, and will soon die for the want of associations. You would have no need of me; you write *p-o-e-try* yourself. *Poet Doe*, ahem! You had better write your name, after this, *Dough!*" Well, if ever a fellow felt the immediate necessity of finding his hat, that individual was myself. I found it—I left. For a full half-hour I swore savagely, fiercely, wildly, terribly, but inwardly. I declared positively that I never would read a line of poetry again, and that I never would speak to a woman again, but would ever "*use my influence against them.*" That confounded "Heigh-ho!" rang in my ears. "You can't come in," I heard in every breeze. I took the first train for home; talked very impertinently to the conductor for not getting along with more speed. I reached the New-Haven Hotel, worn down, and worn out. Mine host, who ever caters for the heart as well as for the palate, provided me with most excellent quarters; and, seemingly understanding my position, whispered in my ear: "*Love, though invisible, is invincible.*" I have not since looked at a woman; never read advertisements, and, to this day, have lived in quiet seclusion. I shall will my property to Sophia.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

BY COLONEL BIDOLON.

WHO IS VICTORIA?—Victoria is the daughter of the Duke of Kent, who was the son of George the Third; who was the grandson of George the Second; who was the son of the Princess Sophia; who was the cousin of Anne; who was the sister of William and Mary; who were daughter and son-in-law of James the Second; who was the son of James the First; who was the son of Mary; who was the granddaughter of Margaret; who was the sister of Henry the Eighth; who was the son of Henry the Seventh; who was the son of the Earl of Richmond; who was the son of Catharine, widow of Henry the Fifth; who was the son of Henry the Fourth; who was cousin of Richard the Second; who was the grandson of Edward the Third; who was the son of Edward the Second; who was the son of Henry the Third; who was the son of John; who was the son of Henry the Second; who was the son of Matilda; who was the daughter of Henry the First; who was the brother of William Rufus; who was the son of William the Conqueror; who was the bastard son of the Duke of Normandy, by a tanner's daughter, of Falaise.

If the above be correct, and there is no reasonable ground to dispute the pedigree of her majesty, we see no great reason why she or her subjects should rejoice in the immaculate blood royal. The tanner's daughter may have been quite as amiable a woman as her glorious and high-blooded descendant, the present Queen of England; but how would she and many more of her nobility turn up their aristocratic noses at the smell of a tannery, and get up a holy horror at her want of chastity! And yet, if we look back over the history of the so-called nobility of England, we shall find more wantonness among the women, and more libertinism among the men, than among the same number of any class of people in any other civilized country under the sun. These pages shall not, however, be defiled by the chronicles of any of the private histories of the dukes or duchesses, lords, counts, ladies, or maids of honor. Seeing the

source from which the main stream has sprung, we may well leave the tributaries to their natural impurities, and turn to other points.

William the Conqueror was a Norman, and his wife Matilda, of Flanders; so that England has constantly been governed by foreign blood. James IV. of Scotland married Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., and thus, in the person of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, a Stuart displaced the Plantagenets. A little Saxon blood is mixed with them, but even the Saxons are foreigners in England.

In a republican country, like ours, where worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow, it matters not at all whether our President is the son of a tanner or a judge; but where blood is considered a *sine qua non*, it seems a little out of the way to start it as the Duke of Normandy started the royal blood of England.

It is somewhat strange, too, that people who boast so much of pure nationality as our good cousin Bull, should yet live so long under what is in all respects a foreign government. Brother Jonathan at a very early period showed a most decided disinclination to such a state of things; and we have ever since been governed by native Americans, our good friends the "Know Nothings," to the contrary notwithstanding. Queen Victoria must look out and see that none of them cross the Atlantic—they are down on "foreigners."*

Where titles and position are made the cloak and screen for actions which would otherwise be a lasting disgrace, and which are overlooked, disregarded, or imitated, on account of such titles and position, then can we look to our own high standard of morals in our public men and distinguished women with national pride, and to the public opinion on such subjects with the highest confidence and respect. Would the Duchess of Cleaveland, or hundreds of others of noble blood, have been tolerated in the United States? Upon all these questions public opinion here is sound and healthy; nor is it easily corrupted. Men willing to cater to the basest passions of human nature flooded the land with books, pamphlets, agents and pictures, designed to mislead the young and infect the old—to cast loose the morals of the nation upon the tempest-tossed sea

* We fear our contributor has not done justice to "our good friends, the Know Nothings." It appears to us their antipathy to foreigners extends no further than to the Irish—the Catholic Irish. Besides, can "Cousin Bull" desire a more efficient and determined ally than the new faction? Have they not fought desperately, and with success, under the banner of philanthropy—British philanthropy?—ED.

of passion—to teach doctrines subversive of all morality and all decency, degrading man to the brutes, and inculcating views at variance with all religion, natural and revealed; but although for a short time the seed seemed to take root and show signs of a flourishing growth, yet the reaction has already commenced, and hundreds who were inveigled into subscriptions and purchases are turning with loathing from the pollution, and returning from the new lights and higher laws to the pure morality and orthodoxy of childhood.

In many things the democratic party has become the conservative party of the Union. The higher law, and abolition, has become the anti-marriage, amalgamation party, tending to the subversion of every wholesome doctrine in politics and religion. In their insane desire to outstrip the Democracy, they have become women's-rights men, foolishly supposing that anarchy means liberty, and incapable of striking the line between freedom and despotism on the one hand and lawless confusion on the other. We shall resume this subject in another paper, and in the mean time close this digression.

Who, however, is Queen Victoria, or who are any of the crowned heads and potentates of the old world, that they by a "divine right" should govern the nations and peoples who acknowledge their sway? Is she, or any of them, heaven descended? Of how much purer clay are they composed, than the millions whom, without the shadow of a right, they now govern? Could any of them at an election by the people secure a majority of their suffrages? We trow not; and if not, whence their right to rule?

If merit has raised the daughter of a French tanner to the throne of England, as it did the son of a Corsican lawyer to the throne of France, then all is right, and republican—otherwise, not.

Nevertheless, if they are willing to live under such an arrangement, we do not object. We desire only to point out to them the great truth that men are capable of self-government, and that they have the right to choose their own rulers; that they shall analyze the blood royal, and see by how much its purity exceeds that of the millions who obey its behests. Let them be just to themselves, there is then no fear of injustice to others.

Z E N O B I A .

'T was holiday in Rome. Her seven-fold hills
 Were trembling with the tread of multitudes,
 Who thronged her streets. Hushed was the busy hum
 Of labor—silent in the shops reposed
 The instruments of toil. * * *

* * * * *
 Alas! around that day's magnificence
 Has spread a web of shame. The victor's sword
 Was stained with cowardice—his dazzling fame,
 Tarnished by insult to a fallen woman.
 Returning from his conquests in the East,
 Aurelian led in his triumphant train
 Palmyra's beauteous queen, Zenobia,
 Whose chiefest crime had been the love she bore
 To her own country, and her household gods.

* * * * *
 * * Rome had passed her noon—her tyranny
 Was overgrown—an earthquake was at work
 At her foundations, and new dynasties,
 Striking their roots in ripening revolutions,
 Were soon to sway the destinies of realms.

* * *
 The East was in revolt. * * *
 Amid the fierce contention, 'mid the din
 Of war's sublime encounter, and the crash
 Of falling systems old, Palmyra's queen
 Followed her valiant spouse, Palmyra's king.
 Ever beside him in the hour of peril,
 She warded from his breast the battle's rage,
 And in the councils of the Cabinet,
 Her prudent wisdom was her husband's shield.

Domestic treason, with insidious stab,
 Snatched from Zenobia's side her warlike lord,
 And threw upon her all the anxious cares
 Of an unstable and capricious throne ;
 Yet was her genius not inadequate.

* * * * *

Under her rule Palmyra's fortunes rose
 To an unequalled altitude, and wealth
 Flowed in upon her like a boundless sea.
 Her wide dominions, stretching from the Nile
 To far Euxine and swift Euphrates' flood ;
 Her active commerce, whose expanded range
 Monopolized the trade of all the East ;
 Her stately Capitol, whose towers and domes
 Vied with proud Rome in architectural grace—
 Her own aspiring aims and high renown—
 All, breathed around the Asiatic queen
 An atmosphere of greatness, and betrayed
 Her bold ambition, and her rivalry
 With the imperial mistress of the world.

But 'tis the gaudiest flower is soonest plucked.

* * * * *

'Twas holiday in Rome. The morning sun,
 Emerging from the palace-crested hills
 Of the Campagna, poured a flood of light
 Upon the slumbering city, summoning
 Its teeming thousands to the festival.
 A playful breeze, rich-laden with perfume
 From groves of orange, gently stirred the leaves,
 And curled the ripples on the Tiber's breast,
 And o'er the flowery plain it sea-ward bore
 The rising Pæan's joyful melodies.
 Flung to the breeze, high from the swelling dome
 That crowned the Capitol, the imperial banner,
 Brodered with gold and glittering with gems,
 Unfurled its azure field ; and as it caught
 The sunbeams, and flashed down upon the throng
 That filled the Forum, there arose a shout,
 Deep as the murmur of the cataract.

* * * * *

* * Zenobia's thoughts were not at Rome.
 The billows of the mad excitement dashed

Unheeded, and broke harmless at her feet.
 Dim reminiscences of former days
 Burst like a dreamy deluge on her mind,
 Leading her backward to the buried past,
 When in the artless buoyancy of youth,
 She sat beneath Palmyra's fragrant shades,
 And wondering, gleaned the long historic page,
 Red with Rome's bloody catalogue of crime.
 Little she dreamed Palmyra's palaces
 Would e'er be scene of Roman violence.
 Little she dreamed that hers would be the lot,
 A captive queen—and led in chains, to grace
 The splendors of a Roman holiday.
 Alas! the blow she thought not of, had fallen!
 But in the wreck of her magnificence,
 With eye prophetic, she beheld the doom
 Of the proud Capitol of all the world.
 She saw the quickening symptoms of revolt
 Among the nations, and she caught their cry
 For freedom and for vengeance. * *

* * * * *

* * * * * Hark! the Goth
 Is thundering at the gate. His reckless sword
 Leaps from the scabbard, eager to avenge
 The cause of the oppressed. A thousand years,
 The sun has witnessed, in his daily course,
 The tyranny of Rome, now crushed for ever!
 The mighty mass of her usurped empire,
 By its own magnitude at last dissevered,
 Is crumbling into fragments, while the shades
 Of long-forgotten generations shriek,
 With fiendish glee, over the yawning gulf
 Of her perdition.

SIR DE LACY EVANS, "K.C.B.; C.U.R."

THIS gasconading English general—who committed the foul outrage of burning our Capitol in the war of 1814, is, we perceive, attempting to conceal his recent cowardice and skulking in the Crimea by the usual practice adopted among English officials in like circumstances—namely, causing venal scribblers to puff him in the newspapers, and getting up a testimonial to himself at home. As he has been successful in the former respect, not only in the *London Times*, but in some of the smaller fry journals here, we deem it well to present the American public with a few details of his history.

We remember a few years ago a work was projected in Paris, with the remarkably piquant title of "Generals, Noted for their Defeats;" and it was designed that the C. U. R., whose name stands at the head of this article, should figure in the first number, inasmuch as he had but a short time previously returned from his ludicrously abortive campaign in Spain, after a miserable career of boasting, falsehood, flogging, and failure, wholly unprecedented. We know not what was the result of this desirable work; but we know enough of Evans to make our readers in some degree familiar with the man.

Ireland, we regret to say, has to blush for the circumstance of this fellow's birth; but she may console herself for the disgrace by the reflection, that, ever since he entered the British service, he has systematically defamed her. Like a few other of her unworthy sons, he is ashamed of the land of his nativity, and has never omitted any opportunity of libelling her. He was born in Limerick some sixty-five years ago; and, when about eighteen or twenty years of age, he entered the British service, where he attempted raising himself into note by pursuing the avocation of a draughtsman. Being without aristocratic influence or fortune, however, he was not permitted to creep on in this humble fashion; and his personal courage having once or twice been called in question, he was at last goaded into the seemingly desperate, but often remarkably safe, course of joining a forlorn hope. Having succeeded in driving his men before him, he thus obtained a captain's commission; and the speculation was so profitable, and at the same time so secure, that we believe he actually volunteered on a second occasion, these being the

only periods of his life in which he ever exposed himself to real danger, though he has never ceased to gasconade about them ever since.

With the peace of 1815, Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, of course, was shelved ; and, for fully fifteen years, nothing was heard of him, except as a small pot-house orator in Westminster, where he attempted to raise himself into notoriety by the assumption of democratic politics. That city being then, and since, governed by a small knot of corrupt radicals, Evans was selected to contest its representation with Sir John Hobhouse, when that worthy, or the late Sir Francis Burdett, refused any longer to "stump" (or post) the money for their benefit. He succeeded, chiefly by professing his abhorrence of the custom of flogging in the army ; and his constituents must have been lost to every feeling of shame when they allowed the fellow himself to retain his seat after he had a few years subsequently carried the atrocious practice to an extent never before heard of, in the course of his wretched campaign in Spain. During the whole of the period he was in command of the unfortunate British Brigade there, the lash never ceased. From morning till night the men positively groaned under its infliction.

It need scarcely be added that the expedition thus signalized was a failure. It was, in fact, the most miserable failure on record—not even excepting that of the English in the cotton-bags of New-Orleans—an exploit in which Evans also took part, and distinguished himself by his alacrity in running away. During the campaign in Spain his cowardice was equally conspicuous. He never once exposed himself to danger, except in one action into which he was unexpectedly forced by Zumalacarreguy ; and when Cabrera shortly afterward attempted to engage him in another, the courage so "oozed out" at the extremities of our hero's fingers as to communicate a remarkable speed to his limbs. In other words, the knave actually ran away, and deserted his army in battle.

We need not remind our readers of the result of this affair. Any of them who may have chanced to visit London for several years subsequently must have been shocked by the miserable spectacle which the unhappy wretches concerned in it presented, as they dragged themselves, maimed, wounded, destitute, and in tatters, through the streets of that metropolis, the cur who had thus abandoned them meanwhile revelling in wealth—the fruits of a matrimonial speculation in a wealthy widow—and decorated by Palmerston, his secret employer, with the empty title of "Knight Companion of the Bath," to conceal his defeat.

Saving election at Westminster, nothing was heard of Evans for fully fifteen years more. During the whole of his parliamentary career, though professing to be a democrat, he has in reality been merely an unscrupulous tool of the English Whigs—occasionally professing or offering some *sham* opposition on trifling occasions, but invariably supporting them in every tyrannical measure (especially against Ireland) in their hour of need. The Irish patriots met with no more virulent traducer after their unhappy outbreak of 1848, and the continental republicans were equally insulted by him

on the occasion of the infamous *coup* of the 2d of December, by Louis Napoleon. It is well known that he even went over to Paris for the purpose of complimenting that perjured ruffian on his successful usurpation. It was this, probably, in addition to his lick-spittle service, which induced the Whigs to intrust him with his late appointment in the Crimea; and here, it is a matter of notoriety, that he signally disgraced the arms of England. On every important occasion the coward skulked in his tent when there was the slightest probability of battle; the only time in which he was ever induced to present himself being after his second in command had triumphantly repulsed an attack of the Russians at Inkermann. Evans then pompously appeared on the ground when the danger had passed and the day was won; but shame and the indignation of the troops prevented him from assuming the command, as he designed, for the purpose of monopolizing the honor.

Such is the man who signalized the commencement of his career by the atrocious attack upon our Capitol—an act unprecedented even in the annals of savage warfare—and who has appropriately concluded it by getting up a testimonial or “sword of honor” (!) for himself in the petty English-dung-hill of Folkstone, where he vegetates during the summer, and has consequently acquired influence enough over the bakers, butchers, and small tradesmen of the place to induce them to subscribe for its purchase. As in the instance of Sir Henry Smith at the battle of Aliwal, it is no secret to the initiated that the thanks of the venal Parliament of England have been voted to him solely to enable him to conceal his defeat. It is our province, however, as a distant nation, to judge of men and of matters with more impartiality. As such, we can speak with the stern voice of posterity, though we ought to beg posterity’s pardon for in any degree coupling it up with this Sir De Lacy Evans’s name at all; for if it notice or remember him in the slightest degree, it will only be in some such terms as we have appended to his name.

A F E W F A C T S

IN REGARD TO NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

THE death of Alexander, though it produced no change in the foreign policy of the Russian Empire, was the commencement of a series of domestic incidents full of the deepest interest.

After closing the diet of Warsaw, in June, 1825, the Emperor commenced a tour through his extensive dominions. In November, being on a visit to the Crimea, he was taken sick at Taganrog, a town situated on the Sea of Azof. Symptoms of Alexander's declining state of health had been apparent for some time; and a few days after he was taken ill at Taganrog, his situation began to grow critical, and he expired on the 1st of December. His physicians ascribed his decease to a bilious fever; but he himself considered his malady an erysipelas driven in upon his stomach.

The unexpected death of Alexander, in the vigor of manhood—for he was only forty-eight years of age—created much uneasiness throughout Europe. Not that the Emperor's intellect was such as to command admiration abroad; nor his policy of a nature to acquire for him the unqualified respect of the wise. Alexander was temperate and prudent, but not a great monarch. His influence in foreign affairs depended on his mighty military power, and the weight of his vast empire in the scale of nations. His principles of administration had not always been uniform, nor consistent. At one time he was the friend of peace, abounding with expressions of good-will, although maintaining the greatest standing army in the world. At another, he was disposed to favor liberal ideas and to extend the blessings of education to his subjects. But subsequently, the development of his policy, as head of the holy alliance, tended to destroy that esteem for his character which his early

misfortunes, when attacked by Napoleon, had inspired, and which his subsequent successes confirmed. Still, when he died, anxiety was felt for the consequences. Would not his death be followed by some act on the part of his successor to disturb the present course of events? was the universal question in Europe and America. But these speculations were abruptly terminated by the singular events which transpired in the capital, on the news of his decease being received there.

Alexander left no children: of course, in the order of succession, as prescribed by the testament of Paul, which was regarded as a fundamental law, the imperial crown would descend to his elder brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, who was in Warsaw at this period. Intelligence of Alexander's death was sent from Taganrog to St. Petersburg by express, and immediately communicated to the Grand Duke Nicholas, Alexander's second brother. It was generally believed that Constantine had, at the instance of Alexander, renounced his right of succession in favor of Nicholas. Nevertheless, Nicholas immediately assembled the palace guards, and after taking himself the oath of allegiance to Constantine, caused it to be administered to the guards and the prominent officers of the army. These acts were done with the advice and the approbation of the empress mother.

Scarcely had Nicholas discharged this duty, when he was apprised by the Senate, that the late Emperor had deposited in their hands, in October, 1823, a letter under his seal, with a direction upon it, in his own handwriting, to open the packet immediately on his decease, and before proceeding on any other business. This packet contained a letter of Constantine's, dated January 14th, 1822, addressed to Alexander, by virtue of which, he renounced the succession of the throne, belonging to him by right of primogeniture; and a manifesto bearing the signature of Alexander, dated August the 16th, 1823, ratifying Constantine's renunciation, and declaring Nicholas to be his successor to the empire. Documents of the same tenor had been deposited also with the directing senate and the holy synod, and in the cathedral Church of the Ascension at Moscow.

Nevertheless, Nicholas refused to abide by an abdication which, when it took place, was not proclaimed openly, and had not received the force of law, as irrevocable. Accordingly, the Senate took and subscribed the oath of allegiance to Constantine, caused him to be proclaimed by ukase; and despatched orders to every department of the empire, to have the oath administered to all the male subjects of Constantine.

Surely this reluctance to invade what he considered a moral right—this self-denial which could exercise itself even at the cost of the widest empire in the world, argues well for the character of Nicholas. Such facts are in themselves a sufficient refutation to the charges of "reckless ambition," and an "insatiate spirit of self-aggrandizement," now so lavishly bestowed upon their (once) "model Emperor" by the minions, toadies, fools, flatterers, and dupes of that empire "upon which the sun never sets."

Intelligence of Alexander's death reached Warsaw, direct from Taganrog, two days before it was known at St. Petersburg. Constantine immediately, before hearing from the capital, addressed letters to the empress mother, and to Nicholas, in which he persisted in renouncing the throne. Meantime, he continued to reside at Warsaw as a private individual, and when acquainted with the proceedings at the capital, he again wrote to Nicholas, solemnly persisting in his previous declarations, and refusing the proffered allegiance of the Russians.

Nicholas no longer hesitated to assume the imperial dignity. By a manifesto dated December the 24th, he announced the foregoing facts, annexing copies of the writings and correspondence of which we have given an abstract. On the 25th he communicated these documents to the Senate, and was immediately proclaimed Emperor. On the next day, the manifesto was published, and orders were issued to the guards to reassemble and take the oath of allegiance to the new Emperor.

These remarkable incidents could not but fill Europe with astonishment. The world hesitated to believe that both Nicholas and Constantine were so ready to relinquish their claims to the greatest empire on earth. Curiosity was busy, above all, to discover the motives of Constantine's renunciation in 1822. They who suspect duplicity in every act of a court, insist that Nicholas was insincere, and that Constantine was authoritatively compelled to abdicate in favor of his younger brother. On the other hand, if it were so, never did compulsion wear more completely the air of cheerful willingness. In his letter of abdication, Constantine says: "I do not lay claim to the spirit, the abilities, or the strength which would be required if I should ever exercise the high dignity to which I may possess a right by birth." He afterwards says: "*the circumstances of my present situation induce me still more to adopt this measure.*" These expressions furnish much color to the generally received idea that Constantine was prevailed on by Alexander to do this, in consideration of the Emperor's con-

senting to his marriage with a Polish lady of humble circumstances. But the submissiveness of temper implied in such an act for such a cause, and his disqualifying expressions concerning himself above cited, are by no means in unison with the impetuous and warlike character which Constantine had always been supposed to possess.

Notwithstanding the deliberate caution with which Nicholas proceeded previous to ascending the throne, and the reiterated acts of renunciation voluntarily executed by Constantine, so great a change in the order of succession was not effected without disturbance and bloodshed.

Opposition to the new Emperor was first exhibited by part of the regiment of Moscow, who, when required to take the oath of allegiance to Nicholas, left their barracks in martial array, proclaiming Constantine. They marched to the square of Isaac, where they were joined by one or two other corps, which increased the number of the seditious to about two thousand men. General Miloradovitch, the military governor, instantly repaired to the square, and endeavored to reclaim the mutineers; but was shot at and mortally wounded with a pistol. Nicholas also addressed the rebels himself, but in vain. At length, when night approached, the soldiers persisting in their mutiny, it was found necessary to order up the troops, who soon dispersed the rebels, and killed about two hundred of their number. Tranquillity was quickly restored; and all the rest of the troops in the city remained faithful to Nicholas.

To justify the measures of severity adopted, the new Emperor issued a proclamation. He announced that the mutineers were not actuated by any regard for Constantine. His name had been used merely as a pretext for their disorders. Their object, he affirmed, was long meditated and matured in darkness; it being no less than to cast down the throne and the laws, and overturn the empire.

A special commission was immediately instituted, consisting of the Grand Duke Michael and several high officers of state and the army, to inquire into the causes and the extent of the alleged conspiracy. Numerous arrests followed, chiefly of military officers. One of the orders led to another disturbance, more deliberate and persevering than the first. Lieutenant Colonel Mouravieff Apostol, one of the accused, attacked and wounded his colonel, who attempted to arrest him, and instigated six companies of the regiment to revolt under pretence of fidelity to Constantine. After pillaging the military chest, setting free the malefactors imprisoned at Vassilkoff, and plun-

dering the town, the insurgents marched towards Bela-Tcherkoff. They were overtaken, and all who were not killed in the engagement, laid down their arms and were taken prisoners.

Arrests continued to be made, pending the sittings of the commission, until at length their proceedings were concluded and published, when it became publicly known that a number of officers who had served in France and Germany, and imbibed some notions of liberty, but neither sound nor practicable ones, on their return to Russia, had combined with foreign and secret societies for the purpose of disseminating their principles. The parent society was called the "Union of Safety." No harmony existed among the different leaders, whose views were utterly at variance, some proposing a republic, some a constitutional monarchy; and no rational plan of operations had been concerted.

The report of the "commission on secret societies," was made May 30th, and was directly followed by the appointment of a high court, for the trial of the parties accused. After a laborious examination of all the evidence, the court convicted one hundred and twenty persons. They were classed and sentenced according to the aggravation of their respective offences; five to be drawn and quartered, and the rest to various punishments, from death down to exile and degradation.

By imperial ukase, the proceedings of the court were approved, but all the punishments commuted to less severe ones. Five persons only were executed capitally, and they simply by hanging, which took place July 25th, 1825. And thus, in the termination of the affair, Nicholas had an opportunity to exercise his clemency, which he did not fail to improve; thereby effacing the memory of scenes and incidents which threw a gloom over the commencement of his reign.

Scarcely was the tranquillity of his empire restored, when he was called to the defence of his territory, against a Mohammedan Persian invasion. A brief struggle ensued, followed by a treaty of peace, which was concluded on the 22d February, 1828. By this treaty large concessions were made to Russia. Besides large territories, Persia ceded to Russia all the waters flowing into the Caspian Sea, and a pecuniary indemnity of twenty millions of silver roubles (\$15,000) for losses and damages sustained by Russian subjects during the war.

The generous spirit and humane temper of the manifesto of the Emperor Nicholas, proclaiming the treaty of peace, is not the least glorious of the triumphs which crowned the termination of the Persian war. We now pass to scenes of deeper

interest and more momentous consequences. Immediately after his accession, the Emperor Nicholas had informed the Russian ministers at all the courts, that he should continue the general course of policy which had been established and pursued by his brother. Conferences were soon after opened at Ackerman, for the adjustment of the differences between the Russian government and the Porte; and the Duke of Wellington was sent by the British government as a special embassy to St. Petersburg, ostensibly to compliment the Emperor Nicholas upon his accession to the throne, but in substance to press upon the Russian government the importance to the general peace of Europe, of the preservation of the Russian peace with the Porte, and to come to an understanding of the terms on which the leading Christian powers of Europe should interpose in the affairs of Greece. This was settled by the protocol of 4th April, 1826, signed by the Duke of Wellington on the part of Great Britain, and Count Nesselrode for Russia.

In the meanderings of the human heart, and in the labyrinth of state policy, may be found the clue to this protocol of the 4th April, 1826, matured into the treaty of 6th July, 1827. It was an anomaly in diplomacy—a *triple alliance against one of the parties to it*,—a bargain by which, under the ostensible pretence of interposing to reestablish peace between the Ottoman Porte and the people of Greece, Great Britain and France intended to tie the hands of Russia, and thus prevent her from emancipating Greece from the thralldom of Turkish oppression. To this treaty, the ministers of the Emperor Nicholas subscribed, and thereby the sovereign of Russia suffered his hands to be bound, as the hands of Samson were bound by the Philistines, because they had discovered the secret of his strength.

The motives assigned in the preamble of the treaty of July, 1827, were the protection of commerce, the pressing request of the Greeks to the kings of France and Great Britain for their interposition, and the desire to arrest the effusion of human blood and other evils which might arise from the continuance of the existing state of affairs. But the suppression of occasional piracies, and the stoppage of the effusion of blood, would, if they could justify one power in its interposition between the government of another and its revolted subjects, always afford the same motives in every war that might arise. The request of the Greeks was certainly no new thing. They had, for years and years before, urged the same request to deaf or unlistening ears. The real motive was to tie the hands of Nicholas, and to prevent the emancipation of the Greeks.

Although this treaty led immediately to its inevitable result, the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, it is plain that such an event was not intended or expected by the high contracting parties; they believed that its result would be to overawe the Sultan, and extort from him a suspension of hostilities, without requiring that a blow should be struck on the part of the allies. But how little of real concert there was between them, is sufficiently indicated by the fact, that within a fortnight after the conclusion of the treaty, one of its articles, intended to have been kept strictly secret, as well as the rest, crept into the public newspapers of London. Of course, no one was able to discover which of the high contracting powers betrayed the others by divulging their secrets to the world.

The occupation of Adrianople by the Russians was the signal for an offer for a negotiation on the part of the Turks, which shortly afterwards terminated in a treaty of peace. This treaty was dictated by the Emperor Nicholas to an enemy, whose powers of resistance against him were extinguished. For the first time since the Hegira, the standard of the prophet was prostrated in the dust. The city of Constantinople and the empire of the Osmanlis were vanquished. It would have been as easy for Nicholas to have reconsecrated the church of St. Sophia as it had been for Mahomet the Second to convert it into a mosque. The Sultan and his Kaliphat were in the reach of his hand. In the history of the world, there are few examples of the forbearance with which the victor permitted his commanding general to sign the peace of Adrianople.

But this was strictly conformable to the declaration with which he had commenced the war. He had disclaimed all purposes of aggrandizement. He had promised to meet with a hearty welcome any overtures from his adversary during the progress of the war; and the promise was faithfully kept. For this forbearance, he obtained no credit with his allies. On the contrary, they were the first to clamor against the rigor of the terms which he had imposed. They were quite shocked at the amount of the indemnities exacted, to cover in part the expenses of the war. They shuddered at the securities required for the future protection of Russian subjects in the Ottoman dominions, by placing them under the jurisdiction of their own ministers and consuls. They took umbrage even at the article by which the Sultan acceded to the treaty of 6th July, 1827, and to the protocol of 22d March, 1829, *to which they themselves were parties.*

It has been said, on the other hand, that some dissatisfaction

was manifested in Russia, that the career of victory was arrested short of Constantinople. The fact is perhaps to be regretted, as it regards the cause of Christendom and of humanity; but it affords a signal proof of the Emperor's faithfulness to his word, the most illustrious of the qualities that can adorn the character of an absolute monarch. In the declaration at the commencement of the war, perhaps the Emperor gave too ready a pledge to the jealousies and invidious fears of his allies; but having given it, the fulfilment of its promise was due no less to his justice than his magnanimity.

Pass we now to Poland. Europe had already seen the three north-eastern monarchies, Austria, Prussia and Russia, combine for the partition of Poland, thus breaking down the doctrine of the *status in quo*, that common law in Europe, by which alone the weaker powers subsisted. The western powers seemed rather terrified than shocked and aroused by the high-handed violation of the national sovereignty of the Poles; and the show of indignation on the part of England and France had evaporated in idle and fruitless popular sympathy with the sufferers. But the Poles were left to fight the battles of their independence single-handed, and this gallant and free-spirited nation, which, within less than a century, had numbered twenty million souls, was, after a desperate struggle, swallowed up and destroyed. Such was the state of affairs in the time of Alexander.

The hope of independence under every discouragement, waiting only a favorable moment, was still kept alive; and it is almost inconceivable what extraordinary effect the "Three days in France" exercised over the sympathies of the inhabitants of Warsaw. The agitation among the Poles acquired new intensity, and the revolution was precipitated. The time for action had now arrived: that for deliberation had passed. The arrest of some eighty young Polish students, who had been accustomed to assemble every year in commemoration of the storming of Praga by Suwarrow in 1796, when that General had put to death 30,000 of its inhabitants, filled the measure of endurance among the patriots. The news spread through Warsaw with the quickness of thought, and prompted the conspirators to commence the revolution. "Poland for ever!" was the animating cry. To secure the person of the Grand Duke Constantine was their first aim. It was conceived that if in their possession, he could be beneficially employed as a hostage or mediator with the Emperor Nicholas. But the Grand Duke, having been apprised of his danger, had already made good his escape. The successes of that day, however,

seemed a realization of their long-hoarded hopes of independence.

Of the glorious struggle which ensued—of that heroic and self-sacrificing resistance, which, all things considered, has scarce a parallel in history, all Americans are still mindful. For the repealing of the Constitution of Poland, in defiance of the acts of the Congress of Vienna, and by virtue of which alone he held the kingdom, Nicholas has yet to atone.

Since then—if we except the chronic war along the Caucasus—the wheels of the Russian empire have silently and peacefully progressed. The Emperor, freed from foreign embroilments, steadily devoted his administrative talents and ceaseless personal supervision to the organization and construction of that nation which, yet inchoate, his great predecessor Peter had bequeathed to him. That he did not abandon his traditionary policy, his recent measures leave us no possibility to doubt.

For many years past, the Porte, moved by the most inveterate animosity, has eagerly embraced every opportunity of embittering her relations with Russia. During the last four years, and since Napoleon began to exercise an influence in Constantinople, the conduct of the Porte has become more and more offensive. A religious animosity, existing for several centuries, has increased the intensity of this hereditary feud—this unrelenting antagonism, which can only end with the destruction of one or the other.

England, clothed in all the show of sanctity, and France, impelled by the domineering nature of her national character, and directed by an upstart of the darkest treachery and most shameless perjury, have at length succeeded in forcing Russia into a war, which they desire the world at large, and more especially these United States, to believe a holy crusade. But it is for power, and power alone, that these two hitherto hostile nations have taken each other by the hand. They already give a foretaste of how they would exercise it, if their sway, by destroying Russia, should become firmly established. Let us hope that the calm, quiet self-reliance with which Nicholas accepted the challenge of the allies, may indicate a speedy and successful termination to a war which has been thrust upon him.

BOOK NOTICES.

Stanhope Burleigh. The Jesuits in our Homes. A Novel. By Helen Dhu. New-York: Stringer & Townsend.

THIS novel—or rather this political dissertation, enveloped in the thinnest and most filmy figments of romance, has made considerable noise in the world, and stands a not contemptible chance of being favorably noticed in the columns of *The London Times*. It is, we confess, very readable, very “thrilling,” very handsomely got up, every way creditable to the publishers, and every way worthy of an extensive perusal in Hindostan and amongst the faithful Hindoos generally. We must confess, likewise, that we fear the name is a misnomer; for “Helen Dhu” is, very emphatically, a foreign appellation, having Helen Macgregor (the wife of Roderick Dhu, or dark Roderick, a marauding Scotchman with no very accurate estimation of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*) for its original. [We may observe, in a parenthesis, that there are Scotchmen amongst ourselves, who, by all accounts, preserve the traditionary adherence to “black mail.”]

The book before us represents upon its title-page a gentleman in an “excited” condition and rather riotous habiliments, who grasps his hat in one hand and shakes the other very vehemently against some party not particularized by the artist. He has one foot upon a scroll, which is fortunately not the Constitution, but the business-card of the engraver; and there is something in the lineaments of his face which reminds us forcibly of an ex-clerical, ex-consular, ivory-crested correspondent of a celebrated London daily.

On the page opposite this every-way remarkable picture, we see an heraldic eagle crouching excitedly on the segment of a flabby circle which may possibly be intended to represent the globe, but reminds us much more strongly of an exaggerated pumpkin. We are confirmed in this latter supposition by the fact that, beneath the segment indicated, there is a considerable fire and a much more considerable smoke—a smoke, in fact, which half envelops the excited bird, and makes us anxious for his plumage. Beneath the torches from which proceed the fuliginous vapors aforesaid, there hangs a drapery, which, in the absence of any other explanation, we must suppose to be a flannel petticoat, and a not over-modish one at that. The hook and eye which should confine it round the waist must long ago have fallen from the dilapidated garment; for we see that a bell-pull rope and worsted tassel is substituted in its stead. Having said thus much, and so lavishly belauded the title-page, we find ourselves conveniently short of space for further comment. The book is a fine book for those who admire its particular style, and adhere to its cardinal dogmas. It is a work that can not fail

to become the standard volume of any library where intelligence, good taste, sound judgment, liberal policy, and the proprieties of language are entirely disregarded. We congratulate Messrs. Stringer & Townsend on the popularity which this work has achieved. It well sustains the reputation they have established as publishers of the most excited light literature.

Pride and Prejudice. By Miss Austen. 12mo. cloth. New-York: Bunce & Brother, 134 Nassau street.

We entertain the profoundest respect for female genius, and are well assured that, when confined to its proper sphere, its productions are not only ornamental, but requisite to the completeness of any national literature. We would not see our wives or sisters plunge into the arena of politics or meddle with pursuits unsuited to them; but in the walks of fiction or romance, in song, and in all those branches of intellectual culture where sensibility and tenderness are required, the finer and more delicate mind of woman might greatly aid the full development of human nature. Miss Edgeworth, Miss Porter, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Landon might well be pointed out as exemplars of female genius working steadily in its true direction; and to this catalogue, so illustrious, Miss Austen's name may well be added. Her novels are life-portraits of society, neither exaggerated above belief nor falling down into commonplace detail. The genial vivacity and sparkling wit of her conversational pages have rarely, if ever, been equalled; and a perusal of "Pride and Prejudice" would form a valuable lesson to all aspirants for a ready and fluent utterance of their ideas. The dull conventionalities of life become instinct with interest in her hands.

The Life and Beauties of Fanny Fern. New-York: H. Long & Brother. 1855.

We have an indistinct recollection of having heard or read the name of "Fanny Fern" in some newspaper or literary journal at some former but forgotten time. We are therefore the more pleased to find in a compendious volume, the "Beauties" of the lady whose voluminous writings have doubtless engrossed the laborious hours of her eulogist for many months. And here we may remark, that the anonymous compiler has selected a strangely bad device: he professes to give the "Life and Beauties" of his authoress, and yet represents himself upon the embossed cover as a viper biting a file. We have not read "Ruth Hall," we are happy to inform the public; and therefore can not venture an opinion as to whether this volume be the ebullition of the rage of "Mr. Tibbetts," or the real admiration of a distracted adorer. We learn from it, however, that the fair anonymity whose perfections pretend to be here chronicled, was a most undutiful daughter to a most indulgent father, a most reckless critic of the faults and foibles of a ringletted and super-exquisite brother. If these are to be esteemed the "Beauties" of a female character, we (not belonging to the school of Lucy Stone) can not properly appreciate them. On the whole, the book is very readable, and would make a good accompaniment to Mr. P. T. Barnum's exhibition of the "Happy Family."

Wolfer's Roost and other Papers, now first collected. By Washington Irving. New-York: Putnam.

THE name of Irving almost renders any notice unnecessary. We do not seek to paint the lily or gild refined gold: and any further notice of the author of the "Sketch Book," his quaint peculiarities and ever-genial style, might seem a work of supererogation—more especially within such limits as our literary table is confined to. This volume is a revised and judicious collection of those inimitable stories which have, from time to time, been contributed by Mr. Irving to the periodicals of the day. They form a most delightful melange, neither so long as to be considered tedious, nor too brief to arouse our interest. The stories possess the most diversified character, and are laid in every age and clime: we cordially commend the book to the attention of all readers of standard romance as the most valuable contribution that has been made of late to the light literature of our day. We owe to the author's genius a debt which posterity must in part repay; nevertheless, we cheerfully acknowledge the further obligation of this volume.

We are indebted to the respective publishers for copies of the following books, notices of which will appear in our next:

Russia As It Is. By Count Adam De Gurowaki. D. Appleton & Co. New-York: 1854.

A Year of the War. By Adam De Gurowaki. D. Appleton & Co. New-York: 1855.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1855. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington street. 1855.

Notes on Duels and Duelling, alphabetically arranged, with a preliminary historical essay. By Lorenzo Sabina. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co., 111 Washington street. 1855.

The Virginia Comedians; or, Old Days in the Old Dominion. Edited from the MSS. of C. Effingham, Esq. In 2 vols. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. London: 16 Little-Britain. 1855.

A Complete Treatise on Artificial Fish-Breeding. Including the Reports on the Subject made to the French Academy and the French Government; and Particulars of the Discovery as pursued in England. Translated and edited by W. H. Fry. Illustrated with engravings. New-York: Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. 1855.

The Battles of the Crimea. Including an Historical Summary of the Russian War, from the Commencement to the Present Time, giving a graphic Picture of the great Drama of the War, and embracing a new Plan of Sebastopol. New-York: G. S. Wells, 140 Nassau street. 1855.

A South-Side View of Slavery; or, Three Months at the South. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D.D. Boston: T. R. Marvin, and Mussey & Co. 1854.

My Courtship, and its Consequences. By HENRY WYKOFF. New-York: J. C. Derby. 1855.



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UNITED STATES REVIEW.

APRIL, 1855.

RUSSIA AND THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

SUCH is the vast extent of the Russian Empire, that it is no hyperbole to say it is neighbor to all the world. Speaking of the Kurile Islands, a late intelligent and entertaining traveller* says: "This archipelago, of which the more south-westwardly islands belong to the Japanese, completes the line on which Russia directly and immediately influences nearly all the powers of the old continent: Sweden, now extending to the Atlantic; Prussia, virtually including all the minor states of Germany; Austria, with her vassals of Rome and Naples; Turkey, grasping all the Danube with one hand, and with the other over-reaching the Cataracts of the Nile; Persia, bordering on the sea that washes the coast of Malabar; Central Asia, marked by the footsteps of nearly all the conquerors of Hindostan; Thibet, containing the sources of the Burrampooter and the Ganges; China, meeting Spain in the Philippines, and Portugal and England in her own islands; and lastly, that mysterious empire which stands aloof alike from the commerce and the warfare of the world."

Yet this colossal empire, thus bordering on the opposite extremes of the world, remained for ages almost as little known

* Sir George Simpson, 1847.

as the interior of China or Japan, at least so far as respects its people and its government; and what little may have been lately learned has, for the most part, been distilled through the medium either of prejudice or ignorance. The most learned at least of modern travellers in Russia, Doctor Clarke, saw every thing through the cloud of feelings perhaps justly excited by the capricious tyranny of the half-crazed Emperor Paul; and among all of them there is not one who had either opportunity or capacity to grasp the mighty edifice of the Russian Empire. They scratched the surface without penetrating the soil; and identifying the idea of despotism with that of tyranny, have represented what is in reality more of an oligarchy than a despotism, as a government of the irresistible will of one man alone.

The present struggle for the restoration of the balance of Europe has, however, brought Russia into more intimate contact with the western powers of that quarter, and excited more intensely the curiosity of the civilized world towards this formidable empire, which has become, it seems, of sufficient consequence to excite the fears and provoke the hostility of the most powerful combination the world has witnessed since the downfall of the great Napoleon. Accordingly we have lately been treated with abundance of books of travels in Russia, most of them evidently written for political purposes, and a large portion of British manufacture. These are, as a matter of course, all calculated and intended to impress on their readers an unfavorable opinion of the state of society, the condition of the people of Russia, and most especially of the character of the monarch who has so grievously excited the fears of the Anglo-French alliance. As just and impartial delineations, they are for the most part utterly worthless for all purposes of correct information. They are the mere vehicles of political jealousy or spleen, and present not so much a picture of Russia as a caricature drawn by her enemies exhibited in the deepest colors of gall and bitterness.

What little we really know of Russia is therefore to be gathered from travellers who visited that country before the passions of nations were so violently excited by the newly-awakened apprehensions for the liberties of Europe, and the progress of civilization. Among these are the Marquis de Custine, a Frenchman; Adolph Erman, a Prussian, a worthy successor of Humboldt; and Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. All these gentlemen travelled in Russia previous to the period when the long series of negotiations at Con-

stantinople had placed Russia and the powers of Western Europe in the toils of a Gordian knot that could only be cut by the sword; and consequently they had no obvious motive at least, to misrepresent or exaggerate either on one side or the other.

The Marquis de Custine was—or if living still, is—an aristocrat of the old school, as he takes all occasions to announce to his readers. He is a remnant of the feudal system, is quite as impatient of despotism as of republicanism, and looks back on the days of Louis le Grand as the golden age of France. In dealing with the Czar and his people, he rather inclines to severity than flattery, and his pictures are much less tinged with light than shadow. On the whole, however, he appears to be sufficiently impartial to prevent his indulging in misrepresentation, and sufficiently sagacious to avoid being grossly deceived. He had frequent access to the Emperor Nicholas, with whom he held various conversations, which he gives at length, and in which that monarch appears to have freely expressed his feelings and opinions, his policy and his projects for the benefit of his subjects. One of the charges daily reiterated by the Anglo-French alliance, and reëchoed by the Anglo-American press, is that the Emperor is totally without faith and without honor, and that in his late negotiations he has over and over again violated both. Let us hear what M. de Custine says in his summary of the character of the Czar:

“The problem proposed, not by men but by events, by the concatenation of circumstances, to an Emperor of Russia, is to favor among the nations the progress of knowledge, in order to hasten the emancipation of the serfs; and further to aim at this object by the improving of manners, by the encouraging of humanity and legal liberty; in short, by ameliorating hearts with the view of alleviating destinies. Such is the condition of any man who would now reign even in Moscow. But the peculiarity of the Emperor's position is, that he has to shape his course towards his object, keeping clear on the one side of the mute though organized tyranny of a revolutionary administration, and on the other of the arrogance and conspiracies of an aristocracy so much the more formidable as its power is undefined.”

“It must be owned that no sovereign has yet acquitted himself of this terrible task with so much firmness, talent, and good fortune, as has been displayed by the Emperor Nicholas. He is the first of the modern Russian princes who has perceived the necessity of being a Russian, in order to confer good on the Russians. Undoubtedly, history will say this man was a great sovereign.”

Again :

"My idea of the possibility of making Christian sincerity subservient to politics is not so chimerical as may appear to statesmen, and men of business ; for it is an idea of the Russian Emperor, practical and clear-sighted as he is undoubtedly. I do not believe that there is at the present day a prince on any throne who so detests falsehood, and who falsifies as little as this monarch."

To this the British translator, in the true spirit of John Bull magnanimity towards an enemy, appends the following note by way of protest: "If the writer had written his Travels more recently, he would hardly have failed to modify his opinion."

Touching the progress of civilization in Russia, the Marquis is of opinion that so far from having been aided by an imitation of French and English manners and habits, it has been, in fact, seriously obstructed by the propensity of the Russian Boyars to adopt all their pretended refinements. "Nothing," he observes with great truth, "more injures the natural disposition, and consequently the mental powers, than continually dwelling on the social superiority of other nations." Though applied to Russia, the maxim is equally suited to the United States, which are daily undergoing the process of being enervated, debauched, and sophisticated by their miserable, awkward imitation of the effeminacy, folly, foppery, and profligacy which make up the sum total of the civilization of old superannuated nations.

The Marquis, like almost all French travellers, occasionally indulges in the luxury of sentiment, and becomes pathetic. The Russian serfs and the Siberian exiles most especially awaken his sympathies, and call forth most eloquent strains of philanthropy, somewhat similar to the lamentations of the British press over the imaginary woes of the African slave in the United States. Yet we learn from him that "a serf may become proprietor even of lands in the name of his lord, without the latter daring to violate the moral guarantee by which he is bound to his wealthy slave. To despoil this man of the fruits of his labor and economy, would be an abuse of power which the most tyrannical Boyar dare not permit himself under the reign of the Emperor Nicholas."

Sir George Simpson, in his "Overland Journey Round the World," says:

"These serfs appear to be as comfortable as any peasantry can be ; to be

better off, in fact, in many points than the free laborers of other countries, inasmuch as they have a claim to the assistance, care, and protection of their owner in times of sickness and scarcity."

In reference to the exiles of Siberia, he has the following passages. Speaking of the town of Katchooga, he says:

"Some of the most influential among the inhabitants were exiles, to whom, so far as he could judge, no stigma was attached. In fact, considering the numbers sent to Siberia for political offenses, the mere idea of banishment could hardly be supposed to involve the same moral and social consequences as among ourselves."

"Throughout Siberia, the descendants of the exiles, generally speaking, are classed with the serfs of the crown, being practically neither more nor less than unprivileged subjects; and such of these as may have risen above the rank of laborers are as little liable to be dragged down from their actual position as any nobleman in the land. In the whole length and breadth of this portion of the empire, slavery, properly so called, the submission of one subject to the irresponsible caprices of another, is entirely unknown. The exiles are virtually left to carve their own fortunes. A well-dressed man, who spoke with a strong German accent, introduced himself to us. He proved to be a Gallician, who had been banished twenty-six years before, for smuggling, but had raised himself, by his steadiness and talent, to be one of the most respectable inhabitants of the town. He had an excellent house, with a very neat little wife in it; and as a proof of the extent of his business and resources, he supplied us all the horses for five successive stages."

In England, this man would have been hanged.
Speaking of Siberia generally, he says:

"Not only are the peasants of Siberia remarkable for their civility, but all grades of society are, perhaps, decidedly more intelligent than in most parts of Europe. The system on which Siberia has been, and continues to be colonized, is admirable alike in theory and practice. No perpetrators of heinous crimes are sent to the mines; those who have been banished for minor delinquencies are settled in villages or farms; and political offenders, comprising soldiers, authors, and statesmen, are generally established by themselves in little knots, communicating to all around them a degree of refinement unknown in other half-civilized countries."

And he thus sums up his observations on the subject:

"In fact, for the reforming of the criminal, in addition to the punishment of the crime, Siberia is undoubtedly the best penitentiary in the

world. When not bad enough for the mines, each exile is provided with a lot of ground, a house, a horse, two cows, agricultural instruments, and for the first year with provisions. For three years he pays no taxes whatever, and for the next ten only half the full amount. To bring fear as well as hope to operate in his favor, he clearly understands that his very first slip will send him from his home and his family, to toil as an outcast in the mines. Thus does the government bestow an almost parental care on all the less atrocious criminals."

At Krasnozarsk, Sir George met an exile of distinction, of whom he says:

"Among the exiles in the place was General Davidoff, banished for participating in some attempt at revolution. He was very comfortably, nay happily settled, with his whole family about him, sons-in-law, brothers-in-law, and so on, and appeared to enjoy all the luxuries and elegancies of life. So far as the eye could judge, General Davidoff was no more an exile than Governor Kapiloff himself."

Let our readers compare these testimonials of a man of high station and character, himself an Englishman too, with the system of exile called transportation, which has long been pursued by the British government, and with the penitentiary system adopted in that country, and ask himself which is preferable, that of the "barbarian despotism of Russia," as it is called, or that of the great champion of civilization and humanity? The fact is, that the penal code of Russia is practically the most mild in the world, and the punishment of death scarcely ever inflicted.

Sir George thus concludes his highly amusing and interesting tour, with the following tribute to the Emperor Nicholas:

"The absence of the Emperor"—from St. Petersburg—"prevented my friend Baron Wrangle from introducing me, as he was desirous of doing, to his majesty. In my peculiar circumstances, I deeply regretted this disappointment. Even if I had never set foot on the patrimony of Nicholas, I could not fail to regard him in common with every man of knowledge and reflection, the autocrat of three continents, the master of the most extensive dominion of ancient or modern times, as an object not merely of philanthropic interest, but mysterious awe. But, after seeing more of this colossal empire than any other foreigner, living or dead, I was naturally anxious, as an appropriate termination of my wanderings, to enter as it were into communion with the spirit that animated it. Independently of these general considerations, the present Czar's personal qualities, physical, intellectual, and moral, must induce every man's judgment to acquiesce in the homage which

his feelings are constrained to pay. Nicholas is universally allowed to present the noblest mould of form and feature, to be the ablest and most laborious sovereign of the age, and what is higher praise than all, in an individual of his exalted station, to set before his people the brightest example of all domestic virtues."

The distinguished Prussian traveller, whose name is mentioned at the beginning of this article, though the object of his visit to Russia was purely scientific, wherever he has occasion to refer to the social and political condition of that country, substantially corroborates the testimony of the Marquis de Custine and Sir George Simpson with respect to the character of the Emperor Nicholas, the nature of his patriarchal government, and the condition of the people. But we do not deem any further extracts necessary.

In thus attempting to place before our readers the real character of the Emperor Nicholas, and the system of government which has descended to him by inheritance, we have been influenced as well by motives of justice as of policy. The Anglo-French alliance has not only made war against the Czar with the sword but the pen, and thus far been much more successful with the latter than the former. The press of England and France, one the mere echo either of the popular feeling or of ministerial policy, the other the pliant or enforced slave of a hard master, have united in one chorus of obloquy against the man, who, so far as we can see, has given the two powers no cause of offense but that of devoting himself to developing the resources of his empire, and cautiously preparing the way for the emancipation of his subjects.

The growth of Russia, like that of the United States, is natural and spontaneous, and in conformity with the laws of nature and Providence. As the young buds of spring succeed the dry leaves of autumn, and the son his father, so is it with nations. They can not be made to grow and flourish by the mere will of man, nor can all the power of the most arrogant presumption, though seated on thrones, prevent them from undergoing the process of decay. If the progress of Russia has frightened France, or that of the United States alarmed England, it is not so much their fault as the effect of causes which we apprehend will be somewhat difficult to control. One thing is quite certain; they can not be stopped by the pen, and the stupendous efforts of the press of the Anglo-French alliance to outlaw the Czar and ostracise the United States from the community of Christian civilized nations, will only result in establishing a

common interest and a common feeling through the mere force of the outside pressure. Distant as they are in their centres, the two great growing empires of the world almost touch at their extremities; and their being both placed in the same predicament by force of circumstances, we hail as the omen of a friendly feeling, the precursor of long ages of harmony between two powers whose hereditary friendship will be one of the best guarantees of the future peace of the world.

Without some sufficient counterpoise to the Anglo-French alliance, which is gradually either bullying or subsidizing all the minor states of Europe into becoming accomplices in their own subjugation, there will be no safety to the rights of nations, and they must depend altogether on the moderation and magnanimity of England and France for the establishment of the just "equilibrium of power." This counterpoise can at any time be established and maintained by a cordial good understanding between the United States and Russia without an alliance offensive and defensive, which will only be required in the event of the Anglo-French alliance persisting in its war of diplomacy and intimidation, and in preventing any coöperation of the states of the New World in establishing a continental system which will enable them to maintain their commercial and political rights. There are certain great antagonistical principles and interests, both commercial and political, between the New and the Old World, and most especially the United States and the great commercial powers of Europe, which have been accustomed to prescribe laws to the seas, that every experienced statesman must see will necessarily eventually bring them into collision. Asia and Europe once disputed the empire of the world in the East, and who knows but the great contest may be renewed in the West. At all events, the United States should gradually prepare themselves for such a crisis by reserving a principal portion of their lands and surplus revenue for purposes of permanent defense, instead of applying them almost exclusively to railroads, and revolutionary soldiers, in payment for the performance of a duty which every citizen owes to his country; and at the same time cultivating a good understanding with the only great European power whose interests do not conflict with their own. They may be assured their policy of non-intervention will not insure perpetual peace, and that the period is approaching when they will be called upon either to assert or abandon what is called the *Monroe Doctrine*. Once driven from that, and it will not be very long before a great portion of this continent will relapse, if not into the co-

lonial, at least into a state of equally abject dependence on the Anglo-French alliance, should it be successful and permanent.

Taking into view the mutual declarations of Great Britain and France, clearly intimating a scheme whose object is equally to arrest the progress of the United States and Russia, it must be obvious to all who reflect on the subject, that the former have a deep and direct interest in the result of the present European war. If it should terminate in the success of the Anglo-French alliance, and the attainment of all its objects without absolutely exhausting or crippling the victors, there can be no reasonable doubt that the attempts already made and now being made to overawe and intimidate the United States, and to counteract their policy everywhere in the New World, will be followed by more direct exhibitions of hostility that will place before them the unavoidable alternative of resistance or acquiescence. The Czar once compelled to submission, and the next attempt to establish the "equilibrium of power" will be that of "humbling"—as is the phrase—the United States, whose rapid advances in commerce and in power are peculiarly obnoxious to the great potentates who have undertaken to regulate the world.

In the attainment of this sublime purpose, they seem to rely almost as much on the pen as the sword, and their hostility appears not so much directed against Russia and the Russians, as the Emperor Nicholas personally. He is the great delinquent they have summoned before the great tribunal of the world, and it is against him they have sought to enlist the feelings of the people of the United States. For this purpose, the whole power of the British and French press has been brought to bear against him, and all the ingredients of hypocrisy, falsehood, and declamation, distilled into the cup of obloquy. The man known to be a model in private life and in his domestic relations, is represented as a monster of treachery and ambition in his public character, and the most irreconcilable virtues and vices thus coupled together in one and the same person. A despotic prince by birth and necessity, he is represented as a ruthless tyrant; and devoting his life, as he is known to do, to the gradual emancipation of his subjects, he is placed before the world as their inexorable oppressor, by the organs of those very governments which have leagued with the oppressor of the East, and the Neapolitan petty despot, whose cruelty and persecutions were only recently denounced to the world by the hypocritical British press. Whatever may be said of the Emperor Nicholas, he ascended the throne, if not by hereditary right, at least by the

voluntary resignation of his elder brother, and the equally voluntary recognition of his subjects. He never betrayed those who had placed him in power, or violated his faith towards a constituent branch of the government he had sworn to support, nor had he sprinkled the streets of his capital with the blood of its citizens, in the attainment of imperial power.

The Anglo-French alliance commenced the present war under false colors, and are at this moment attempting to practise the most stupendous imposition ever meditated on the credulity of mankind. They began with the pretext of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, the most rotten of all despotisms, and at the same time affected to be the champions of Christianity, civilization, and liberty. They invoked the sympathies of the Christian world in their behalf, at the very moment they were sustaining a Mohammedan despot, whose predecessors had for five hundred years been the scourges of Christianity. At this moment, they are arrayed against the Christians of European Turkey on the side of the Musselman, and have assisted in forcing the Christian Greeks to submit to the dominion of the Crescent. Not only this, but it has lately distinctly appeared from the revelations of the Vienna Conference, that the principal point at issue is the claim of the Czar, under his treaties with the Sultan, to become a party at least in the protection of the Christians of Moldavia and Wallachia, who belong to that Church of which he is the head. They wish them, it seems, to be "protected" by the Catholics of France and Germany, who hate them most cordially, and by the Protestants of England, who despise them still more. Thus their civil and religious rights are to be placed under the exclusive guardianship of their most inveterate foes. The Christians of the Greek Church differ little in their creed with the Roman Catholics, except in denying the supremacy of the Pope; but the history of the Church everywhere demonstrates that the nearer the different sects approach each other in their great fundamental principles, the greater their antipathies. There are no three great denominations of Christians so closely identified in their doctrines as the Greek, the Roman Catholic, and the Protestant churches, and there are no three that so heartily hate and despise each other. Yet the two latter are, it seems, to protect the former against the tyranny of Islamism.

But these glaring inconsistencies could not long impose on the clear-sighted, intelligent people of the United States, who stand aloof, looking on with their own eyes, and judging for themselves. They now begin to clearly comprehend the real

objects of the Anglo-French alliance, which are scarcely less hostile to the United States than Russia. While waging open war with one, they are carrying on a war of diplomacy and intimidation against the other. Both are alike included in the great scheme for establishing that "equilibrium of power" which is to make England and France the arbiters of the four quarters of the globe. For the attainment of this purpose, England, the great enemy of African slavery, is purchasing white slaves by tens of thousands of their bankrupt masters, to be shot at, at so much per head, in a quarrel with which they have no concern whatever. For this the Anglo-French alliance, either by bullying, bribery, or diplomacy, are gradually drawing all Europe into the great vortex of strife, deluging the Crimea with blood, offering up thousands of gallant soldiers, not at the shrine of glory, but discomfiture and disgrace, and disturbing the peace of the world with their clamorous appeals and abortive arms.

Never in the darkest ages of the world was there exhibited so insolent an attempt, at one and the same time, to impose on the credulity of mankind, and convert them into instruments for their own subjugation. Instead of being the defenders of the Christian faith, they are leagued with its most ancient, inexorable oppressor; instead of extending the sphere of civilization in the East, they have long labored by intrigue and diplomacy to sustain a power which has for ages past been the greatest obstacle to its progress; and for the better subserving the interests of freedom elsewhere, they have united with the most rigid and notorious despotisms of Western Europe. But even if they were really sincere in their professions, this would not relieve them from the imputation of folly and presumption. They are aspiring to snatch the helm from the hands of the great Captain, to place it in those of the cabin-boy; they have impiously assumed to be the great instruments of Providence in regulating the affairs of the world; and in all the records of human presumption, there is not to be found so stupendous an example of visionary, dreaming hallucination. In short, the Anglo-French alliance is attempting to arrest the wheel of Time, and turn the world backwards. Will it not be crushed by the recoil? Will not Atlas find the world too heavy for his shoulders?

SADDENED HEARTS.

A SADDENED heart! 'tis a fearful thing!
A broken note in the choir of spring,
A withered leaf 'mid the dancing green,
The blight of death in the summer's sheen,
A troubled wave on the streamlet's breast,
A waning star in the glowing west,
Or a wounded bird, come back to die,
When the morn is up, and the sun is high!

A saddened heart! Oh! who may tell
If sorrow guideth the spirit well?
Ye bind the wreath o'er a smiling brow,
Ye dance in the light and the sunshine now,
Ye look on the sea—and its waves are still,
Ye speak of a music in fount and rill,
Ye weave sweet songs: oh! what can ye know
Of the voiceless heart with its throbbings low?

Ye joy in the world of life and youth,
Ye scan the page of Eternal Truth,
Ye feel no chain; and your spirit high
Spurneth the stars in their mystery;
Ye read of the might of high-born trust
And deathless hope o'er the fainting dust;
Ye kneel in prayer for the hope thus given,
Ye live in the dawning light of Heaven!

But oh! for the hearts that must pine alone,
With the toils of grief around them thrown,
With the fettered thought and the tear-dimmed eye,
That long in their anguish but to die!
Ye see them not! by the scanty hearth
Where a wailing blends with childhood's mirth,
Where the night is long, and the taper dim,
Are the harps that break in the great life-hymn!

Where the soul all worn with its weary cares,
And the sorrowing weight of life it bears
Goes wandering on, this beauteous day,
A shrouded pilgrim all the way,
That shrinks when the cheeks it loved grow pale,
That sees no star in the distant vale,
That sits in the brooding night of gloom
'Mid the bursting buds and the summer bloom!

O God! that the life that *Thou* hast given,
Should thus from its purpose high be riven!
That the star-linked thought should be hushed and still,
The boundless trust be warped with ill,
And Hope, that giveth our being here
The breath of thy purer atmosphere,
Should sicken and droop, and pine in vain,
As a captive pines in his clanking chain!

Oh! a saddened heart is a weight to bear;
Yet the morrow's dawn, and the skies so fair,
Woven of light to thee, may smile
O'er many—ah! many—who weep the while,
Many who pray not the prayer ye send
Through the gates of morn—for the morn may lend
Never a ray to the darkened tomb
Of the heart that yearns for its dead in gloom!

Then come, oh! come, 'tis a holy thing
To wake on the night some trembling string
Of that buried harp which God hath given,
To swell through the boundless courts of heaven!
The mourning weeds from the soul to cast,
Till a bridal wreath it bear at last,
Woven in tears, yet chastened and bright
For the marriage-feast, in the world of light!

"LIBERAL EDUCATION."

BY J. F. C.

THE world is slow to recognize the truism that mind makes the man.

Philosophers in all ages have preached from this text, and a few have practised what they thus preached. But the mass of men would regard one as prodigal, insane, or at least verging upon simplicity, if, in the practical affairs of life, he should venture to exalt mind over money.

"Man is a creature of circumstances," says one; and the *chief circumstance* of manhood, according to the principal "receivers" of this doctrine, is *money*.

But money is commonly sought as an end, as it ought not to be, rather than as a means, as it ought to be; and as the romance and small talk of most men and some women must seek its final relief from the common longings for worldly enjoyment, by laying hold of one horn or the other of the altar of intelligence, by seeking either the useful or the ornamental of knowledge, both of which ultimate in the same final result, (the most beautiful being the most true, and the most useful being the most beautiful,) education of a necessity, comes up here to the dignity of a secondary consideration as a means to the end.

No body invested with common-sense needs to be told that education—real education—is, and must be, first and foremost with real men and real women; for truths and facts, alone, are the aliments of their mental existence.

But *extravaganzas* are the surest article in the commerce of fashionable life; Miss Dollbaby tumbles over fifty thousand volumes in her ransacking search for some dubious fable, or to obtain a mouldy tit-bit of a legend. Mrs. Tiptoe fastens the slen-

der talons of her mental capacity into the off-shoot elaborations of some crack-brained or scape-goat philosopher, and after a long endeavor, flits across the horizon of society with the swingle-tow of his erratic genius wisped about her pedal extremities, deeming these hang-bird fibres amply sufficient to ensnare some one of the lions of the day; while Mrs. Simpkins, in an excess of ambition, catches a spark of transcendentalism, and shoots herself through the realm of fancy, and through the company upon whom she inflicts her presence, with all the sublime eccentricity of a comet. And at length, assembled in a tonnish lair, these tramping terrors of letterdom roar out a monster pæan to some rising whelp—who often owes his literary success to the hitherto hidden genius of another—thus alarming the young fledgling that sits in panting but quiet seclusion beside a coquetting myrtle of the neighboring vale, or disturbing the repose of some "old goose" that has sat in the downy nest of authorial distinction for an entire generation; and in that assembly, the individual who takes the "lion's share" of renown, is not unfrequently a princess regnant over some province of light literature.

To keep pace with the mental march of the age, and "position" among the lettered "high-flyers" of the day, in all their celestial pirouetings and circumgyrations, it has become quite the fashion for promising young men to obtain a "liberal education;" a term which, like the emotions of love, every one understands for himself, but no one can adequately define.

Now, our grand-dam knows that we never did and never could say any thing "agin edication;" and all "our gals" know that we like to see them under good "trainin'," all the way up from the nursery to the tallest seminary on the tallest mountain of light in all "Ameriky." And as for boys, sensible parents and guardians know that their motto, in helping them on in the world, must be, *Educate!* Anywhere and everywhere, at any time and at all times, that is the one monition which must not be disregarded.

Educate your children, sir or madam, in the common school, in the seminary, in the college; this is right, and necessary, to a greater or less extent, according to your child's capacity, inclination, or genius.

But you will tell us you do this now. We answer with a paradoxical provincialism, "You do, only you don't!"

We know you send your children to school, mechanically, and without any regard to their various natural endowments, which demand for them various spheres of action, and conse-

quently, to some extent, various modes of training, even in their earliest years. Now, that education is *illiberal* and radically incomplete, which offers nothing more than this. Geography, grammar, and arithmetic are dealt out in equal proportions, and with mechanical uniformity—as one deals out food to a horse, a dog, or a cat—alike to the child who is fleshless, nervous, and precocious, and to his associate who is dull for the time, only because nature, in laying the foundation broad and strong upon which to build the future man, has made him fleshy to rotundity, and thus given his earlier years more to sleep and sport than study, till having gathered the elements of physical strength about him, he is able, and with a right training and hereditary influence in his favor, must always have the inclination, as well as the power, to become mentally, as well as physically, great; while his slender school-mate is either hastened to an early grave by the exhausting labor of a morbid mentality; or, the mind failing for want of physical aid, its energies become latent, while the long recuperative process of the physical system is going on, till at length the table turns, and the vigorous body conquers the quiescent brain, and the smart boy becomes the inefficient and witless man; while the dumpy boy expands into the commanding genius. Illustrations of this principle are numerous; why, therefore, is this *policy* of ignorance still followed, when the ignorance which originally accompanied it no longer prevails? Custom certainly ought to surrender here, if nowhere else. *Physical, social, and moral* training, not as abstractions, but as concomitants of all the higher exercises of the intellect, are imperiously demanded. It is of no use to cram the young man or young woman's head full of philosophies, chemistries, algebras, rhetorics, and languages, if you have not given him or her the power to make use of these. It is of no use to force one through each individual volume of the Astor, or the Alexandrian Library, if it requires all his or her strength to effect the perforation, and no power remains to appropriate aught there discovered. "A book is a book;" a book-worm is a book-worm, only. The book-worm that walks abroad in the image of man, and his grub prototype that puts himself through the choice volumes of your library, "by the skin of his teeth," occupy, practically, very nearly the same level. Both, for a day, leave their tracks on the world; but neither leave any thing for the good of posterity—in fact, posterity suffers from the burden of their idle maintenance.

We want, in addition to this, an acquaintance with human

nature, and a knowledge of life out of the college inclosure, to enter into the education of the ministers, the lawyers, and the doctors of the age. It is enough to make one sick of his kind to see how many men come forth from a seven or nine years' course of academic instruction, at a cost of thousands of dollars, with heads full of Homer and Virgil, running over with sophomoric effervescence, or pressed down with opaque masses of theology, yet no more fit for any sphere of practical life than is a dunce for a doctor of divinity; while, as often as they pass the corner of the street, asperities stick out from their undeveloped natures and over-grown habits, sharper than the point of a triangle; and they are so constantly at loggerheads with the irresistible current of daily events, that courteous men call them only "well-meaning," while a more independent type of human nature pronounces them fools.

Now, in the name of Lord Timothy Dexter, while these things continue, away with ranting about "liberal education." Let the name no longer be swallowed up by the "thing." Give us education *de facto*, in place of education merely *de jure*.

Know ye not, O eminent Professor! that nine tenths of your A.B.s are a libel upon manhood, and that their diplomas are a multiplied slander upon true education? Hundreds of them would be distanced in a common-school examination, the most important of all, by many a poor but resolute boy of twelve years; while in English grammar, nineteen twentieths of the "graduates" whom you have honored with a parting benediction, could not hold their way with the more intelligent portion of farmers' girls at the age of sweet sixteen; so that in the most essential qualifications of literature, as well as in the other walks of life, these Greek and Latin automatons are as totally unfit for the constant duties—always constant struggles—of life, as if they had been trained in a wilderness beyond the reach of commercial, industrial, educational, and all other progressive influences; in fact, practically, precisely such has been the training of most of them. "*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*"

And of what use is the so-called *bachelor of arts*, sent forth under such auspices and with such attainments? Ignorant of the first initial of business and business men, his honorable abbreviation should have no signification among men, unless it be as a license to commence the a-b-abs of *practical* education.

Liberal education, forsooth! Liberal for its looseness, its inefficiency, its incompleteness. One might almost pronounce the process of its attainment, "teaching ignorance to the

heathen;" for no one can deny its general disregard of every thing but scholastic discipline, which, of itself considered, is nowhere adequate to the performance of the duties of manhood and good citizenship. It is true, in fact, that many men come forth from our highest schools, flushed with their peculiar honors, *less* in almost every thing that promises manly greatness than when they entered them. Pardon us if, in this connection, we write a short memoir to illustrate our position; the subject being an A.B., of whom we have heard several interesting anecdotes, and with whose family we were personally acquainted.

Paul Auburn was by many years the youngest of a family of several sons, of an intelligent and wealthy but vain and credulous gentleman, who rose from the condition of a country merchant to that of a farmer. Two of Paul's brothers were already on the road to theology, and a third had determined to remain a tiller of the soil, when Paul arrived at the age of twelve years, and was regarded as a remarkably brilliant lad, almost a prodigy.

The legal profession was fixed upon as Paul's destiny, and to school he was sent. He passed from the academy to college with very good prospects, though with less superiority of fitness than was anticipated for him in the commencement of his career. As freshman and sophomore, he appeared among his class-mates to more than ordinary advantage; but early in his junior year he began to "cave in" perceptibly, especially when brought to grapple with any thing out of the exact routine of his class; and before he reached his senior year, he took to writing "poetry," of which the following is a specimen:

"When I go home, I'll go to Rome,
I'll take a string, and hang the king,
I'll take a knife, and kill his wife,
I'll take a garter, and hang his darter."

It is plain enough that this anti-catholic ebullition borders close upon downright imbecility; but when it is remembered that there was no taint of insanity in the family, prior to that period, this quotation becomes a frightful commentary upon the ruinously defective system under which our hopeful young men are trained.

Paul went through his senior year, graduated, and received his diploma, as many others have done, with a depletion of all his mental faculties—a mournful spectacle to contemplate.

But the end is not yet; let us hear Paul Auburn, A.B., speak for himself.

Soon after he left college, a friend who had heard of the above-recited poetical gem, asked Paul, with ostensible eagerness, how he went to work to make poetry.

"Oh! ho! that's easy enough," said Paul; "very much as they went to work to make a lawyer of me. Set down the words you want at the end of the line, and then fill up with any thing."

This was a patent promulgation upon the science of poetry; and shows the educated Paul to have been immensely ahead of Robert G——, who, a few years since, figured in some of the New-York journals as a poet, solely upon the strength of a rhyming dictionary. Since *fillibusteros* have become teachers of ethics, however, other poetasters have brought into requisition a more convenient and expeditious method than either of these, and one possessing superior utility, furthermore, by being equally applicable to prose and poetry; but upon this point we have dilated enough for one period, and we will have done in short order, after one or two more brilliant and pertinent illustrations from Paul.

An old acquaintance asked him what he learned at college.

"What did I learn?" repeated Paul, staring at the interrogator, with mingled wisdom and wonder; "what did I learn? I learned to be a *d-a-r-n-e-d* fool!"

Again, subsequently, he was asked what good he got by going to school so long; his ready answer shows what he was by nature, and renders still more painful the contemplation of his sudden decline.

"I got a *liberal education! a-n-d—consumption, and so forth!*" was his instant reply, accompanied by a waggish wink.

Such was the fact; and with these attainments, "'a liberal education,' consumption, and vicious moral habits," poor Paul Auburn, A.B., ceased to live at the age of thirty-five. Peace to his ashes; he did as well as he had been taught!

There are a multitude of similar cases, although we do not deny that this is an extreme one; and we know personally of several others very like it.

As a nation, we boast much of our intelligence and our system of education. But great as our pride is in this respect, and great as has been our improvement in the last few years, one may safely insist upon the recognition of the fact, that, not one in twenty of the aggregate number of our institutions of learning, from the infant school up to the theological seminary,

is any thing like what it ought to be, or any thing near what it might easily be made.

We pay a fearful tax in mortality, want, and crime, for that emasculation which results from the still almost universal neglect of physical science and social law in the education of our "young men and maidens," as well as ourselves; for this education is life-long, and belongs *only less* to the man or woman, than to the girl or boy.

Mind, in spite of the popular notion, is so much greater than matter, that it destroys the body unless that be educated with it; it exhausts itself, like the spent hurricane, without the presence of the physical flame to equalize its ethereal elements and sustain its sleepless impetuosity. Muscular training, in order to promote physical strength, *must* prevail in regular alternations with mental labor. Gymnastic exercises, or something akin to them, are as necessary, from the cradle to the grave, in order to promote perfect health and perfect manhood, as food for the stomach, or raiment for the back, a fact which all men in sedentary life may do well to remember. This idea realized and carried into effect, and the social faculties cared for by frequent gatherings together of both sexes in one congregation, in all our institutions of learning, in order to promote natural harmony among men and women, little need be feared for their future welfare.

This is the "liberal education" which the race demands, and must yet have; and which alone can exalt man, and make him an honor to his kind and his Creator.

A N A L L E G O R Y .

UPON a dark and fearful way,
Which through a hideous desert lay,
Where crags and fens the genial ray
Shut from the traveller's path,
A few of brave and noble soul,
Which not adversity could tame—
Lofty though scorned—in strength forth stole,
Pledged, all, to reach their distant goal,
And wear the flowers of fame.

Each bore a sword and noble shield,
That oft on Danger's darkened field
Bade threatening shapes of evil yield,
And shrink away in awe.
But Passion sent her ardent throngs,
Witching and beauteous as the eyes
A serpent lighteth, when he longs
To charm the gazing bird, whose songs
Guided towards the prize.

E'en these they slighted, (though they shone
Like beauty, in her star-gemmed zone,
Rose-crowned upon her pearly throne,)
And on unfallen moved :
Yet one a golden chalice held,
In which the rosy grape-juice glowed ;
Another swept the lyre, and thrilled
With music, soft as ever filled
Pleasure's embowered abode :

And some, with sweet bewitching glance,
And grace that might the heart entrance,
Moved in the airy, mazy dance—
But tempted them in vain.

Towards the wild pass, and through the dell,
They journey on, where torrents rave
In raging might that none can quell,
And where the wolf and panther fell,
Scream from their bone-strewn cave.

At times upon the mountain-crown,
Where the keen frosts come thickly down,
And wintry clouds most sternly frown,
The night their steps did check ;
But trials of a fiercer cast,
(Dark spoilers, armed with mace and darts,)
Rushed on them, like a winter's blast,
And prompted all to stand aghast,
Except the bravest hearts.

Yet all, their courage gathering, fought,
And deeds of lofty daring wrought,
Till all their foes the cover sought
Of forests dense, and night :
And then, while lying on the ground,
The joy of conscious right to share,
Delightful visions hovered round,
As, after fearful storms, abound
Sun-gleams and rainbows fair.

Nor these alone their blissful beams ;
For lovely doves—as fair as dreams
Of innocence, by flowery streams
In rosy slumber couched—
Came floating to their fainting band,
Like spirits of refreshing even,
Bringing rich fruitage from the land
Where life's fair trees immortal stand,
Clad in the blooms of heaven.

At times, when o'er their thorny way
The tempest blotted out the day,
There stole from heaven a genial ray,
Rich with its holy love ;
And, now and then, amid the lone
And howling deserts where they went,
Some stately castle on them shone,
'Mid groves with April blossoms blown,
Whose lord a welcome sent.

Within, reclining in the rooms,
Where maidens, ripe in beauty's blooms,
Made them forget the deserts' glooms,
They thrilled to music's voice:
And the warm hand, in welcome given,
Scattering the thoughts of all they'd feared—
And (fairer than the blush of even)
Bright glimpses of the gates of heaven
The weary pilgrims cheered.

THE LONDON TIMES.

WE were lately not a little amused with the following stupendous puff, purporting to be an extract of a letter from the London correspondent of one of the New-York papers. Speaking of the *London Times*, he says:

"The influence which it exerts extends to all Europe; it is overpowering, bearing down all opposition, and can be seen, felt, and realized daily, in the financial operations of the day, in the counting-house, in the ministerial cabinet, in the king's palace, in the saloons, and in the street. * * * *

"To say that the *Times* is at this moment exerting a more powerful influence in the political destinies of the English people than is exerted by the government itself, would not be an exaggeration. Throughout Europe this influence is strongly felt," etc., etc.

That the political influence of the *London Times* is very considerable among the inhabitants of England and her colonies is probable; but we doubt very much whether "it extends to all Europe," or whether "it is so overpowering as to bear down all opposition." Having correspondents in all parts of the world, and, most especially, in those where great interests, either commercial or political, are concentrated, it is among the first

to receive and communicate intelligence, and thus far may be said to exercise great influence over the "financial operations of the day, in the counting-house, in the ministerial cabinet, in the king's palace, in the saloon, and in the street." But this influence is nothing more than the result of the facts which it communicates, not of its opinions or arguments. It is simply that of the telegraph or steamer which first communicates the intelligence that raises or depresses the price of stocks, gives tone to the commercial mart, influences the deliberations of ministerial cabinets, and sets the quidnuncs of the saloons and streets talking.

If, as the writer affirms, it "at this moment exerts a more powerful influence in the political destinies of the English people than is exerted by the government itself," we presume it is in a great measure an influence derived from that very government; since it is supposed to be, if not a ministerial organ, at least deep in the secrets of the cabinet, or some one of its members—Lord Palmerston, for example. This reflected influence, therefore, is not so much that of the reasonings or opinions of the *Times*, as of the weight and authority of those who are presumed to give them a direction.

Without doubt, however, much of this "overpowering" influence of the *Times*, on the future destinies of Europe, if it really exists at all, is owing to its matchless dexterity in accommodating itself to circumstances, and in adapting its course to every change of wind and tide, instead of resorting to unavailing efforts to give them a direction. Such, indeed, is its adroitness in this mode of leading public opinion, such its admirable second-sight in detecting its earliest indications, that its sagacity almost equals that of the Indian of our prairies, who, with unerring instinct follows the track of the buffalo or deer when even the hounds themselves are at fault. It is thus it has gained the reputation of leading, and in fact creating public opinion, by scenting the popular feeling before it becomes obvious to less sagacious observers. That this is one of the most valuable instincts of a political leader or a political organ, can not be questioned; but, after all, it is only on a par with that of the animal, which in the estimation of the first-born of Egypt, who monopolize the "Flesh-Pots," is the legitimate representative of what they are pleased to call "the swinish multitude," and who anticipates a storm with a sagacity far surpassing that of the almanac maker, or even the *Times* itself. Like that oracle, however, he does not raise the tempest, but merely snuffs it at a distance before it becomes obvious to others.

We think, however, there is little doubt that the opinions and arguments of a journal of such extensive circulation, and conducted with such acknowledged ability, would exercise no small influence if they did not so often, in nautical phrase, "run foul," and knock out each other's brains. Thus, before its disciples have had time to digest one oracle, the priestess has received a new inspiration; the pious devotee, though ever so willing to believe, can find nothing to believe in, and is placed in the predicament of the hunter who is often lost on the prairies for want of a landmark to direct his course. Those who set out on a pilgrimage in search of the opinions of the *Times*, are only chasing the horizon which recedes as they approach.

Neither with all its innumerable correspondents, and other means of acquiring information from almost all parts of the world, is the *Times* always to be relied on as a faithful chronicler. It is often deceived and often deceives its readers, whether intentionally or not, we don't pretend to say. Like all the conductors of public journals, with few exceptions, it is so solicitous to give the earliest news, that it seldom waits to hear it verified before communicating it to the public; and thus each succeeding issue of the paper is a sort of "errata," such as we see at the end of an ill-printed book, where all the blunders of the writer are ascribed to those unlucky scape-goats, the printers. We have, however, heard conductors of public journals, far more experienced than ourselves, affirm that a newspaper which always confined itself to the literal truth would find few readers and still fewer subscribers, since notwithstanding the assertion of my Lord Byron that "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction," an editor who should confine himself to that alone, would be sadly put to it to fill his columns. What, for example, would become of the New-York *Herald*, or the leading abolition organs, which are so well aware that a lie believed only a single day may answer all the ends of the most irrefragable truth, and that in all probability the correction will never reach a large portion of those it has deceived. There is also another great advantage in publishing every thing before inquiring as to its truth, and contradicting it afterwards. The reader is thus twice gratified: first by the excitement of the news, and next by the additional excitement of finding not one word of it true. We therefore think the *Times* not altogether inexcusable in its anxiety to give the earliest information without being particular as to its authenticity. The same apology may be made for its frequent veerings towards oppo-

site points of the compass, which equally answer the purpose of creating an agreeable surprise to one class of readers, and a salutary disappointment to others.

We doubt, however, whether a man without any settled opinions of his own, is qualified to direct the opinions of others. The pilot must look steadily ahead in order to steer the ship, and to sail by the stars it is necessary they should be stationary. The *Times* may appeal successfully to opinions already formed, or in embryo; but will scarcely, we should think, ever make many converts to its political faith, inasmuch as that will, in all probability, be changed long before the disciple can comprehend its hidden mysteries. We are therefore somewhat incredulous as to this astounding influence of that journal "throughout all Europe," as asserted by the correspondent of the New-York paper. We do not believe "it is overpowering, bearing down all opposition," among the people of that quarter who neither speak, read, nor understand its language; and have serious doubts, whether the Czar of Russia and his seventy millions of subjects; or poor Sultan Abdel Medjid, who seems to have lately been lost in the fog of diplomacy; or even the Conference at Vienna, are either of them swayed by the "overpowering" influence of the *London Times*. That it has no inconsiderable influence among British residents in the United States, and some of the posterity of the old Tories, who now call themselves Whigs; or that it is in a great measure the oracle of our Anglo-American press, no one will deny; but the *Times* may rest assured, it will never influence the course of the government, or the popular feeling in the United States.

There is one point, however, in which we will frankly do the *Times* justice. It must be acknowledged that in its capacity of general superintendent of the morals, manners, and politics of the United States, it treats us generally as gentlemen do each other. It seldom, if ever, resorts to downright scurrility or abuse; but says the severest things without transgressing the bounds of the most scrupulous politeness, or dealing in vulgar epithets; and if it sometimes—no doubt from a sense of duty—knocks us down, it seldom fails to hold out its hand, make a low bow, and pay us a compliment. No doctor or apothecary is more dextrous in sugaring over a bitter pill. It generally either begins or ends with a soul-subduing civility. It speaks respectfully of our progress in arts and civilization, commends our enterprise, admires the rapidity of our growth, predicts our future eminence as a leading power of the world, is almost in ecstasies with our railroads and public improve-

ments, and by way of neutralizing this homage, incidentally insinuates it is a great pity so promising a people should be such a set of pirates, filibusters, man-stealers, and dealers in human flesh. Thus it is that the *Times* gives additional venom to the sting, by assuming the disguise of a friend or monitor, while throwing the poisoned arrow. But we have already said more than was originally intended, and shall only add that the people of the United States do not especially covet the praise of the *Times*, and can laugh at a good jest even when at their own expense. But *Non est locus esse malignum*.

THE MEDICAL CONTROVERSY.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOL.

[THE following essay, from the pen of an esteemed and able friend, has been handed to us for publication. It is, we are given to understand, but a fragment of a volume now in course of preparation for the press. We commend it, without by any means indorsing its principles, to the careful perusal of all those who would understand the meaning and the merits of the monopoly of medical practice now sought to be obtained by legislative enactment in this State, for the "Old School" physicians. We say, "without indorsing its principles"—for we are really not qualified to form a positive opinion on the subject. The "New School" have many plausible arguments to advance; but while they leave the whole medical press and journals of the country, almost without exception, in the hands of their rivals, we fear they will find it difficult to effect any revolution in public sentiment. Let the promoters of the monopoly bill look sharp for the coming volume. We publish the following extract as a friendly warning, which they should not permit to pass unheeded.—ED.]

We have no sympathy with those fanatical innovators, who pronounce every change an improvement, every novelty a beneficial reform. On the contrary, we readily admit that age

and long-established use have a prescriptive title to respect—a right by no means indefeasible; but which can only be voided by the production of better and more satisfactory title-deeds on the part of the new claimant. Again, on the other hand, we are well convinced that a system, intrinsically worthless, will be worthless none the less, though you assign to it an ante-diluvian origin; nor will a beneficial reform be any the less a positive blessing, though its enemies prove to demonstration that it was but matured an hour ago. The breath of free discussion has penetrated alike the cloister and the court, and cleared a deal of rubbish out of each, and greatly purified their atmospheres. It is true that the bats were annoyed by it, and the owls looked most dismally indignant; they protested against this violent infringement of their “vested rights;” but no one heeded them—or heeded but to ridicule. And now the wiser portion of the community having disposed of “church and state,” and cleared the public mind of many antiquarian cobwebs, are beginning to turn their attention to the only science of really vital interest (so far as *this* world is concerned) to every individual member of the human family. Need we say that we allude to the practice and development of medical intelligence amongst the masses?

The present moment appears to us one peculiarly opportune for a public discussion of the principles and practice of the rival schools of medicine; a discussion divested of those mysterious technicalities which are only useful as the shield of elaborate ignorance, and brought down to the ordinary language and comprehension of the non-professional reader.

It needs not to be told that the self-styled “Regular practitioners of medicine” are at the present moment making extraordinary exertions in order to compass a bill to protect themselves from the too powerful competition of the New School or Reformed practitioners. In fact, they desire by legislative enactment to secure and perpetuate a monopoly in their business; and such is the indifference of the public, the force of received impressions, and the weight of that outside influence which a wealthy corporation can at pleasure bring to bear upon our Legislature, that there does not appear such an impossibility of success as the nature of their demands would at first lead us to imagine.

Let it, then, be understood that our object, in the first place, is to expose the radical fallacies of that “School,” which now aspires to make itself, by statute, the only practical arbitrator between life and death, health and disease, for the three mil-

lions of inhabitants in this State. Should they succeed here—in this, the intellectual heart of the Union—they foresee no difficulty in bringing the remainder of the States to follow an example so potent and infectious; therefore it is that, beside the unquestionable influence of the “Regular Faculty” amongst ourselves, we find a general conspiracy of their body from Maine to California, having special reference to the result of the present wire-pulling and political agitations in this State.

The danger which threatens us can only be prevented by one course of action—namely, by a thorough exposition of the unfitness and utter *unteachability* (to coin a word) of those aspiring to exclusive practice; so that the intelligent people of this State may be aroused from an apathy which threatens the most disastrous results, and make their voices heard in the decision of a question so vitally concerning their greatest interests.

We allege, and shall shortly prove to the conviction of every candid, every unprejudiced mind, that, while every other human art has steadily progressed and improved, from the crude condition of its discovery down to whatever advances to perfection it may at present possess, the art of healing, as now practised by those who boast of their “unreformed” and ineradicable faith, has rather gone, crab-like, backward, and into still deeper darkness; and that the medication they pursue to-day, is just as unreasonable and far more dangerous than the system inaugurated and reduced to theory by Hippocrates four hundred years before the birth of Christ. They have occasionally altered, it is true, the nature of the drugs to be administered; but this they did without any fixed principle to guide them, without any well-digested observation of the effects and analogies of their prescriptions. Horrified, now and then, by the murderous result of one medicament, they abandoned it, and picked up some other; haply to see, if the second “remedy” would prove less immediately pernicious than the first! As chemistry developed new agencies and new poisons, each was in turn adopted as the grand elixir of good health—the life-prolonging harbinger of immortality. Like the Jews, they “could give no reason for the faith that was in them;” the logic of experience fell dead upon the minds of men who had resolved that neither argument nor novelty should disturb the lucrative and tranquil mystery which surrounded and sustained their existence. The better to delude and keep in ignorance the public, they invented a peculiar jargon, a scientific ghiberish, which should be at once their bulwark against any intrusion of Common-Sense, and the

means of investing them in the eyes of the vulgar with something of mystical and superstitious terror. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. So the monk mutters his orisons in an unknown tongue; and the doctor writes his prescription in that very questionable "doctor's Latin," which a mistaken abbreviation has unjustly and injuriously laid to the door of the dogs.

That they have rejected reason as a possible auxiliary in their combat with disease, the very programme of their studies is enough to prove. They look for the means of sustaining life, not to the living man, and to the various results produced upon the disorganized human mechanism by the various medications they prescribe; they regard not the periodicity and regularly recurring character of all disease; nor take advantage of those intervals of comparative health *which are observable in all disorders, even the most acute and malignant*, and which afford the fairest opportunity for the successful application of those remedies which experience proves best calculated to prevent, or at least indefinitely postpone, a recurrence of the crisis and attack.

On the contrary, these Anti-Improvement pundits have solemnly resolved that the secret of life and health, if any such secret there be, (a question which their private experience very naturally inclines them to deny,) can only be found, if at all, in the body of decay and death! A proposition which rather leads us to suspect that the doctors must have been educated in that *terra incognita* "where the monkeys dig for daylight." As well might they tell their disciples to study the aspect, character, and causes of the rainbow in a dungeon, upon whose primeval darkness no ray of light had ever intruded, as instruct them to ferret out and eliminate by anatomical research the true understanding of health from a body, in which neither health, nor life, nor the most trivial function necessary to either, exists or is in action. That a knowledge of anatomy may be serviceable to a physician, in leading him to form a correct opinion of the nature of the disorder he is first called in to rectify, we readily admit; nor could any sane person deny so evident a truism. But the doctor's business, if we understand it rightly, is not, so far as his patient is concerned, to form a correct diagnosis or opinion of the functional derangement; it is to cure that derangement, and restore the functions to their natural and requisite activity. In support of this ridiculous dissection-theory, they have recourse to a very specious analogical argument, which, when itself dissected, proves to be no argument at all. They say: "Man is a mechanism; so is a

watch. If a watch be out of order, and the motion, which is its life, dies out, will not the artificer open the case in order to find out and rectify whatever may be wanting, or out of order in the works? And can not this competent artificer, such examination being made, tell precisely what was the cause of the original derangement and chronometrical death, so to speak, of the time-piece? Does he not learn from an examination of the interior of the watch—its mechanical anatomy—how to cure its aberrations, and restore it to normal regularity? The like rule applies to all like cases; and as man is a mechanism, we can only learn how to restrain his living deviations from good health by examining and acquainting ourselves with his interior structure, its various adaptations and eccentricities.”

That this argument is a specious one to men not accustomed to examine any problem independently, we admit; but place it, even for a moment, in the crucible of logic, and all its false though glittering sophistications melt and evaporate away.

In the first place, the watch is a *mere* mechanism, having a man-devised, man-made, and palpable motor. While man is a mechanism, it is true; but one of utterly infinite complexity, and having for his motor an essence so subtle, so ethereal, and divine, that no lancet yet has probed its electric nature—no microscope made it apparent to the eye. Moreover, when the watch ceases to move, the motor mainspring can still be found within it; and, if injured, there is but trifling trouble in mending it, or replacing it altogether. But when the man ceases to breathe, his motive principle, his life, all that distinguishes his animated body from the senseless clod beneath our feet, has returned to the great source whence it came. You can neither mend it, nor recall it; nor have the “Regulars,” though performing many other wonders, yet *quite* succeeded in replacing it. So much for the analogical error of the postulate.

But the second error in demonstration is, if possible, more gross. They say that the artificer learns how to correct his watch by making himself acquainted with the mechanical anatomy of his time-piece; *ergo*, the study of the anatomy of the human body is the chief thing requisite for the cure of human ills. They forget that the watchmaker has to “study the anatomy”—*not* of watches in general, nor of any utterly ruined watch, but must directly open and examine the innermost and most delicate machinery of *the watch put before him to be mended*. Now, when the anatomical theorists are prepared to cut open and examine every patient who applies to them for cure, we admit that there will *then* be (but not till then) a practical analogy between the cases upon which they build their argument.

When they cut into the heart to see if it is ossified, or explore the centre of the brain to detect any symptoms of hydrocephalus; when they prove by ocular demonstration that we live and move and have our being by the grace of a mainspring, which it is their peculiar privilege to wind up, and keep in vigorous activity; then, but not till then, they will find us amongst the most clamorous petitioners for the establishment of that monopoly which they are now so feverishly soliciting. Anatomy is of service to the physician, by enabling him to form a general idea of the character and location of the functional derangement; but it does not enable him, *per se*, to remedy what is wrong; and far from being the first necessity and most perfect qualification of the healing art, as our would-be monopolists pretend, it may be rated as a valuable, but by no means indispensable, auxiliary. To know what is wrong, does not, of itself, imply the ability to correct it. If it did, the ploughman might mend the broken mainspring of his watch, and the mere anatomist check the ravages of tubercular consumption.

While justly ashamed of that branch of the medical profession which, contenting itself with a *mere* profession, has so long made one of the highest human arts the subject of the poet's satire, and the sneer of the philosophical essayist; and justly proud and hopeful of that reformed and aspiring branch which avails itself of every improvement, and which, by its attainments and intelligence, is rapidly dissipating those clouds of prejudice and misunderstanding which an interested rivalry was at first too successful in raising—common justice compels us to admit that many—indeed, we fear the majority—of beneficial remedies introduced into the pharmacopeia, were the casual discoveries of non-professional and, in the sense of medical science, non-educated persons. The healing virtues of many herbs, long dubbed the “old women's cures,” and denounced for their simplicity and accessibility by the “Regulars of medicine,” are now pretty generally acknowledged, and made available. Peruvian bark, one of our best remedies, was found by the Spaniards in common use amongst the savages inhabiting the country where it grew; while mercury, and other mineral agents, originating with the Arabians, were only introduced into Europe towards the close of the fifteenth century, by Theophrastus Paracelsus, a reformer, though in many points a mistaken one, of Switzerland. But why swell a catalogue, which alone would demand larger limits than we have proposed as the extent of this essay? The shameful fact is admitted; and, when we regard the rigidly anti-innovative at-

titude which the Old-School doctors have so consistently maintained for centuries, we cease to wonder, though we can not but deplore, that so it is, and could not have been otherwise.

It required no ordinary courage to enable a practitioner so much as to confess the use of a new remedy. By doing so, he created alarm and disturbance in the profession; unsettled their profound self-complacency, and increased their apprehensions lest some thinker and reformer, some medical compound of Luther and Mirabeau, should overturn the superstructure of the system they had elaborated, and done their best to fortify. Every medical innovator has paid for his presumption the penalty of loss of practice, and professional estrangement. Harvey was denounced, and thrown out of business, because he had the audacity to discover and make known the circulation of the blood; while the great Jenner suffered professional martyrdom and legal persecution for years as a reward for having introduced the vaccine as a preventive for small-pox.

And here, indeed, the present fee-system is an illustration of the great error by which the public, to their own inappreciable hurt, have made their interests directly antagonistic to those of their medical attendants; have established, in fact, a proportion between the reward of their attendant physician and the intensity and duration of the suffering he either inflicts, or fails to relieve. They do not, as in the other business transactions, make it to the advantage of their *employé* to have his duty performed as well and quickly as is possible. On the contrary, the present fee-system which prevails amongst the "Regulars," and is, indirectly, the source of their incorrigible hatred of improvement, has for its actual, though unacknowledged basis, this stupendous principle: "The worse I grow under your care, the more I suffer, and the longer you protract my sufferings, the greater shall be your reward!" Poor human nature is too fallible, too avaricious, too capable of deceiving itself where interest suggests that the deception may be profitable, to stand this test. We would not suggest that any individual practitioner would deliberately injure a patient in order to prolong his profitable visits—though this is quite sufficiently possible to suggest unpleasant suspicions; but we do affirm, that a system such as this is a reward placed upon incompetence, and must inevitably disincite its beneficiaries to depart from their established routine in quest of difficult and money-losing improvements.

We are no advocates of the "no cure, no pay" idea; for

that would incline unprincipled practitioners to exaggerate the danger of every case; and fright, we know, invariably aggravates the character of any derangement, and not unfrequently produces a disease where before it had no existence. Moreover, there are many chronic maladies, if not incapable, at least extremely difficult of cure; and such, of course, could not legitimately be brought within the sphere of such a bargain. But what we advocate, and what the common-sense of the community will finally take up as a *juste milieu*, or proper compromise between the interests conflicting, and ever destined to conflict, would be this: that a certain reasonable compensation should be made to each physician for his attendance and medicaments, in proportion to the extent and duration of the services required; but that a fixed sum should likewise be named and agreed upon—its payment being made to depend upon the speediness and completeness of the cure. By such an arrangement the physician would be secured, at least, of some moderate compensation for his services; while, on the other hand, his positive and full remuneration would depend upon the skill and attention he employed.

Such an arrangement would be the death-blow of that system which now tyrannizes over the mind, and levies a tribute on the health of a decreasing majority of the public of this enlightened land. It would give to the five thousand practitioners of the New School a fair field of competition, and display, by infallible statistics, the beneficial character of those deviations from "established practice," which all who have witnessed or experienced well know to be improvements of most vital need.

The "New School" would gladly embrace the offer of payment, based on such a principle as that we have endeavored to suggest. They recognize the fact, that time is money, and health a possession, for the insurance of which, no price could properly be considered as excessive; and they, therefore, feel assured that for a speedy and efficacious restoration to health and business, the public will freely pay. They feel that they are masters of the art they profess, and do not fear to adopt this maxim as the motto of their business: "Let our pay be proportionate to the skill we exhibit, the relief we afford, and the speed with which we cure!"

If the Old School practitioners entertain, or have reason to entertain, a like estimate of their own ability, let them adopt a similar motto. The public will act as umpire, and decide after a careful perusal of the undertakers' bills on either side.

B U R N I N G O F M O S C O W .

BY COLONEL EIDOLON.

To prefix a long historical introduction to an event so well known, in all its causes and results, as this, would be a work so unnecessary and so superfluous, that I shall not attempt it.

The action of the following poem commences at midnight on the 15th of September, A.D. 1812. The city had been fired on the night of the 14th; but owing to the stillness of the air, and the exertions of Marshal Mortier, who had been appointed governor of the city by Napoleon, with the command of the Young Guard, it had been extinguished. On the night of the 15th, however, the wind was so strong, that it overcame the exertions of the wearied troops. According to the best authorities, the city burned from the 15th to the 20th, constantly.

On the third day, the fire-brands, borne by a violent north-west wind, set fire to one of the towers or pavilions of the Kremlin, adjoining the arsenal where Lariboissiere, commander-in-chief of the artillery, had caused the ammunition of the artillery of the Guard to be deposited. Napoleon had taken up his quarters in the Kremlin, and did not leave it till the night of the 16th, after it was surrounded with flames. He then transferred his head-quarters to the imperial palace of Petershoff, about a league from the outer circuit of the city; after which he gave orders for the evacuation.

"We left Moscow," says General Dumas, "under a real rain of fire. The wind was so violent, that it carried to a great distance the iron plates which were torn from the roofs and made red-hot by the flames. The feet of our horses were burnt. It is impossible to form an idea of the confusion that prevailed in this precipitate evacuation. The noise of the fire resembled the roaring of the waves; it was truly a tempest in

an ocean of fire. . . . We bivouacked on the skirts of a little wood, from which we could behold this frightful spectacle—the image of hell.”

Napoleon himself said : “It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh ! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld.”

On the 10th of October, the Emperor commenced his return to France. On the 6th of December he quitted the army in disguise at Smorgonce, and on the 18th he entered Paris at midnight. This campaign cost him, including prisoners, 167,500 men.

How often, when the wished-for prize is near,
And all its beauties agitate the soul,
Is the gay smile exchanged for sorrow's tear,
And every feeling bursts without control ?
How often is man's feeble arm upraised
In opposition to unchanging fate ;
How often is the hero men have praised,
Made, but by great circumstances, great ?
Yet would I not decry the name of him
Before whose name all Europe once could bow ;
Before whose brightness other flames grow dim,
Whose laurel is yet green upon his brow.
No, no, I would not pluck one laurel leaf
From out the crown Napoleon proudly won ;
The first, the last, with reign as bright, as brief
As meteors, rushing headlong to the sun.
Aye, proudly could I worship at thy shrine,
Napoleon, Europe's greatest, brightest son ;
For none has lived whose fame can equal thine,
In cabinet or field, save our own Washington.

'Tis noon of night, the wind is high,
And clouds and tempests shroud the sky,
And sleet, and snow, and wind are driven
From every quarter of the heaven.
None are abroad at this wild hour,
And Moscow's streets deserted lay ;
For show and pomp, and pride and power
Had all been shorn away.

No beauteous moon in splendor rolled,
And tipped with gold her thousand spires ;
No twinkling stars their love-tales told,
No Boreales lit their fires.
'Twas silence all—save when a blast
More keen and shrill came sweeping by ;
The snow in clouds was upward cast,
As winds were warring with the sky.
Around, the snow in hillocks piled,
Each hut and palace covered o'er ;
Man shrank aghast from scene so wild,
Each moment wilder than before.

The sentry marched his lonely round,
Lonely indeed on night so dire ;
He stops—what is that startling sound ?
The Kremlin sentry's cry of " fire !"
What ! ho ! Mortier ! awake ! awake !
But Mortier's ear had caught the sound,
For balmy sleep will oft forsake
One girt with dangerous horrors round.
" Fire !" " fire !" the sentries loud proclaim,
The dreadful drama has begun ;
Moscow is wrapt at once in flame—
From every point the people run.
The scene had opened—night and storm,
And fire and shouting filled the air ;
On every hand was loud alarm,
On every face was blank despair.
The flames arise—huge balls of fire
Appear as falling from the clouds ;
Now crashes some high-towering spire,
Forth rush with shrieks the startled crowds.
Sullen explosions shake the earth,
And dull and rumbling sounds are heard,
Such as presage an earthquake's birth,
When every secret depth is stirred :
Then burst the flames on every side,
The clouds seem waves of liquid fire,
A whirlwind fierce directs the tide
That rolls o'er Moscow in its ire.

Most dreadful night ! Confusion reigns,
At every point is raging fire ;
The elements have burst their chains,
And still grow fiercer, wilder, higher.

Onward it drives, like ocean-wave
When tempests make the waters rave.
Mortier's Young Guard amid this scene
Of awful desolation rushed,
Blackened and begrimed, they sprung between
The crushing and the crushed ;
More swiftly still the flames arose,
And nobly, yet in vain, they strove ;
They seemed to triumph o'er their foes,
And toward the Kremlin drove.

'Tis morn, 'tis noon, 'tis night ; and still
The city burned with fiercer glow ;
The howling storm and shouting fill
With terror friend and foe.
Napoleon holds the Kremlin yet,
But watches with an anxious eye,
Nor leaves it, though the stern Murat
Beseeches him to fly.
He paced the chamber to and fro,
The element comes sweeping nigher ;
When rises from the crowd below,
The cry, " The Kremlin is on fire !"
Slowly he left the palace then,
With sullen movement of despair,
Like to a goaded lion when
The hunters near his lair.

Again 'tis day—again 'tis night ;
The hurricane with fiercer blast
Drives o'er the city in its might ;
The burning roofs are upward cast ;
The city was a sea of flame ;
The heavens a canopy of fire ;
The clouds like boiling waves became ;
Now they advance and now retire ;
And here and there a trembling spire
Looms darkling, like a ship's tall mast,
Above this desolation dire ;
A moment—and 'tis downward cast.
Behold, that palace, proud and fair,
That rears its turrets to the skies,
Reels, trembles, falls in ruins there,
And crushed beneath, the cottage lies.

The mothers gaze with tearful eyes
Where once their homes and children smiled ;
The infants scream with piteous cries,
Affrighted at a scene so wild.
They rush along the fiery street,
Bearing whate'er they love the most ;
Or, gathered into groups, they meet
Death, when each hope is lost.

'Tis done: grim Desolation bends
Her form where once a city rose,
Destroyed by those who were its friends,
To save it from its foes.
Now may we pause ; the shout is dumb,
The hurricane is stilled at last ;
No more is heard the distant hum,
That told the swiftly coming blast.
The fire is quenched, save here and there
Bursts fiercely forth a fitful flame ;
In sullen mood, in dire despair,
The troops retire with naught but fame.
'Tis silence, sadness, ruin all,
And friend and foe look on aghast ;
Does it presage Napoleon's fall,
That thus he should be checked at last ?
A day of Empire, brief and bright,
To set at last in endless night.

HUMAN NATURE IN CHUNKS.

CHUNK No. 11.—JONATHAN—A CHARACTER.

BY RICHARD DOE, B.L.E.S.Q., ETC.

JONATHAN was thirty yesterday, and is still the tender object of maternal solicitude. Born where nature never amply passed her bounteous hand; reared where cold sterility slumbers in her granite robes; alike in boyhood and in riper years, to Jonathan age is naught.

He is an only son, tall and slender as the shadow of a spire. Nature forgot to crown his brow with intelligence, or to light his eye with one bright beam of intellect. However, what nature neglected to grant, parental love strove hard to supply. Jonathan was the idol of his home. What Jonathan said was household orthodoxy. When Jonathan smiled, his mother invariably answered with a smile; and when Jonathan sighed, his mother hastened with sympathy to alleviate the tender sufferer. His mother thought him unsurpassed in polite attainments. She saw in him the *beau idéal* of a polished gentleman, and in these matters Jonathan thought just as his mother did. Whether at church or home, Jonathan was consequential. His labors were principally confined to the knife exercise at the family board; in fine, eating, drinking, and sleeping were his tutors. As Jonathan reached the high road of legalized manhood, his mother advised him, for his own peculiar happiness, to seek among the fair and the beautiful a life-companion, to smooth adversity and refine happiness.

To reach the goal of love seemed to him an undertaking of no small moment—a pilgrimage that would pass endurance. The future seemed to possess no matrimonial torch to light him along the rosy meads of happiness. Jonathan, however, thought himself qualified for matrimonial honors. His mother

thought so; his father willingly assented to "home instructions." A trinity of opinions does not equal one effort. His mother thought him the pink of agreeableness, the peculiar favorite among the sisterhood of maidens. She told him affectionately and confidentially that the only sure way to secure a heart was to bait his countenance with a smile, and any "gal" would most cheerfully bite. Jonathan was at first reluctant to make an effort to secure a help-mate, but the success of less worthy aspirants at length gave him more confidence. The Mecca of love is not reached without heart palpitations and trembling knees. Jonathan long and seriously pondered the glorious anticipation; dreamed over the prospect, and at length began to verily believe himself the idol of some dark-eyed maiden. Riches were among his family inheritances; his family connections respectable; his grandfather, a recipient of Uncle Sam's generosity; his uncle had been a member of the Legislature; his aunt married a deacon, and one of his cousins was in college. Prospects were favorable. One thing alone troubled him; he had never mingled in the out-door life—never had mingled with gayety—never had learned the philosophy of a kiss. I say never—once he was persuaded to advance one step beyond the "leading lines" of his mother's apron; but that was purely a parental oversight. It was at a May-day festival, when the bright-eyed maidens had gathered to crown the Queen of Spring with garlands, and to wake an-thems of rejoicing in the saddened heart. Youths fresh from valley and mountain top, with cheeks like the first blushing woodland trophies, which they bore with them, came to swell the throng. Jonathan was there—slim, silent Jonathan. His eyes, expanded to their utmost capacity, seemed watchful of every event. Dark eyes looked on him witchingly, and Jonathan began to think himself a permanent structure in their affection. But nothing could move him from his position; he was firmly planted on the eternal rock of indifference. Both hands were firmly imbedded in broad-cloth. During the gayety of the hour, a pair of red lips vainly strove to implant a kiss-germ on his cheek, but to no purpose; he showed a stern resistance to every attack, and declared openly that his uncle had always warned him, in such cases, to "beware of temptation." Jonathan left the scene of merriment at an early hour. His recital of events to parental ears was touching and melancholy. Still, marriage was the goal of his ambition—the honest striving of his heart. His parents were anxious to crown their gray hairs with fresh garlands of affection; and Jona-

than, obedient to the parental wish, determined to make a real, *bonâ fidé* matrimonial effort. A new suit of "iron-gray" was purchased, a new hat was added to his wardrobe, his old "cow-hides" were thrust aside, and patent leather substituted. Now, there lived in the valley below a very pert maiden that bore the sinless cognomen of Sallie Ann. Sallie was fair as a rose, and as smiling as the natal cheek of Spring. She loved the woodlands for their songs, and the mountain sides for the flowers they nourished.

One calm Sabbath's eve, Jonathan set forth on a visit. For one hour before his departure, he was drilled in the code of politeness; told to say this and say that, to do this and do that. His journey thither was one of much excitement, his heart throbbed violently, his cheeks were flushed with fears, every shrub that he passed seemed to shield an enemy, every stone seemed to whisper an ominous word. Jonathan was soon in sight of the mansion—a hesitancy overcame him, he paused for breath—to reflect—turned his footsteps homeward—paused again—advanced—retreated again—onward. But Jonathan had heard of courage—had heard that faint heart never won fair lady. "Victory or no wife" seemed finally to be his motto. After superhuman effort, Jonathan soon reached Sallie Ann's mansion—his arm was uplifted—the blow fell. Soon bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Sallie Ann was at the door. Salutations were exchanged—Jonathan paused on the threshold—retreat was defeat. "Sebastopol must be taken." Sallie invited him to walk in. Jonathan "obeyed instructions." After wasting a full half hour on the beauties of the evening, Jonathan suggested the propriety of "union." Sallie blushed. She looked at the clock, twitched her apron in a thousand ways, opened and shut the book she held in her hand a thousand times, looked out of the window with a laughing earnestness, bit her lip, and at last snuffed the candle out. It was soon re-lighted and in its place. Finally, said she, twisting her handkerchief, "Mr. Strong, I don't comprehend your meaning."

"Well," said Jonathan, cyeing his boots; "I and mother thinks as how it is time for me to kinder seek a companion, as I am 'bout old enough to begin life, and I knows of no one but yourself that would quite come up to my ideas of perfection."

"Me, perfect? Why, Mr. Strong—"

"Well, you are a plaguey sight nearer it than any other gal I know in all this place. Ma says so, pa says so, and I say so. Aunt Maria said you was a likely gal."

"I think you are all mistaken," replied Sallie, snuffing the candle.

"Guess not. Aunt Maria, you know her, Deacon Neb's wife, says she has been acquainted with lots on 'em, and she says you are a likely, go-ahead sort of a person. I think so, ma thinks so."

"What do you wish me to understand by a union?" interrupted Sallie.

"Tying on us together, so that nothing on arth can pull us in two. I am getting along in years, dad is rather infirm, ma is naturally weak, constitutionally—plenty to do."

"Are you constitutionally weak?" inquired Sallie Ann, with a smile.

"No, guess not; had the measles—mumps—troubled with bile when I was small—pretty stout now—first-rate relish for food. I'm sound as a roach, Sallie."

"Are you naturally kind?"

"Yes, I am. Dad often says he never see me riled."

"Do you read much?"

"Yes, m-a-r-m. Dad takes the *Messenger*, and a political paper, that gives us lots of news."

"Have you ever loved any one else?"

"Not a bit. There was Lucy Jones, pretty enough, but the critter has got red hair, and ma says that's the sign of a cross temper. I must marry affection all over."

"I am very cross, sometimes," said Sallie, with much emphasis.

"Well, now, I never saw in all my born days. I s'posed you was pretty free from that ar fault. Aunt Maria says you are good-natured—aint you Sallie?"

"No, Mr. Strong; I am a perfect scold. I will be obeyed in all things. My word is law. Every time I smile, it only covers my hate. I am ugly—a perfect tyrant. Should I marry you, it would be only to find some one to torment. The dogs and the cats run at the sight of me. I'd pull your hair, sir; would put the broom over your head; I would torment you in a thousand ways."

"Well," said Jonathan, much alarmed; "you and I can't trade—that's so. I don't want any such kind of a union. I'm dreadful glad you told me on't, for I should have got married right off. Aunt Maria is wrong."

"It's so, decidedly," replied Sallie, adjusting her hair.

"Well," said Jonathan, "I'm for home; sorry natur made you so, on my account. I was looking out for happiness here

on arth, but I believe as how all the gals are 'gin' to scolding. Time aint now as when ma was a gal."

"You are correct, Mr. Strong. 'Gals,' as you call them, are a peculiar structure, susceptible of anger and ill. They are not to be trusted with such a valuable treasure as a heart. Never trouble them again with your presence; they will surely abuse your goodness. They may smile; but smiles don't always light the pathway to their hearts. They may imprint a kiss on your cheek, but that is not always the seal of affection. I advise you always to live single—and—and die unmarried."

"Well, I'll be bound not to have a thing to do with the structures, as you call 'em, ag'in. Good night, Sallie."

"Good night, Mr. S-t-r-o-n-g," replied Sallie, rising with much graciousness.

Jonathan departed in hot haste; he left distance in the rear. Breathless, he reached home.

"What luck? what luck?" inquired the anxious parents.

"Well, ma, I'm down. I loved Sallie beyond ordinary. I really couldn't help liking the critter till to-night. I told her I wanted a wife. Sallie said she was a cross thing—would pull my hair, if she married me. She said all gals were just like her. I guess they are, ma. Dang me, I'll let 'em entirely alone. Who'd thought that of Sallie? Aunt Maria lies. I'll be—be con—well, cut into two hundred pieces, if I ever look at—at a gal ag'in, with any intention of marriage. Gals are pretty enough in their places, but after this, Jonathan Strong aint arter them."

T H E M A G Y A R .

His birth was humble, yet, by nature, he
Was great in mind, and greater still in heart.
To one, his nation bowed with reverence ;
But, to the other, clung with childhood's love.
One was the thunderbolt which broke their chains ;
The other was the giant harp which chained
Their souls.

In youth, he stood alone—
Bold advocate of right—resistless foe of wrong.
He was the tyrants' foe—he staid their wrath,
As pyramid the desert-storm. To him,
Their bribes were bubbles—their decrees and laws
He broke, as Samson broke his withes, and still
Was free. They sought to quench the flame he lit
With blood and prison-damps : the blood burned like
Oil ; but the dungeon-damps, for a moment,
Checked the flames, as children, with tuft of grass,
A moment check the mountain rill.
His country's sky was dark as Egypt's in
Her night of woe, but the clouds parted, and
A single ray, Hope's golden smile, rested
On his upturned brow. He was Future's child—
Restless in mind, he grasped the present and
The past, to shape the future to his wish.
His country's wrongs preyed, like Promethean
Vulture, on his heart. He spake ; his country heard,
Was breathless, quivering in every nerve.
“Magyars, arise ! our children call for bread—
Our wives, for vengeance—our fatherland, for
Justice—our God, to duty—our duty
Calls to sacrifice, to liberty, or death.”
Four hundred men, associates in power,

Sprang to their feet, stretched their right arms, replied :
 "Liberty or death!" "Liberty or death!"
 Echoed from hill to vale, from crag to crag,
 Passed o'er the summit of the highest mount,
 Descended, crag by crag, and filled the land.
 The peasants left their fields, their children, and
 Their homes : their flocks, unguarded, strayed :
 Bold armies met : the right, at last, prevailed :
 The tyrant fled : his throne was wrapt in flames ;
The Magyar's land was free! Wild joy prevailed.
 Meanwhile the tyrant gathered strength : his arms
 Increased ; dark masses rushed upon the new-
 Born land, but backward rolled, like sea-foam from
 Eternal rock. Wild joy prevailed again.
 Meanwhile, the traitor came—his wiles prevailed—
 The conflict ceased. The Magyars were in chains.
 Their father, shelterless, sought shelter 'neath
 The Eastern palms—and, for an hour, he slept.
 He was an exile, hated and beloved,
 Honored and despised. He was hunted down
 By tyrants, like a tiger in the fold.
 Yet the flock sheltered him, as if he were
 Their feeblest lamb. He told his anguish to
 The world—the world was dumb ; but, o'er the sea,
 A nation heard, and wept. She bore him to
 Her shores ; her millions bowed with reverence,
 Swayed by his kingly mind, or melted by
 The fervor of his love. But tyrants o'er
 A million, or a score of souls, alike
 Are tyrants still—so petty tyrants railed.
 Europe sleeps, but peaceless—Vesuvius sleeps,
 But not within—Kossuth sleeps, but in his
 Breast revolutions gather strength. His hand
 Is on the key-stone in the arch of wrong—
 It trembles—he hesitates—draws back his
 Hand ; for wisdom bids, "another hour delay,"
 Though every ling'ring moment adds frightful
 Horror to the final crash, which sure must come—
 Nor lingers long. Vesuvius, aroused,
 Shall burst her furnace bars, pour forth her floods,
 And waste, and blast, and desolate the earth
 With waves of liquid rock. So Kossuth shall
 Awake, tear out the key-stone from the arch
 Of wrong, as Samson the pillar from the

Temple of his foes ; yet shall himself escape,
While revolution, from his breast, shall leap,
Like Alpine deer, from hill to vale, from crag
To crag, till Europe, mighty giant with his
Thousand arms, shall wake—from his prison burst,
Cast off his chains—with one wild, raging breath,
Like desert-simoon's wrath, make tyrants bite
The dust, or sink them, with their thrones, in the
Wild vortex of the people's wrath. Then Rome,
Eternal, harlot Rome—thrice widowed Rome,
Shall die, amid the conflagration of
Her cursed shrines, or, on the fun'ral pile
Of her consort, Wrong ; and, on Peter's rock,
A Church be built to Him, whose spirit sets
Men free. Then shall the conflict cease, the storm-
Clouds pass away. The sun, once more, in love
And beauty smile upon unfettered man.

A. D. C.

"OUR TRANSATLANTIC COUSINS."

BY COLONEL KIDOLON.

"Your Lordship will be glad also to hear that the union of the two governments, (France and England,) is not confined to the Eastern question; but that the habit of a good understanding between them has become general on all matters of policy, and extends to all parts of the world; and that on the question of policy, there is no part of the world, in either hemisphere, with regard to which we are not entirely in accord."

Speech of Lord Clarendon.

"What firmer bonds can there in fact be than those bearing the names of victories belonging to the two armies recalling a common glory? than the same anxieties and the same hopes agitating the two countries? than the same views and the same intentions animating the two governments in every corner of the globe?"

Napoleon III., 24th Dec., 1854.

"Our transatlantic cousins will become a trifle less insolent and overbearing when they find that the fleet which 'summers' in the Baltic, can, without cost or effort, 'winter' in the Gulf of Mexico."

North British Review, for November, 1854.

MANY more extracts to the same purpose, might be cited from English publications of a late date; but we have already enough for our present purpose, and we shall not therefore search further.

The tone of the press throughout the United States, has been remarkably moderate in regard to any strictures on the present war in the Crimea. While the papers have been unusually anxious to lay before their readers the latest news from the seat of war, they have, up to the present time, very generally forbore to give opinions either of its justice or of its scientific conduct. They have observed a strict neutrality, and we venture to say that nothing has reached the camp before Sebastopol, or the city itself, by which either party could be justly offended. There has been some complaint by the Brit-

ish journals, that we of the United States did not enthusiastically—for the complaint amounts to that—cheer on the Allies in their self-appointed task.

When the battle of freedom is to be fought in reality, the United States will not be found on the side of despotism; but in the contest in the Crimea, in its present state, that is not by any means, the issue. It is, in spite of all the dust attempted to be thrown into the eyes of the civilized world, a struggle for existence on the part of the Allies; for territorial extension and mercantile position on the part of Russia. We are rather inclined to the opinion, and time will test our sagacity, that the Allies will eventually, if successful, assume the protectorate of Turkey. May not the three powers continue the war till Turkey is prostrate, and then divide her—to defray expenses? *Nous verrons.*

Our diplomatic relations with Russia have always been of the most amicable character, and we can see no reason why they should be changed; at least, not at the call of our unnatural cousins of the British Isles. It is true the government of Russia is a despotism—it is also true that ours, of the United States, is republican; but the despotism of the present day is not so bad and outrageous, even in Russia, as the reign of Henry VIII., in England. It bears no comparison with that of Charles I., and yet the Allies would call on us to break our faith with Russia, and stultify ourselves by hurraing for them. We have no apologies to make for Russia; but we intend to show that we are in no whit indebted to the Allies, jointly or severally; and that we shall pay them what we owe them, and no more. In every government, individual hardships will occur, generally unwittingly, but sometimes through *malice prepense*; and we can see little or no difference between the Botany Bay, and St. Helena of England; and the Kamtschátka and Siberia of Russia—between crushing the body and soul in the factories of Manchester, or the mines of Cornwall; and performing the same labor of love in the serfdoms and salt-mines of Russia and Cracow. In our understanding, where the people are free, the government is free; and we would like some hair-splitting casuist in the pay of the Allies, to point out to us benighted Americans the difference.

The French—we confess to having a warm side for the French; nor is this either unreasonable or unnatural. We can not forget that he is our friend who showeth us a kindness; and that neither tribe, kindred, nor tongue avail any thing, when with those natural inducements to friendship, there is a

constant display of inveterate enmity. Although it has been necessary, since the great event to which we allude, to indicate even to France, that while we ask nothing but what is right, we will submit to nothing that is wrong; yet there is in the heart of every American, a corner, in which smoulders at least, if not blazes, a flame on the altar long since raised in honor of our first, last, and only ally. It would be the height of ingratitude to forget, and the climax of meanness not to acknowledge our obligations, not only to such men as Lafayette, but also to his government. We do not, however, hesitate to add to these free acknowledgements, that France is fast putting herself out of the pale of our good wishes and our good offices. When there was a hope of the French Republic, our people were enthusiastic in their expressions of friendship and good will, and they mourned like an elder brother, over the fall of their fickle imitator. If now, having fallen into the hands of Napoleon the Little, France echoes the strain of his address of December last, and sustains him in the course that address indicates, then, is it time for America to look about her, and for France to calculate the value of our sympathy, when weighed against the interested connection which England has sought and obtained.

We do not complain of that alliance *per se*, but if its object be truly unfolded, then we shall prepare, if we are wise, to take care of ourselves, as we have always done; and as the world knows full well, we can do. That England has wheedled France in their present transaction, there can be no doubt; and if other proof were wanting, the armaments sent out by the different parties, and other warlike preparations, would be a sufficient answer. While England parsimoniously gets 20,000 or 30,000 men in the field, and Parliament passes the foreign mercenary bill, France sends out an equal number of troops in every respect superior, and Napoleon calls out 150,000 more men, and contracts a loan of twenty millions of pounds. But in addition to all this, the French emperor makes to his newly formed English friends magnificent promises, which, we are satisfied, the nation he governs will not permit him to fulfill.

Our relations with England have never been cordial. From the time the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, there have been secret dissensions or open hostilities. Our people, our institutions, our country were at the first, treated with contempt. Nothing that was American, has, in their estimation, been even up to mediocrity. Neither our books, our orators, nor our statesmen were third rate. Our rights were trampled upon; in fact, in the estimation of England, we had no rights.

Our treatment was worse than that of a bound boy at a wedding; but at length forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and a couple of wars taught John Bull the metal of which we were composed. They opened his eyes to a state of existing facts which he would gladly have ignored altogether.

It is not necessary to condense the history of the United States, nor cite State papers to prove the constant situation of our political and diplomatic relations with England. Instances of insolent, overbearing, and ill-bred intermeddling are known to every citizen; and when, in the various mercantile transactions and connections of the countries, we *would* forget, a fresh outrage sharpens the memory. They object to the purchase of Louisiana; they assert the annexation of Texas to be a national disgrace; they declare the war with Mexico one of aggression, abhorred of God and man; they protest against the acquisition of Cuba in any manner; they sneer at the spirit of territorial extension in a republican country; loudly proclaim their abhorrence of such an aggrandizing sentiment in the nation; and then, as if to crown all, with the most consummate impudence, ask our sympathy and our cheers, in what we can't help considering an unnecessary war in the Crimea for territorial acquisition.

But the war in the Crimea is progressing. Already eleven thousand widows in England weep over the battles of Alma and Inkermann; already the bones of many thousands of soldiers lie bleaching on the battle-fields; but still, the heading of the programme is, "*Sebastopol not taken!*"

We confess to a feeling of malicious pleasure, when, after the boasting of the leading press of England, it turned out that "*Sebastopol was not taken;*" and after reading such braggadocio as that standing at the head of this article, we submit, that it was not in flesh and blood to forbear. "Our foes have had a forewarning with what sort of a people they will have to deal;" have they? Yea, verily. "*Sebastopol not yet taken.*" "The fleet which has summered in the Baltic, can winter in the Gulf of Mexico," can it? Aye marry, good sirs. But "*Sebastopol is not yet taken.*" So runs the last bulletin from the Field-Marshal, the Lord Raglan. "We have already checkmated, conquered, and despoiled our colossal antagonist, and that rapidly, silently, and easily," say the British press. How many thousand men lie cold and stiff, rotting in the mounds of the Crimea, and "*Sebastopol not yet taken?*"

The threat then, is meant for Brother Jonathan, and it is we who hereafter, "need to speak with bated breath," for fear of

a visit by the fleet which "summers" in the Baltic. It is the United States, which are next to have an experimental knowledge "of what metal you are made," and when that knowledge is communicated, France is to stand by and cry "*encore !*" All the envy of our growth as a nation ; all the hatred of our success as a government ; all the fear of our example to the world, of what men are capable ; all the disgrace which two wars have heaped upon British arms, is now to be wiped off, and Russian servitude, doubtless, will be freedom to ours. Amid all their plans for humbling the power of the United States, and wreaking their vengeance upon their "transatlantic cousins," and while they are preparing to carry them into effect, let them remember that "*Sebastopol is not yet taken.*"

We repeat it therefore, that if there is in the United States, a feeling adverse to the Allies in the present war, that feeling is the result of causes within the control of England herself. The extracts at the head of this article, coming from the heads of the two nations, and from a leading journal, are not to be overlooked ; and human nature is so constituted, that opposition engenders strife, and failure, under such circumstances, begets exultation. There need be no wonder that the people do not warmly sympathise with England in this contest. The hearts of millions of us were with Hungary and the Sultan, they are so now ; but we are not to be bullied by the Allies to feign a sympathy we do not feel, or to applaud an act, of which we doubt the purity, as well as the disinterestedness.

But it is time to view this matter seriously. Suppose Sebastopol to be taken, and a peace concluded upon terms advantageous or satisfactory to the Allies. Suppose Russia to be blocked up in her narrow inland seas, commercially and politically ; and England and France, in effect, masters of Europe—what, with the present programme, is to be the next step ? Having settled, as seemed to them best, the balance of power in Europe, do they now come to make similar arrangements for us ? We warn them in time, that the people of the United States will not permit any such meddling in their affairs. If, when weak and disunited, such an attempt could combine and strengthen us, now such a pretension, by all the governments of Europe, would be folly.

However, let the people awaken and look about themselves. A threat like that is not to be despised, even for its absurdity. Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. That there are causes of quarrel with England is not to be denied ; and that those causes are of her own making, is equally cer-

tain. None are so implacable as those who have committed a wrong or an injury, and none are so tenacious of an opinion or position, as those who know it to be false and indefensible. It is therefore not improbable that England, knowing that alone defeat is certain, if she can really secure the alliance of France, may push some of her insolent pretensions to an extremity.

We earnestly hope that a difficulty, such as we have presumed, may be averted; and although "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," yet success is in all cases commensurate to previous preparation. Now is the time to prepare for war, and Congress ought, instead of paying old State spoliation claims, make such a disbursement of the surplus in the treasury, as would insure security for the future. That, in case of a war, we should be an overmatch for all that could be sent against us, is certain; but it is well to be ready—foolhardiness is very far from true courage. We were pleased with the remarks of General Cass in the Senate on this question, and the country echoes the wisdom of his advice. We have already been warned, there is no reason that we should now be surprised. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

RONDEAU EXTEMPORE.

TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A CHIME OF BELLS.

Tol de rol, tol de rol, (merrily,
The Allies took Sebastopol,
Sebastopol, Sebastopol,
The Allies took Sebastopol.
Tol de rol, tol de rol.

Tol de rol, tol de rol,
Tho Allies *mis*-took Sebastopol,
Sebastopol, Sebastopol,
The Allies *mis*-took Sebastopol.
Tol de rol, tol de rol, (solemn chime.)

T H E B E L L S .

THE bells, the bells—oh ! the bells—
Chilling tales their clanging tells ;
Still and cold the midnight air,
No sound but of the bells is there.
From far away a varying hum,
The giant bells' deep voices come,
And with a quick, impetuous ring,
The tiny bells for ever sing :
Fire ! fire ! for ever ! fire !

God help the poor this bitter night,
The heart speaks loud, the skies grow bright ;
Preserve the sleeping babe from harm,
And strengthen thou the fireman's arm.
For, oh ! the bells, the wicked bells,
Exulting as their chorus swells,
All careless of the woe they bring,
Clash on, and still for ever sing :
Fire ! fire ! for ever fire !

But, hark ! a shriek, as though despair
Swept through the quiet winter air ;
The red line on the sky grows higher,
The shriek is, Fire ! fire ! fire !
The stamp and rush of countless feet
Break forth from every wakened street ;
For, oh ! the bells, with sullen swing
Enjoying, sing, for ever sing :
Fire ! fire ! for ever fire !

To sleep, the bells shall be the strain
Shall hush me back to sleep again ;
The bells, that bring such bitter woe,
From me shall but this lesson know :
That selfish man in safety sleeps,
Nor cares he that a brother weeps,
While all the bells in chorus ring,
And shout and sing, for ever sing :
Fire! fire! for ever fire!

W.

MR. JOSEPH HUME.

THE last steamer from Europe brings intelligence of the death of one of the most sordid misers that Britain ever produced, and the vilest political peddler that ever existed in any age. Mr. Joseph Hume, the self-proclaimed "Middlesex Goose," is no more.

We can not, however, receive this self-portraiture and designation as veritable history. Mankind are proverbially divided into rogues and fools; and though Joseph would thus insinuate, with his usual complacency, that he belonged to the more innocent order, he assuredly had not one particle of it in his composition. He was one of the shrewdest, coolest, most selfish and calculating knaves that any country ever produced.

This great country, which, at such a distance from the scene, can judge of European men and events with all the impartiality of posterity, has already pronounced its opinion upon Mr. Joseph Hume, so far as he was known at all; and the unanimous voice of its press has been, that he belonged to that class of individuals who are better known than trusted. Few, however, comparatively are aware of him on this side of the Atlantic. We shall, therefore, give a few particulars of his history.

Mr. Joseph Hume was of very humble origin—a circumstance for which we should honor him the more were it not that, while himself revelling amid all the luxuries of wealth, he allowed his nearest relatives to languish under all the hardships of indigence. He was born in an obscure street of the small Scotch town of Montrose, in the year 1777. His father is supposed to have been, in early life, a humble fisherman, and latterly he is said to have acted as captain of a coal-sloop. He died, however, when Joseph was in only the sixth year of his age; and the elevation of the future “goose” consequently devolved on the mother, who discharged her duty faithfully, and, it grieves us to say, in common with the other members of the family, was afterwards most shamefully requited.

The elder Mrs. Hume sustained her existence, and brought up her family creditably, by keeping a small “crockery,” or humble earthen-ware shop, in the town already named. By dint of many privations, and at the expense of numerous sufferings to his sisters, she reared him up, and qualified him for entering on the profession of a surgeon—that profession which he afterwards so much derided. Death happily removed her from the scene, before she experienced to its full extent that bitterest of all anguishes—a favored child’s ingratitude; but we remember only about a dozen years ago, while passing through that part of the country, witnessing one of Joseph’s sisters working, *in a man’s jacket*, in a quarry; and the daughter of another attempting to earn a precarious existence by letting lodgings in the city of Edinburgh. The latter—a perfect image of Joseph in appearance, but in no respect seemingly resembling him in mind—had a plaster bust of the “patriot” (as he styled himself) in her humble hall; and when a stranger accidentally remarked the likeness between the two, she would indignantly reply: “That villain was my *uncle*.” On being asked for an explanation of words so unlooked for, she would tell her tale of woe. Her husband was a poor cabinet-maker, and had died a short time before in circumstances of great distress. “I was so poor,” the unhappy woman would add, bursting into tears, “that I could not afford to bury him. I applied to that monster (Joseph) for a little assistance, and the villain referred me to the parish work-house.” Heartlessness so base, at such a moment, would scarcely be deemed credible. Still, there are numbers in existence who heard it, in common with ourselves; and it was their generous aid which enabled the poor widow to set out in the world in her humble specu-

lation, and attempt to earn an existence independently of her disgustingly penurious relative.

Having completed his education, such as it was in those days—that is, exceedingly imperfect—Hume found no difficulty in obtaining the post of surgeon's mate on board of one of the vessels of the East-India Company's fleet, and ultimately was transferred to the land service, which then offered a bounty to every species of atrocity, and held out a fortune to every one disposed to commit or connive at crime. This was the time when the unhappy natives of the country were put to death by thousands, or rather by millions, by the iniquitous salt-tax. Miscreants sent out by England, frequently returned with fortunes amounting to many millions of dollars, amassed by starving the whole population of a province. It being Hume's resolution to obtain money in any way, he accordingly soon quitted the regiment and the medical service in which he was engaged, for this congenial species of speculation. In the regiment, he had distinguished himself by every sort of rapacity—grasping at every office by which a guinea was to be earned or a shilling to be turned. Most of his avocations were wholly unprofessional, and some of them were absolutely ludicrous. He had monopolized the situation of regimental post-master, and likewise that of the district; and when a vacancy occurred in the regimental chaplaincy—with a good salary, of course—he also applied for the appointment. "Joe," as he was termed, here experienced an indignant refusal. He had previously been notorious for his infidel opinions, and to the latest years of his life he was noted for his blasphemy—openly denying and deriding, in the instance of the cholera, the existence of a God, or of His interfering in the slightest degree to influence human affairs. The authorities accordingly scouted his infamous proposal, and in terms that must have made him wince had he not, during the whole of his existence, been equally insensible to honor and to shame. His medical colleagues, too, contemned him; and he consequently, shortly afterwards quitted this branch of the service to engage in the speculations to which we have already alluded. This was the secret of that hatred to the clergy and the medical profession, which Hume retained to the last. He never omitted any opportunity of sneering at or insulting a clergyman, because his cowardly nature told him he might insult with safety; and he was equally noted for hostility to medical men, though towards the latter he acted with secret animosity rather than open hostility. At a trumpery club in London, misnamed the Reform,

he systematically caused the exclusion of surgeons, though the majority of its members consisted of small attorneys, pettifoggers, and like fry, over whom he exercised a most despotic control. The late Mr. Dumergue, a medical officer of the Queen's household, was excluded by him until he renounced his profession.

Having amassed, in his new speculations, a considerable fortune—amounting to a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand dollars—Mr. Joseph Hume returned to England, after an absence of eleven years; and, like all Indian adventurers, became desirous of a seat in Parliament. To persons of his order and mental calibre, the legislature was, of course, only open by money; and, as a Tory of the hottest order—that is, one of the fiercest enemies of the people—he entered the House of Commons as member for the corrupt borough of Weymouth. The seat was openly purchased; but we arraign him not on this ground; for such distinctions were then only, as now, attainable in Britain by money: but every man with the feelings of a gentleman must recoil from the course which Mr. Joseph Hume subsequently adopted to secure his future election at a less expensive rate. He had paid the usual price for his return—a sum varying from ten to fifteen thousand dollars; and sorely did Joseph, on finding himself received only as a bore in the House, mourn over the loss of his cash. With characteristic cunning, he quickly set to work to avoid the expenditure of such sums for the future, and the means he employed were congenial with all his former courses. The electors consisted of a few petty householders, but all subject to the control of one Sir Alexander Johnson, who then owned the fee simple. The baronet was a child, or at least under age, and the late Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover) was his guardian. We are not going to defend such a species of property. We hold it, on the contrary, to be highly objectionable. But it then was common; and the infant's patrimony, amounting to upwards of half a million of dollars, had been placed in this investment. Joseph knew this; and to rob the child, he promptly proceeded to cajole the electors. The baker was called upon, and was promised Joseph's patronage for bread; the butcher's wife was sily informed that Joseph, with a large establishment, designed to take up his abode in the neighborhood. All the petty tradesmen were in like manner waited on, and addressed on the advantages of having a wealthy "Indian Nabob" resident amongst them, instead of voting at the dictation of an absent prince, or the

will of a mere boy at school. "Joe," by these manoeuvres, had made considerable progress, and was chuckling over the prospect of at once saving his money, and securing his election. But, unfortunately, one morning, when in the full tide of fancied success, he found the whole plan was spoiled. The Duke of Cumberland had heard of the stolen march, and he promptly came down to arrest it. Summoning Joseph to his presence, he informed him he had heard of the manoeuvres, and he asked if the report were true. Joseph at first, with unblushing effrontery, attempted to deny it; but finding the evidence too strong against him, he, with impudence still more brazen, attempted to justify his conduct. "Patriotism," of course, was his cue. We have never known a scoundrel detected in any such dirty work, who failed to allege that he acted solely for the good of his country. The Duke listened with patience to a long and rambling harangue from Joseph, on the impropriety of "rotten burghs;" and Joseph, taking courage from the silence, imagined he had made a due impression—that the Duke, in short, was frightened, and that he (Joe) might in future walk over the course, undisturbed. In an instant, however, all was changed. Pointing to the door, the Duke ordered his valet, or one of the attendant electors, to open it; and, pointing still more expressively to the toe of his boot, he gave Joseph the alternative of either instantly quitting the apartment, or of being kicked down stairs. Unwilling to have his passage accelerated by this pedal impulse, Joseph hastily retreated, "like a cur with his tail between his legs," as the butcher of the place remarked.

We are not going to defend the late Duke of Cumberland. A dark stain rests on his memory, which the discomfited Mr. Joseph Hume afterwards, from obvious feelings of revenge, did his utmost to fasten. But, as King of Hanover, he subsequently acted with rare fidelity; refusing to enslave his subjects, when all the surrounding despots reduced theirs to the condition of serfs. As to his conduct in the case of the Weymouth election, only one opinion can be entertained. He faithfully discharged his trust as the guardian of a helpless child, and held up to the scorn of the world a canting, hypocritical, and sordid knave. Mr. Joseph Hume, of course, pursued him with ceaseless malignity, and afterwards brought in a bill in Parliament for the suppression of Orange Lodges, solely for the purpose of annoying his Royal Highness, their chief. But no one, we believe, will hesitate to say that the

Duke's conduct on the present occasion did him equal honor as a prince and a man.

Joseph, in this extremity, had recourse to his native burgh. He had previously tried it, but the inhabitants would have none of him. In some degree disposed to Liberalism, they abhorred the Tory colors under which he first presented himself; and though he now came upon them as a flaming Radical, they evinced the same indisposition to the man. Montrose, however, formed but one of a circle of five burghs which joined in sending one representative to Parliament; and Joseph being taken up by a noted brute named Maule, subsequently Lord Panmure, secured the suffrages of two. Joe's native burgh and another still held out, exhibiting the most praiseworthy defiance to Maule, and expressing the utmost contempt for his man. The small town of Brechin, the last of the cluster, showed a like disposition; but, unfortunately for the cause of freedom, it was adjoining to Maule's patrimonial estate, and the insulting aristocrat threatened to cut off the water from the town, if the inhabitants dared to exercise independence of election. The source of their supply running through his grounds, they had no alternative but submission, as this domineering brute had long been accustomed, in consequence of his enormous fortune, to practise such freaks with impunity. Greatly to the disgust of his nominal electors, Joseph accordingly again took his seat in the House of Commons, but this time he appeared in new colors—as a “Radical reformer.”

Such was the designation under which Joseph now recommenced his parliamentary career, and to which, to the last, he professed to adhere. He was, however, but a sham reformer at best; confining his effort to frivolous objections against the Tory accounts, and usually suggesting some such important measure as a saving of three shillings and sixpence in some leading branch of the public service. During nearly twenty years, he was, in this respect, the bore of the House; fretting and barking at every financial document. Any man of ordinary sensibility would have been put down by the torrent of ridicule which he thus provoked; but Joseph had a rhinoceros hide, and, as we have already said, he was insensible to feelings of either modesty or shame. Some useful retrenchments he undoubtedly accomplished by his perpetual barkings; for the British government was then, as still, so corrupt and lavish in its expenditure, that it was impossible to examine even the most ordinary account without finding evidence of the most glaring malversations. But Joseph's objections on the whole

were so frivolous and costly, that he was suspected of drawing a per centage from the profits of the printer, who was intrusted with the duty of producing the returns, for which the convenient member continually moved. It was moreover observed, that so soon as the Whigs came into office, Joseph's faculty for discerning abuses wholly ceased; or, at least, that with the view of cunningly lauding the party, he confined himself to some such momentous discovery as that of finding a *deficit* of tenpence half-penny in a great public account. He, of course, had his reward in turn. His son, a raw youth, utterly unqualified for the post, was silyly appointed as secretary of a commission to inquire into the abuses of the Mint; but of which, so soon as the appointment was made permanent, not a word farther was heard, and several of his relatives received, in an equally under-hand manner, snug and lucrative situations in the West-India Islands. The great "patriot," of course, remained without office, and without any seeming emolument at home; but the *quid pro quo* was substantial, and well understood.

Joseph had in the interval married, and the circumstances of his marriage were so atrocious that we feel bound to allude to the event. So soon as he became what is vulgarly termed "well-to-do" in the world, he paid his addresses to a Miss Burnley, daughter of a wealthy East-Indian director. Her father was a noted miser, and Joseph, being of a congenial disposition, found no difficulty, notwithstanding his uncouth appearance, of obtaining her hand in marriage. It would have been well had the affair terminated here, or if he had been content with his fair share of the old sordid man's fortune. But observing that Burnley had a son of gay and thoughtless and different disposition, Hume lost no time in trying to avert the wretched father's affections from the legitimate heir. We regret to say he succeeded. The poor youth was disinherited, or cut off with a shilling; and the whole of Burnley's fortune, amounting to half a million of dollars, was settled upon Joseph's wife. The poor son died in exile and penury, but not disgrace. But the hour of retribution came, and through the circumstances of this identical bequest. Distrusting his son-in-law, the old miser so bound up his fortune that neither Joseph nor his wife could touch a sixpence of it, provided they had children, and so long as one of these survived. In due time there appeared six little Humes — one, the future Mint Secretary, to whom we have already alluded, and five daughters, each the image of Joseph himself. When they ar-

rived at the age of maturity, the fortunes of these girls attracted suitors; but the result of the nuptials of the first was so horrible that no man afterwards had the hardihood to attempt an alliance with Joseph's family. A good-looking youth, named Gubbins, was the candidate for Miss Hume's hand. The incidents associated with his name were ludicrous. In the early part of the century, an eating-match had taken place in Yorkshire, between two noted champions named Gubbins and Muggins. It had lasted two days and a half, and great interest was excited concerning the ultimate victor, when the contest should finally close on the evening of the third. The people flocked in to the town of Bridlington, where it was going on, from all directions. An aged farmer, however, who had looked on the struggle with less interest, returned home about two hours before it closed. Hundreds met him on the way, eagerly rushing to the scene; and each interrogated him concerning the event. The old man had but one answer for all. "They're a' sayin'," he replied, "that Muggins 'ill lick, but I think Gubbins 'ill lick him yet; for, when I cam' awa', he was only twa guse and a turkey behind." Gubbins, the suitor of Miss Hume, was said, by the wags of London, to be a son of the successful champion. But, be this as it may, he really was a very fine fellow, and worthy of a better fate than that which became his lot. He had early gone to India, and returned with a little money of his own. On this, and the interest of Miss Hume's fortune, he proposed living modestly at home; but what was his horror, after marriage, to find that Joseph insisted that the new couple should board, and occupy a garret in his house. The high-spirited youth fell into a fever; and in the height of it, he precipitated himself from the fourth-floor window of Joseph's residence, in which he had been confined. He was taken up such a mass of disfigurement, that it would have been happy for him had death terminated at once his sufferings and his hideousness. He survived, however, greatly to the joy of Joseph's niece in Edinburgh, who pointed to the unhappy man as an instance of "God's vengeance" on the father-in-law. She farther signaled her fury against the wretch who had so grossly outraged her feelings, on the occasion of her husband's death, by putting a rope round the neck of his bust; and she expressed a readiness to die in peace so soon as she had witnessed a similar application to the living throat of the original.

Another event, better known, had occurred between the dawn and the consummation of this catastrophe, tending to familiarize the public with the character of Mr. Joseph Hume. During the

ten years between 1817 and 1827, the noted Greek insurrection broke out, and, in the midst of the excitement caused throughout Europe by its thrilling incidents, a loan was proposed in London to aid the insurgents. Joseph took part in this, and, thinking it was to be highly productive, accepted also the office of a trustee. Like all such schemes of benevolence in England, however, it evaporated, and what was expected to be cash proved only to be smoke. Joseph, with a keen scent to profit, early discerned this, and determined to get out of the scrape so soon as he could. Had he confined himself merely to such an escape, no one could have found fault, however inglorious it might have seemed for him thus to turn tail. But he was guilty of an act of gross dishonesty, too. Not satisfied with retreating without loss, he determined to realize a profit; and, in the midst of the enthusiasm, he suddenly raised the quotations of the loan still higher, by publishing a grossly fictitious report. When the fund thus rose in the market, he as promptly sold out, and pocketed a handsome sum by the fraud.* To the latest day of his existence he was taunted most deservedly with this, but in vain called upon to give an account of what he termed in his broad Scotch phraseology and ignorance of language, "the *tittle* of the whole."

In another public subscription, raised about the same time, Joseph's conduct was still more sinister. During the outburst of feeling caused by George IV.'s prosecution of his wife in 1821, a large body of the inhabitants of London, and Britain generally, proposed showing their sympathy for the persecuted woman by presenting her with a superb testimonial. A large sum was collected, and Joseph contrived to be appointed treasurer. From that day, however, to the present, nothing more was heard of the testimonial, and the funds have since "fructified" in Mr. Joseph Hume's breeches' pocket.

But notwithstanding these acts, Joseph—chiefly by the instrumentality of one or two clerks whom he employed at the

* Francis, in his History of the (London) Stock Exchange, places the affair in a light still more disgraceful to Hume. He informs us that Joseph was originally allotted £10,000 of the loan, on his own demand; and that he repudiated, when it fell 16 per cent. He demanded payment of his loss of £1600, and the committee allowed him £300. The stock afterwards rose to par, and Joe then demanded £1300. He received this, (at the expense of the poor Greeks;) and he ultimately had the effrontery to apply for £54, as interest, which the committee also paid to get rid of the brazen hypocrite. Yet the English papers, in their recent fulsome memoir of him, have wholly ignored this incident. It is one of the few things which reflect credit upon the odious British East India Company, that they systematically excluded this knave from the slightest share in their direction.

wretchedly low pay of seven shillings and sixpence a week, and afterwards provided with places in the Reform Club and public press, by way of remuneration—had acquired such a reputation among the beer-sellers and lower orders of the British metropolis, in consequence of his perpetual opposition to the Tories, who in 1831 had fallen to the lowest pitch of unpopularity, that he was selected to contest the representation of the county of Middlesex. A large purse was made up for him, and he succeeded. At next election, however, he had already become so unpopular that the constituency determined he should pay part of the expenses himself. He refused to disburse even a solitary pound, and was consequently ignominiously kicked out of the metropolitan county, which was thus, through his instrumentality, handed over to the enemy, and afterwards subjected to the degradation of returning such a political popinjay as Mr. Bernal Osborne.

Joe, however, to gratify his ancient grudge against the Duke of Cumberland, had lately assailed the Orangists of Ireland, and threatened them with a parliamentary inquiry. This recommended him to the notice of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, who then governed that country with an influence wholly despotic. By dint of Dan's orders, he was returned for the corrupt burgh of Kilkenny, and thus became a member of what was ignominiously termed the Agitator's "tail." But O'Connell, with all his faults, had a soul superior to meanness; and he became so disgusted by Joseph's sordid character, that Hume was summarily ejected at the next election.

Mr. Hume's character was now becoming so generally appreciated, that he in vain essayed several constituencies in the hope of being returned to Parliament. He offered himself to Leeds, a radical burgh in England, Dundee, one of similar stamp in Scotland, and several other towns. But they all contumeliously rejected him, and he became so offensive at last by his pertinacity, that, soon as he approached a burgh, the inhabitants put their fingers to their noses, and declared that "the more he moved, the worse he smelled." We have put their language into a little more refined shape than the Saxon original, which, however euphonious, would scarcely bear presentation to our readers in the full strength of its vulgarity.

Joe, thus out of Parliament, with his wonted hypocrisy, declared he had no desire to reënter it, but preferred reposing in the "buzom" of his family. It soon, however, transpired how false was the allegation. A vacancy occurred in his old district of the Montrose burgh, and as the gormandizing Lord Panmure still

supported him, there was a probability of his being returned. But Joseph, with his wonted penuriousness, refused to pay even the legal expenses of the hustings, and a number of the inhabitants consequently applied to Mr. Jobson, the historian of the French Revolution, also a native of the county. Mr. Jobson was unwilling to oppose Hume, whom he regarded on the whole as a useful public scavenger. He accordingly waited on Joseph, and offered him the priority. Joseph repeated the old story about the "buzom" of his family, and counselled Jobson to take the field. The latter accordingly entered it, and "stumped" so effectually for four weeks, that at the end of this period he stood alone, all the other candidates having given way before him. His return seemed sure; all the leading inhabitants of the burghs having promised him their support, in the event of Hume's not presenting himself, and this was a supposition which was deemed impossible.

It proved, however, to be a true one. Contrary to all the dictates of private honor and public principle, Hume made his appearance as a candidate, after the whole of the difficulties of the course had been removed by the labor and pecuniary sacrifices of Mr. Jobson. This was an act of turpitude previously unheard of; for the etiquette and the understanding, on such occasions in Britain is, that no candidate of similar politics shall take the field when another has previously entered it, still more when he has been offered the preference, and refused it. All such considerations of honor, however, were unknown to Joseph. Confiding in the Lord Panmure's influence, he now appeared as a candidate, grinning even at the thought of having entailed all the expense of the contest upon Mr. Jobson, on whom, as a member of the public press, it pressed with considerable severity. The latter accordingly withdrew, unwilling to expose the electors again to the ferocity of the brutal lord, but not until he had administered to Mr. Joseph Hume the most merciless castigation he ever received in words. Taking again the "stump," Jobson, in two days, addressed the inhabitants of the five burghs, and, in a speech of upwards of an hour's length, exposed the whole of Joseph's public and private history. Hume, for the first and last time in his life, was known to wince and blush under its infliction; and the dissection became so noted that the urchins of Montrose at last took up its heads, and saluted Joseph with the following song, which has the comprehensive merit of embodying the main points of his career:

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PICKED UP IN FRONT OF THE HUSTINGS AT MONTROSE.

PITY the sorrows of poor Joseph Hume,
 Whose recreant steps have borne him to your door,
 Whose character now has dwindled to a span;
 Oh! make me member, as you did before.

These vulgar rags of Radicalism tell,
 My Chartist politics proclaim my case;
 And many a furrow on my brazen cheeks
 Reveals my heavy kicks from place to place.

A lofty seat, high in the niche of Fame,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
 I left your Montrose burghs as too mean,
 And sought proud Middlesex for an abode.

Hard is the lot of those who would be great!
 There, as I craved to be again returned,
 The free constituency bade me begone,
 And all my toils and all my rogueries spurned.

Oh! take me to your hospitable home,
 Good men of Montrose! try me once again!
 In pity take me to your sheltering arms!
 Let me not plead so earnestly in vain!

Need I reveal how oft I've sought a place
 In England, Ireland—joined O'Connell's tail—
 Voted that black was white, and white was black—
 Tried every dodge, and found them all to fail?

Heaven sends afflictions—this once I denied;
 But Heaven has brought me to the plight you see;
 I can be serious, when seriousness pays well—
 Nay, even once I sought a parson's fee.

A little sum in Greek Bonds was my lot;
 "The tottle of the whole" I will not tell.
 But why should I lose money by the Greeks?
 'Tis always best, when stocks get up, to sell.

Kilkenny—once the comfort of my age—
 Old Dan took from me, heedless of my case;
 And I was cast upon the world's wide stage,
 Doomed to survive my infamous disgrace.

Leeds and Dundee, which I to sooth my griefs
And deep-felt anguish, coveted to gain,
Refused to have me—turned on me their backs :
If tears will do, I won't from tears refrain.

Then pity, the sorrows of base Joseph Hume,
Whose recreant steps have borne him to your door,
Who gladly now would sit for *any place*—
Oh ! make me member as you did before.

One or two small points in this address require explanation. To gain the suffrages of the mob, Joseph had for the moment assumed Chartist politics, and, in his own elegant language, declared he would "go the whole hog;" though so soon as he reëntered Parliament, he turned and abused his dupes. The allusion to voting black white, and white black, was in reference to Joe's own announcement, that he would "vott block white, and white block," as he pronounced the phrase, to keep the Tory, or gentlemanly party in England, from office. It only remains for us to add that all Joseph's expenses at this noted election amounted to *four-pence*, the price of two oranges which he sucked upon the hustings, and could not persuade a costermonger to bestow on him for nothing. His dinner, a barn-door fowl, he daily brought with him from Lord Panmure's, in his pocket. An English four-penny silver piece, issued about this period, was consequently named a "*Joe*," to commemorate the event; and great is the contempt in which it has been held ever since.

In this nest, or family dunghill of the house of Panmure, Joe continued till his death to roost. Latterly he enjoyed no influence or estimation whatever, his whole course in Parliament ultimately being merely to yield a slavish support to the Whigs, in gratitude for their appointments to his son and other relatives—that gratitude which has been described as a lively sense of future favors. His appearances in public eventually were confined to fulsome laudations of the same party and of his own career—a subject on the virtues of which Joseph descanted both in public and private with extraordinary pertinacity. If he ever ventured on any other topic, it was usually limited to the utterance of some vague platitudes on Reform, meaning nothing whatever, or holding out to his few remaining dupes some Utopian visions of amelioration which could never be realized. To Mr. Joseph Hume are the poor and people of England, more than to any other man, indebted for their present miserable condition and utter prostration at

the feet of a grasping but imbecile aristocracy. He invariably opposed every effort of any man from their ranks to ascend to a higher stage in the community, lest, forsooth, he should thus interfere with the prospects and position of Joseph Hume, who had already attained the desired elevation; and latterly the whole burthen of his song was a hypocritical cry of "Be content with your situation, and that condition of life in which Providence has been pleased to place you"—a piece of disgusting cant by means of which he at once hoped to get rid of his early character for infidelity, and perpetuate the dominion of the privileged classes. In this capacity he continued bustling and buzzing about, like a blue-bottle fly, to the last.

As a public speaker, Hume was of the most wretched and tiresome description. Contrary to the rules prescribed in epic poetry, his speeches had a beginning, but they had no middle, and threatened apparently to have no end. A miserable string of grammatical errors and illogical assertions, they teemed only with complacency and self-conceit. They were a sort of perpetual peroration, if such a term could be applied to the crude and ill-arranged statements of which they consisted. He perpetually led his audience to the belief that he was about to conclude, and when he thus secured their patience in the expectation of soon being rid of him, he as systematically abused it by continuing to talk by the hour, until both their and his own power of endurance at last gave way under the terrible infliction.

In personal appearance, Mr. Hume was a strong, thick-set man, under the middle stature in height, but of extraordinary breadth of shoulder. His face was large and heavy, the lower part of it being remarkably full and square at the base, denoting strong animal passions and the most unyielding obstinacy. The upper part was amazingly mean—a sharp ferret-like eye, low beetling forehead, on which bristles, more resembling those of a hog's integuments than human hair, stood on end. In his youth he had a striking resemblance to a boar, and under the two significations of the word as pronounced, he was considered the bore of the House. Latterly, when age had somewhat mollified the harsh features of his face, he had still the same porcine aspect, reminding one of the ludicrous appearance of a scraped pig.

Canning, the immortal wit and statesman, briefly described Hume as "an extraordinary ordinary man"—all the notice he descended to bestow on him. Our limits compel us on the present occasion to be almost equally concise. Joseph was a

man designed by nature for a peddler, and would have been eminent as a pawnbroker. He amassed a fortune by trading in misery and trafficking in disaster. At the best, as already described, he was but a political scavenger. He had no quality to entitle him to the post of a legislator, and possessed not in the slightest degree any of the characteristics of a statesman.

Avarice was the main feature of his character, and never was it seen in a form more debasing. Personally he gormandized, but those living around him were almost deprived of the necessaries of life. He was precisely one of those persons who, had they been careering to Heaven on an angel's wing, (if, by the utmost stretch of imagination, Joseph could be supposed to be proceeding in *that* direction,) and perceived a sixpence on earth sticking in the mire, would have kicked and cursed until they had been permitted to descend and grub it up. His death may be bewailed by a few venal scribes in the service of the Panmure and Palmerston government; but by the world at large, it will be regarded with contempt and indifference.

T O ———.

As in the clime where fierce Pizarro swayed,
If some scant shower descend upon the land,
Behold her waste of dark eruptive sand
In golden smiles arrayed;
So, if the dew of pure celestial love
Fall on the head thy breath hath volcanized,
Its very lava-ashes fertilized,
A fruitful soil may prove.

OUR LANGUAGE DESTINED TO BE UNIVERSAL.

THERE is, perhaps, no subject within the range of philosophical inquiry of more legitimate interest and importance to man than the destiny of his race.

Even as the individual when about to die, feels anxious that some successor should perpetuate his name, his accumulations, and character, so the aggregates of individuals, termed nationalities, feel a like and, if possible, a stronger desire.

Through all the long centuries of remembrance, humanity has been looking, hoping, anticipating a brighter, a more perfect era. This hope seems to be in part an intuition, necessitated by the limited capacities and infinite aspirations of the human heart—in part the result of rational deduction, and not a little the effect of those dim promises of Revelation, which—though varying according to the character of each particular age and race—preserve nevertheless a uniformity which may well be considered, from its spontaneity, an argument in favor of some original inspiration.

Philosophy suggests to us, and Sacred Writ confirms the hope, that there is in humanity, degraded and perverted as it may appear, the foundation and the elements of a much nobler and more perfect nature; and history, by the great exemplars which it furnishes, gives us some foretaste of the future. When we revert our gaze upon the ages that have gone before, and contemplate their tempestuous commotions, and still more deadly calms, their tyrannies and anarchies, their progress and decay—we might indeed despair of the high destiny that is promised us, were it not that occasionally, darting through the overwhelming storm-cloud, we see a ray of that divinity which lies beyond. Empire after empire spreads its sails across the ages that are given to it, but each and all go down in their self-made maelstrom of luxury and selfishness. For nations survive or perish as they are virtuous or vicious. For them there

is no collective future—no immortality save that which history and the imperishable character of high genius confer. They are punished in the present—in the flesh, as we may say; and no fact is capable of more thorough demonstration than this—that every national crime is followed rapidly by an equivalent penalty. The wrecks of empires strew the rugged declivities of the ages that have gone before us; and the perpetually-recurring phenomena of progress and decay almost would seem to forbid the hope that any permanent advances to perfection can be made.

Our faith in philosophy shaken, our confident docility to the great logic which history inculcates removed, we turn in humble trust to Revelation, and there read that all these things are appointed—but that “the end is not yet.” We read that “the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord”—“the heathen shall be His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth his possession”—“He shall rule from the river to the ends of the earth.”

Forty centuries looked up with eager hope to the advent of the Messiah: and all succeeding ages look back to it as the inauguration of a power on earth which is destined to universal dominion. All the light of those forty centuries was reflected back from the Christian era, and things that had been dark and unintelligible during their transaction, became, when viewed in this connection, not merely plain, but necessary and of divinest origin: and from that era the rays of revelation travel forward into the future, eventually to fill every region inhabited by man.

Here rests our faith; and from this rock of Eternal Truth we gaze into the future with a tearless and unflinching eye, assured that there is indeed a common and a lofty destiny reserved for the human race—a communion in which interest shall not clash with interest, nor effort paralyze endeavor, nor passion war with passion, nor thought be perverted into sophistry—a communion in which the eternal paralysis of error shall leave truth an unobstructed vitality.

The ways of the Eternal bear no analogy to those of mortals—a thousand years are in his eye as a day; and a score of generations form the instrument which unwittingly performs his will. The work of creation is yet inchoate, but still progresses; and every day and every hour is pregnant with the mission of a prophecy.

Preparatory to this true golden era of “peace to good-willing men,” a common utterance for humanity is an evident essential.

While half a million of men are isolated from their fellows by a peculiar tongue, their prejudices, their affinities, their passions, and their jealousies can never be assimilated: they are a family of Ishmaels, at variance with the human family, and without the bond of a common language can never be reduced into homogeneity. History not only furnishes us with a thousand examples, but an invariable law for this divergency; and Holy Writ assures us that the existing evil is not an accident but the penalty of overweening presumption. The whole human race, while yet the memory of the Deluge retained all its vivid horror as a supernal retribution, employed their united strength in an impious effort to confute and defy the Invincible. Upon the plains of Shinar they assembled, and there would build a tower, whose viewless top should soar beyond the clouds that threatened earth with an immersion. And this was not merely a precaution; it was a blasphemous incredulity: for had not He set his rainbow in the heavens as his promise against the recurrence of such a calamity? How impotent is man when he would war with the Omnipotent! Their language was confounded—for Adam's tongue had been until then universal; they were no longer united—like the disciples, when the voice of their Lord fell no longer upon their ears, they went "each to his own," and the labor of their hands became the Babel monument of human impotency.

The accomplishment of that which we believe to be the final destiny of mankind, requires an united and homogeneous action of the nations, as much as the building of the Tower of Babel needed the combined energies of the various tribes who had assembled for its construction: and as tongues were confused only when the design of man had become impious and intolerable, it is not impossible, at least, that a common language should be restored to us, in order the better to universalize the one true faith of Christianity.

Since then to the present moment, a difference of tongue has ever been the greatest barrier to the union of the human race. It has been the mountain barrier, which interposing has "made enemies of nations which else, like kindred drops, had mingled into one." And on this point history presents this most striking fact: when the great masses, or great agglomerations of men have been left to the uncontrolled tendencies of their own natures, we find as many hostile nationalities as there are conflicting tongues: and the union and harmony of any two of these nationalities, other things being equal, have been in proportion to the knowledge each possessed of the other's language.

Thus the martial slavery of Greece was converted into intellectual supremacy, by the prevalence of the Grecian tongue amongst the leading Quirites.

This affinity of language, if left to its legitimate operation, would unite into one the many hostile German sovereignties, and give to the bundle of rotten sticks, which compose the Frankfort Diet, the strength and unanimity of a mighty empire. It would rend the Austrian empire into as many fragments as there are languages, and give to Hungary that independence which her late struggle, without achieving, so well deserved; and had the Magyar aristocracy and Sclavic serfs had the like tongue to combine their interests, despite the perjured Austrian and hireling Russ, we believe that Hungary would now be independent. So thoroughly did England see the importance of one common language, that in all her measures for the subjugation of Ireland, she made the English tongue the only legal vehicle of thought or contract, and denounced the severest penalties against the Celtic tongue, the Celtic dress.

To disorganize and disunite mankind, it was necessary to confound their language: to harmonize and reunite them, we must look for a common tongue. The phonetic theory will not avail; no human agency can alter the wise dispensations of Providence; a curse that was inflicted as a penalty has its appointed time, and we can confidently await an issue which is in the hands of Him who made man in "His own image." But while submitting to the penalty, it is neither unnatural nor impious that we should look eagerly for its termination, and sedulously study any signs of promise which are accorded to our vigil. And that there are such signs it is the humble object of this essay to make clear.

It was to check a common blasphemy that God confused or destroyed a common tongue. To restore a common worship, may it not be necessary that men should understand each other?

The nature of the mind, as historically developed, forces upon us the conclusion that the destiny of the human race can never be fully developed until a universal language has obliterated the dividing lines of race and nationality.

Three questions properly arise from this conclusion. First: Will the Adamite or original language of our race again be restored to its pre-Babel prevalence?

In answer to this inquiry, it seems sufficient to say, that philologists have made the most diligent search amongst all remembered or existing languages, but have failed to find any

trace of an original or common stock. That tongue was blotted out at Babel, nor can any thing but a miracle restore it; and we know that, where an end can be accomplished by any other means, Divine power is loth to manifest itself.

In the second place: Will the multitude of existing languages be blended into a mongrel universal speech?

This is rendered exceedingly improbable, when we consider the difference between existing languages: between the Chinese and Sanscrit, for example; the former being purely simple or monosyllabic; the latter complex and very eminently the reverse. So distinct are these peculiarities, that a neighborhood and acquaintance of four thousand years have not altered or abated them to any appreciable extent. The Chaldee, the Syriac, the Arabic, the old Phœnician and the other Shemitic languages, as well, have all preserved distinct existences for a like period; while the Basque, the oldest of known languages now spoken by an unimportant people in the region of the Pyrenees, and at present surrounded and hemmed in by French and Spanish, far from losing its originality, has very visibly impressed itself upon its more widely-spoken neighbors.

Having exhausted these two alternatives, and still feeling the necessity of a solution, we are forced to the third question: Will some one of the existing tongues triumph over and swallow up the others, and thus become the universal utterance? And if any tongue, what tongue is so destined?

This, as we view the question, is the only one of the three queries that can be answered in the affirmative. That the end will be accomplished in this manner, we have but to look at the mighty and interminable influx of people from every clime under heaven, and see the readiness with which they lay aside their mother tongues and acquire our own, to recognize the beginning of the great work which must roll on to completion ere the sword shall be beat into the plough-share, the spear into the pruning-hook—when nation shall not war upon nation, nor race be divided against race. The question here obtrudes itself: Will the tongue spoken by England and America become this universal medium for universal thought! What a field is here laid open to tempt the inquiring thought? A field almost unexplored, but of infinite prolificness. What interests cluster here—what anxieties—what hopes!

But we can not tarry in this field of unbased speculation: our object is to give facts their due significance, and point out to every thoughtful mind the part which our Anglo-American tongue has played in the progress of the race during the last

two centuries and a half. We must infer the future from the past.

When the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot upon the snows of Plymouth Rock, there were less than three millions of men upon the face of the earth who spoke the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Now there are more than sixty and three millions of such men scattered over the islands, the continents, and the seas; so that it may emphatically be said, the sun can not look down upon land where the Anglo-American language is a stranger. Already it has invaded China, and the first whisperings thereof are heard in the secluded harbors of Japan.

And this, in our tongue, is a very hopeful feature not observable in any other language that has fallen within our observation. Wherever it may go, the force of our institutions, our character, our literature, and policy accompany it; the vigor of the race that uses it, almost as surely triumphs over all opposing obstacles as do their arms over all opposing nations. It seems to be a providential decree; and, no doubt, has a wise and beneficent object underlying it.

The language of the seas is already our own. Nine tenths of the commerce of the ocean is transacted through the copious and flexible medium of our tongue, and claims the protection of the Anglo-American fraternity.

The barbarism of Australia, the heathen institutions and worn-out languages of India, the superannuated hieroglyphs of China, and the rude utterances of important parts of Africa and of numberless islands in the Eastern seas, are fast giving way to the institutions and the language of our race.

But the great field for its most splendid and extensive development, we believe, must be looked for in our own youthful and magnificent republic, and the supremacy she is yet destined to exercise over the whole of this Western world. And here we would remark, *en parenthèse*, that if we desire the future of our destiny to be as great and glorious as it promises, we should never cease to discourage all attempts to introduce any other language into our midst as the medium for either business or education. However convenient certain demagogic politicians may find it, about election-time, to curry favor with the German vote, by advocating the introduction of the German tongue into our public schools, no real friend to the progress of the human family could join, or even tolerate such a proposition. Nay more, though it may sound illiberal until examined carefully, we verily believe that none but newspapers printed in the Anglo-American tongue should be allowed amongst us.

Above all, the municipal authorities (as they do in this city) should not encourage any purely German, German-written journal at the expense of papers that are native to the soil, and native in the character of their utterance. The foreigner who aspires to our citizenship, should at once endeavor to Americanize his habits and his language; and how can this be done, while he not only associates in greater part with his old countrymen, but likewise continues to receive his impressions of our government and society through a radically foreign channel?

There are now in this land, where, but a little while ago, the howl of the wild beast, and the more terrific war-whoop of the savage, filled every plain, and startled the shrieking echoes in every mountain solitude—there are now, we say, nearly thirty millions of people speaking a language which is the herald of a civilization, more magnificent, more expansive, more substantial than has ever hitherto dawned upon our world. All the others of the sixteen hundred languages, now spoken in the two Americas, seem to vanish like the dew before the morning sun; and if our race shall, in the future, continue to advance and absorb other peoples, as it has in the past of its American history, there will be at the close of the present century more than one hundred millions in this Western world alone. And if it progress and overcome in the same ratio to the close of the next century, it will stretch over this entire hemisphere, upon whose shores four oceans roll their mighty tides, and promise to convey the argosies and commerce of all earth.

The progress which the race may make in other quarters of the globe, we may briefly allude to as we pass. It is evident that Australia is destined generally to submit to the tongue we speak. Already they have adopted it from the necessity of colonization, and we know the vigorous nature of such a language must soon displace all rivalry. It needs but a glance to see that, of the thirty-six hundred languages, our own, with accumulative and seemingly irresistible power, has already—and as yet it is only in its infancy—attained a prevalence hitherto beyond that attained by any other. And from what reason has it done so? From its elastic and assimilative character, we answer—which permits and enforces upon it to adopt all the best idioms and phrases of whatever language it may be brought into contact with; and thus, possessing some peculiar and popular features of each tongue, it can be the more readily and cheerfully adopted by the speakers of them all.

The genius of Homer, and the tongue he spoke, survive to

the present day, but only in the form of a curiosity and exquisite ornament. His tongue was the medium of the loftiest literature, of a most subtle, though too material, philosophy, and of a religion as beautiful to the artistic eye, as to the inward conscience it was incongruous and unsatisfactory.

From the logic of necessity—in the natural sequence of events—the Greek of Homer ceased to be a living tongue, because it contained within itself no germ of those divine ideas which confer immortality, and win mankind to docile and implicit acceptance. These remarks may apply to all other tongues; for in proportion to the genius and the truth which an utterance embodies, will be its influence and perpetuity on earth.

Our language is the medium of a literature almost as lofty as that of which Homer, Æschylus, Euripides, and Plato were some of the grand exponents—of a philosophy, the result of the distilled wisdom and experience of six thousand years—of a religion more ancient than the world, and of a Truth as indestructible, as immutable as the character and attributes of the Deity.

We do not claim perfection for our race; we know and feel, with deep contrition, the avarice which has plundered India, and almost exterminated the lofty though unlettered Red-men of our own fair continent. There are spots upon the sun, and our country's fair escutcheon is not immaculate. When we contemplate these evils, we are shocked at their enormity; but when we humbly look at the mysterious workings of Providence, and see, or think we see, Him educing blessings out of bondage, and civilization from the cruelties which precede it, we still hope that, although these things are appointed, the end comes quickly on, and that our race will be the chief, if not the only instrument in the regeneration of the world; and that the prayers of a universal Christianity may yet be offered up in our language.

T O A S P I D E R .

SPIDER! thou need'st not run in fear about,
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out,
Lest thou should'st eat the flies!
Nor will I roast thee with a damned delight,
Thy strange, instinctive fortitude to see;
For there is one who might
One day roast me.

Thou'rt welcome to a rhymers sore perplexed
For subject of his verse;
There's many a one who, on a better text,
Perhaps might comment worse.
Then, shrink not, old free-mason, from my view,
But quietly, like me, spin out the line:
Do thou thy work pursue,
As I will mine.

Thou busy laborer! one resemblance more
Shall yet the verse prolong;
For, Spider, thou art like the rhymers, poor,
Whom thou hast helped in song.
Both busily, our needful food to win,
We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains:
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.

DIAPERS AND DIMPLES.

BARNUM'S LAST.

THIS is the age of novelties—of the prostration of old ideas—of the introduction of new, and the development of physical as well as moral progress. Of all the nations of the earth, this country claims to take the lead in pioneering out the march of intellect; and, as an humble fugleman to the grand advance, we propose to ourselves to indite a prose pæan in honor of and to commemorate the last decisive stage at which the progression of humanity has arrived.

Arma virum-que, we do not sing; nor of Morse, with his telegraph; nor of Fulton, with his steam; nor yet can the ruins of Sebastopol claim from our sympathetic hearts the memorial of an elegy. The Southern Cross now rising in the Australian wilderness must yet awhile wave its silken folds, if not unhonored, at least unsung, so far as we ourselves are concerned.

A mightier theme claims our notice—a more ancient, though perpetually renewing, fact—a subject which comes back to many myriad breasts legitimately, (and to many bachelors “in a hand-basket”)—a fountain from which we ourselves have risen, and which, if a more general diffusion could be effected, would greatly tend to allay the present distressing agitation for “woman’s rights.”

There have been poems on the subject; but all of them of the very simplest and most inartistic order; most of them the work of the female mind, and merely of the gentle, maternal, and material intellect, at that. There are no metaphysical subtleties, no super-terrene hifalutinism, no telescopic affection in these effusions, such as Miss Lucy Stone or the Rev. Miss A. L. Brown would throw into any specimen of her literary composition. They come from the heart—not from the head;

they are merely kindly, and natural, and touching; and as such, are of course behind the requirements and expectations of the age. We allude to the volumes printed, published, and edited by our respected and venerable friend, "Mother Goose."

To come down to the matter in one word—though it took us nigh a quarter of a century to rise therefrom—we speak of babydom in general, and of Barnum's grand baby-show in particular. It is the latest, the greatest, the fairest, the queerest, the wildest, the mildest, and likely to be the most successful of all Phinny Feegee's exploits. If not absolutely a new thing under the sun, it is, at least, a novelty in this civilized metropolis; and we know that many interested mothers, and many who are as yet only interesting, look forward to it with the most unbounded hope. Their bosoms swell as they think of the pride a certificate for the fattest baby would give them, and their "needles, once a shining store," are now more assiduous than ever in the making of microscopic shirts and Lilliputian linen night-caps.

This show was advertised with all the necessary months for preparation; it comes off, we believe, in the Crystal Palace; and the notice which the old directors appended to their circulars, may not be without advantage at present—it is this: "Exhibitors are requested to have their goods on hand at the earliest possible moment."

But this is not a theme for jocosity; for babies are very serious affairs, as the many restless nights we have passed, and, no doubt, caused to be passed, attest. We can not describe, precisely, our own infancy; but we have heard, on the most reliable authority, that, except for an ugly temper, a most ravenous appetite, a disposition to scratch, tear, and destroy, and a voice that could run through the whole gamut of agony, and rage upon the slightest, either real or fancied, opposition, we were the "dearest-est-icky-dicky baby" that ever mother bore. We, therefore, think we have a right to speak on behalf of the model infants, and our words should be of weight with all the swarming progeny not emerged from diapers and a milk diet. We would recommend them to encourage these shows; to grow fat to facilitate them; to exercise their voices to the utmost, lest they be passed over by the carelessness or deafness of the judges. They should insist upon rehearsals, moreover, so that no "stage fright" should mar the public exhibition; they should form associations together, and refuse to appear unless fed for the preceding month upon any quantity of cake and comfits their infant stomachs may consume.

But some there are — some dead-to-the-spirit-of-progress, forty-centuries-behind-the-age, ridiculously-and-old-fashionedly-squeamish people we have met, who object to these exhibitions as “indelicate.” Indelicate, forsooth! Indelicate while Barnum manages them! — why, they occupy in the exhibition-room the throne vacated by Joyce Keth, the woolly horse, the Fejee mermaid, and the calf that had twenty legs! Have we not had fat pigs and Shanghai roosters cackling and grunting in the very spot where the prize cradles are about to be located? Has not the “moral American drama” (with a distressed and distressingly virtuous seamstress, in corkscrew ringlets and despair, and a “titled miscreant” in corked moustachios, cotton gloves, and a passion) been exhibited directly over-head? Has not General Tom Thumb been there, and is not Barnum a philanthropist and a philosopher?

But seriously, this matter of Baby-shows is an important, and what Carlyle would call a significant fact. It seems that this material age is rapidly swallowing up all the finer and more delicate emotions of man's nature; there is nothing sacred from its clutches, and all, in which we live and move and have our spiritual (our only real) being, is now to be brought down to the auctioneer's hammer and ticketed at a set value.

Even children — those living dolls, whose smiles delight, whose pranks amuse, whose little sicknesses and troubles endear, while they alarm us — the cherubs of the hearth and of the heart, who repay our care with infinite though voiceless pleasure — who reconcile us to the burden and the toils of life — in whom we see ourselves reproduced as we were in those days of childhood to which, as years advance and the weariness and the futility of life grow more apparent, we more earnestly, more fondly refer — the inheritors of our blood and name, of the features of her who stood with us before the altar in the long-past, unforgotten days of love and joy — even children, we say, must now be considered as “commodities of value,” as marketable ware, and the vows that were pledged at the altar become the mere license to manufacture a human article for exhibition!

Often as Barnum has outraged decency and patriotism — played, as he has, with our veneration for our country's father by the swindling representation of a filthy and decrepit negress — lied, as he has, about the woolly horse, which Colonel Fremont never DID catch among the Rocky Mountains — forged, as he has, the horrible abortion of a mermaid, and vouched it by perjurious witnesses — traduced us, as he has, in that thing which he calls a book, whose aim and object is to elevate his

own peddling 'cuteness at the expense of the common-sense of our national character—this Baby-show we do not hesitate to denounce as the meanest, vilest, most degraded and degrading of all his dollar-getting schemes. Let him but be successful in this, and we shall soon have an exhibition of wives, of husbands, of brawny sinews and finely-rounded limbs! Where dollars can be made, what cares the chuckling panderer to human gullibility? Let him but be successful in this pig-baby-and Shanghai exhibition, and there will be a second edition of his book to carry word to Europe (ever eager for every libel on America) of the coarseness, the rapacity, the brute indelicacy of our country's matrons.

With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blushed, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blundered on some virtue unawares!

Mothers of America! as you love your children—as you would retain the respect of your husbands and of the world—as ye would not see yourselves classed in the category with feculent swine and feathered fowl—discountenance, deny this black attempt to lower your position!

CZAR NICHOLAS DEAD.

THE TRUCULENCE OF ENGLAND.

THERE are two passions, Rage and Fear, analogous in origin, but diametrically diverse in result. Analogous in origin, we say, for both arise from the apprehension of personal or social injury. But diverse in result; for Rage has many modifying, many noble features in its development; whereas Fear is the meanest, the most treacherous and vile of all the passions of the heart.

Impelled by Rage, the warrior does not hesitate to pierce the bosom of his antagonist—to struggle with him hand to hand, and play life for life in the great game of mortal combat. But the victory achieved, the foe subdued, or slain, or killed by any accident—in none but a demon's breast could the hunger for revenge remain any longer unsatiated. The warrior, yet reeking with the sweat and blood and dust of the delirious conflict, will pause to pay homage to the fierce though fruitless gallantry of his foe; he will not deteriorate his own prowess by degrading the remains and memory of his dead rival. The heat of battle past, the victors fling aside the sword and musket to grasp the mattock and the spade. They bury their dead enemies with reverence, and, if the exigencies of the campaign permit, do not fail to raise some monument, however hasty, however humble, to commemorate the valor, the misfortunes, that are inurned below.

Not so with Fear. The vilest selfishness at its root—the meanest cowardice, and dread of personal disaster for its only actuating principle—the lie of boasting valor on its lips, and the fact of disorganizing terror at its jaundiced heart—Fear revels in the contemplation of a prostrate foe, and spurns with its ass's heels at the lion, whose living roar sent palsy to its heart, and paralysis to every bloodless limb.

What, then, shall we say of England, when we read the record, self-inscribed, of the atrocious orgies with which she received and celebrated the death of her Russian enemy? An enemy who, but a few short years ago, was her guest, and in whose eulogy the hoarse throat of London made the welkin ring. An enemy who, still later, was hailed by the truckling traders of Great Britain as the "model monarch" of the world—an example of domestic virtues, unseduced by imperial power—the great protector of "law, order, and morality" against those implacable foes, those incarnate fiends who wear the *bonnet rouge*, and believe that men have a right to a voice, at least, in the direction and control of their own affairs.

Let it no longer be pretended that it is the mere governing classes of England who are truculent and bloody—that the British people, to a man, resemble the "fine old English gentleman," who had a tear for every sorrow, and a loaf for every want. That pretense, though specious, this event of the Czar's death has for ever swept away. On this occasion, certainly, it was the people proper who basely, and in an unguarded moment, yelled out their innate infamy. Assembled in two theatres of London, with no other object than to be amused, to pass an evening pleasantly—with no political harangues to excite them—no tidings of a national disaster to palliate their horrid joy—the populace of London received from the respective managers—aye, even in the midst of the dramatic entertainment, the "pleasing intelligence" that an old, old man, the grandfather of a numerous family, who had sustained through life, and, at a dizzy elevation, that steadiness of moral purpose which stamped him a good husband, a good father, and a generous prince—the "pleasing intelligence," we quote the ferocious words, that such a man had died of a deep-seated disease, surrounded by a weeping family, and having received the last offices of the religion, to support which had been the object of his life; and when they heard these words, the truculence of the Cockney heart broke forth, and men were delirious in their hosannas, and the jeweled fingers of Britain's philanthropic ladydom waved perfumed cambric in the air.

When they went home, let us hope that they wrote another Sutherland circular to their "Sisters of America," requesting our republican maids and matrons to join them in a general jubilee for so auspicious an event.

D R I F T - W O O D .

'In matters of religion, it too often happens that belief goes before examination, and we take our creed from our nurse, but not our conviction. If the intellectual food should afterwards rise upon the stomach, it is because, in this unnatural order of things, the act of swallowing has preceded the ceremony of tasting.

'In the whole course of our observation there is not so misrepresented and abused a personage as Death. Some have styled him the King of Terrors, when he might, with less impropriety, have been termed the terror of kings; others have dreaded him as an evil without end, although it was in their own power to make him the end of all evil. There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

'Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship, never.

'We should have as many Petrarchs as Antonies, were not Lauras much more scarce than Cleopatras.

'Taking things, not as they ought to be, but as they are, I fear it must be allowed, that Machiavelli will always have more disciples than Jesus. Out of the millions who studied and even admired the precepts of the Nazarite, how few are there who have reduced them to practice! But there are numbers numberless, who, throughout the whole of their lives, have been practising the principles of the Italian, without having even heard of his name.

'Speaking, says Lord Bacon, makes a ready man, reading a full man, and writing a correct man. The first position, perhaps, is true; for those are oftentimes the most *ready* to speak, who have the least to say. But reading will not always make a full man, for the memories of some men are like the buckets of the daughters of Danae, and retain nothing; others have recollections like the bolters of a mill, that retain the chaff, and let the flour escape. Neither will writing accomplish what his lordship has declared,

otherwise some of our most voluminous writers would put in their claim for correctness, to whom their readers would more justly award correction.

‘Those who would draw conclusions unfavorable to Christianity, from the circumstance that many believers have turned skeptics, but few skeptics believers, have forgotten the answer of Arcesilaus, to one that asked him, Why many went from other sects to the Epicureans, but none from the Epicureans to the other sects? “Because,” said he, “of men, some are made eunuchs, but of eunuchs never any are made men.”

‘Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and no opinions so fatally mislead us as those that are not wholly wrong; as no watches so effectually deceive the wearer as those that are sometimes right.

‘It is better to quarrel with a knave than with a fool; for with the latter all consideration of consequences to himself is swallowed up and lost in the blind and brutal impulse which goads him on to bring evil upon another.

‘The conduct of corporate bodies would incline one to suspect that criminality is, with them, a matter of calculation, rather than of conscience.

‘The rich patient cures the poor physician much more often than the poor physician the rich patient, and it is rather paradoxical that the rapid recovery of the one depends upon the procrastinated disorder of the other.

‘If a legislator were to transport the robbed, and to reward the robber, ought we to wonder if felonies were frequent? And in like manner, when women send the seduced to Coventry, but countenance and even court the seducer, ought we not to wonder if seduction were scarce?

‘Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

‘There are those who cordially believe with Machiavelli, that the tongue was given us to discover the thoughts of others, and to conceal our own; and who range themselves either under the standard of Alexander VI., who never did what he said, or of his son Borgia, who never said what he did.

‘He that threatens us, not having the power to harm us, would perhaps do so if he could; but he that threatens us, having the power, is not much to be feared.

‘There can be no Christianity, where there is no charity. The censorious cultivate the forms of religion, that they may more freely indulge in the only pleasure of their lives, that of calumniating those who, to their other failings, add not the sin of hypocrisy. But hypocrisy can beat

calumny at her own weapons, and can feign forgiveness, while she feels resentment and meditates revenge.

‘Many books require no thought from those that read them, and for a very simple reason—they made no such demand upon those that wrote them.

‘It is sometimes lamented that learning is becoming superficial by being made common. But it may be doubted if that learning is worth having which can not be popularized without being degraded—which loses its attractions for the scholar as soon as it becomes accessible to the mass.

‘If Dickens and Thackeray become classics, the English vocabulary must be enlarged. Many lady readers have been sadly puzzled to share the furtive episodes of the Artful Dodger, or the resolute march of Mr. Arthur Pen-dennis.

‘We find more difference of opinion as to the comparative merits of poets than of all other writers. For in science, reason is the guide; but in poetry, taste. Truth is the object of the one, which is one and indivisible; beauty is the object of the other, which is varied and multiform.

‘The flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, and administer the strongest dose only to the weakest patient.

‘To cure us of immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these are best; and how many evils that money will not remedy, and these are worst.

‘Monsieur Jourdan talked prose all his life without knowing it, but certain modern writers can not even do that. Witness Gilfillan, and our own very noisy H——.

‘The ancients must have been very dull without novels. To a nation that made much of Gellius and Apuleius, we could very well have spared the hero of the “Two Horsemen.”

‘Virgil is the only great poet who has not given us characters. Æneas is a walking gentleman, and beside him who but “*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthem?*” The genius of Virgil is remarkable in having made amends for the tameness of his characters, and his frightful plagiarisms.

‘Of the poets, it will be most safe to read chiefly those of times that are past, who are still popular in times that are present; and when we read a few of those that are ancient, this is the most pleasing and compendious mode of reading all that is good, in those that are modern. The press enables poets to deluge us with streams from Helicon—rapid, overflowing, and inexhaustible, but noisy, frothy, and muddy withal, and profuse rather than profound.

'The wisest social philosophers have done little more than start themselves on their proposed courses, and their followers have rarely come up with them. A philosopher who is equal to his theory may not despair of re-creating the world; but we must find our philosopher. The health-doctor who, for a dollar, offers to put you into a way of living for ever is subject to bilious attacks, and shudders as much as yourself at the undertaker.

'It is no sin against our mother-tongue to use words not to be found in the dictionaries, provided they are necessary, and are not manufactured barbarously. Every word must have a beginning, and if our fathers had no inventive genius, we should have no language.

'Some one has remarked, with more of point than of politeness, that ladies are the very reverse of their own mirrors; for the one reflects, without talking, and the other talks, without reflecting.

'We should prefer preceptors who teach us to think, such as Bacon and Locke, rather than those that teach us to argue, as Aristotle and Cicero; and we should give our days and our nights to those who, like Tacitus and Tully, describe men as they are, than to those who, like Harrington and Bolingbroke, describe men as they ought to be.

'To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull, when you can not be witty; to be applauded for witty, when you know you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth, which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure, and be paid in squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little, inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

'Some people have a knack of putting upon you gifts of no real value, to engage you to substantial gratitude.

'Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall find himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and a passive will, to see his destruction, and to have no power to stop, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly

looking for this night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler and feebler out-cry, to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation—to make him clasp his teeth,

— “And not undo them,
To suffer *not* damnation to run through them.”

‘Pedantry is not confined to men of books. It shows itself in every man who makes much of his own pursuits. There is a pedantry of the shop and the ledger, equally ridiculous with that of the closet; and it is hard to tell which is the more intolerable, affectation of commercial or scholastic technicalities.

‘The virtue of filial gratitude is overwhelmed with much well-meant nonsense. Gratitude only begins with the child when obligation ceases with the parent.

‘To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life.

‘If men would confine their talk to those subjects only which they understand, that which St. John informs us took place once in heaven, would happen very frequently on earth, “*silence for the space of half an hour.*”

‘Those who take their opinions of women from the reports of a rake will be no nearer the truth than those who take their opinions of men from the lips of a prostitute.

‘Believe me, it is not arms, it is not food, it is not organization, opportunity, or “union,” or foreign sympathy, Ireland wants—it is *spirit*, a proud, defiant intolerance of slavery, and scorn of pretended “legal” penalties as well as other personal consequences. When this soul has come into Ireland, her opportunity is come; until then, never, never!

‘There can be no life without labor; and labor is everywhere the destiny of the people.

‘If civilization is to make any sufficient answer for itself, and for the many serious evils it promotes, it ought to be that it renders the vicissitudes of life less extreme, that it provides a resource for all of us against excessive want.

‘What an air of self-sufficient arrogance the fellow has! By his precise dress, his stiff shirt-collar, his carefully-trimmed whiskers, his well-brushed hat, he seems to say, I am an Englishman, and therefore a superior being. I am a gentleman, and therefore a sort of duodecimo edition of a demigod. Could you listen to his conversation, you would find that he had a serene

contempt for all below him in the scale of fortune's favors; that he believed himself born to be waited on by the rest of the world, and that the rest of the world merely existed for his convenience.

'Twelve months' association with intelligent and refined women will do more to soften our nature, and take off our natural roughness, than all the universities and voluminous libraries in the world. It will do more to refine a young man's manners than an age of attendance on the pompous, pedantic, periwigged pride of all the learned doctors of the age. I would rather sit in company with two or three sensible and well-bred women than all the Doctor Johnsons that centuries have produced; for a well-bred woman can be guilty of an indelicacy with more grace than Johnson could put on to present himself before the minister who pensioned him.

'Fame is an accident—Merit, a thing absolute.

'No gold but that comes from dark mines.

'The catalogue of true thoughts is small. They are ubiquitous—no man's property—and unspoken or bruited are the same.

'Fame has dropped more rolls than she displays.

'A man can not be expected to till his farm, build his house, make his shoes, and mend his clock.

'St. Paul put a letter into the hand of a runaway slave, and sent him back to his master.

'A reverend New-England divine put a Colt's revolver in the hands of a runaway slave, with a charge to use it with effect on the person of the first man who should dare to call or treat him as a slave; and afterwards boasted it in the pulpit!

'If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

'Alas! how has the social and cheerful spirit of Christianity been perverted by fools at one time, and by knaves at another; by the self-tormentors of the cell, or the all-tormentors of the conclave. In this enlightened age, we despise the absurdities of the one and the atrocities of the other.

'When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

'By a late official statement, the banking capital of the State of New-York amounted to upwards of 135,000,000 dollars, with a basis of about 10,000,000 specie!

'Were we inclined to pun, after the manner of Swift, on the name of

Mandeville, we might say that Mandeville was a devil of a man, who wrote a book to prove man a devil.

'Halley, the great mathematician, dabbled not a little in infidelity; he was rather too fond of introducing this subject; and once, when he was descanting somewhat too freely on it, in the presence of his friend, Sir Isaac Newton, the latter cut him short with this observation: "I always attend to you, Doctor Halley, with the greatest deference, when you do us the honor to converse on astronomy or the mathematics, because they are subjects that you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand; but religion is a subject on which I always hear you with pain, because this is a subject which you have not seriously examined, and do not comprehend; you despise it because you have not studied it, and you will not study it because you despise it."

'Sailors and gamblers, though not over-remarkable for their devotion, are ever proverbial for their superstition; the solution of this phenomenon is, that both these descriptions of men have so much to do with things beyond all possibility of being reduced either to rule or to reason—the winds and the waves—and the decisions of the dice-box.

'There are many dogs that have never killed their own mutton; but very few who, having begun, have stopped. And there are many women who have never intrigued, and many men who have never gamed; but those who have done either but once are very extraordinary animals.

'The dolphin is always painted more crooked than a ram's horn, although every naturalist knows that it is the straightest fish that swims.

'With the offspring of genius, the law of parturition is reversed; the throes are in the conception, the pleasure in the birth.

'As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

'Quantum memoriæ, tantum ingenii.

'Marriage is a feast, where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

'Neglect would have restored Diogenes to common-sense and clean linen, since he would have had no tub from the moment he had no spectators. "Thus I trample," said Diogenes, "on the pride of Plato." "But," rejoined Plato, "*with greater pride, O Diogenes.*"

'Clear ideas are much more likely to produce clear expressions, than clear expressions are to call out clear ideas; but to minds of the highest order these two things are reciprocally to each other both cause and effect, producing an efficiency of mind somewhat similar to momentum in machinery, where the weight imparts continuation to the velocity, and the velocity imparts power to the weight.

BOOK NOTICES.

Russia As It Is. By Count A. De Gurowski. D. Appleton & Co. New-York: 1854.

A Year of the War. By Adam De Gurowski. D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

For his participation, as one of the leaders, in the Polish insurrection of 1830, the author of these volumes was condemned to death; but whether he owes his present security to the clemency of the Czar, or to his better fortune, we do not learn. At all events, Mr. De Gurowski has a decided advantage over many of the book-makers of now-a-days—he at least writes of things he has seen and known; and, if nothing else, this advantage of opportunity entitles him to a hearing:

At the time when the Count's first volume was published, and the early news of the present European struggle was fresh on our ears, the American press, with rare exceptions, were busily engaged in repeating the slanderous fabrications of the Paris and London newspapers, whose editors, disinterested souls, would have the world to believe that the destinies of Europe were oscillating between liberty and absolutism, and that nothing but the success of the Allies would prevent Russia from turning the scale against the apostles and worshippers of a political and social disenfranchisement. For a time our weak echoes of the London *Times* and Paris *Moniteur* were mistaken for expressions of American feeling; and, from the tone of the volume "*Russia As It Is*," we are led to think that the author fell into the popular error, and was in consequence misled as to the state of the market for which his wares were destined. In this way alone can we account for many of the statements of Mr. Gurowski, who, in his first volume, represents the Czar as a weak, vain, and capricious man, "whose capacity has never risen above that of directing the various manœuvres of a single regiment," etc.

We can imagine circumstances under which a thorough hater might venture such statements. In this instance, however, unfortunately for the writer, while there has been little to justify his assertions, every passing event of the Czar's life shows more clearly the falsity of all such accusations. The brilliancy which surrounds the man may be, to a degree, spurious, but the candid historian will, we think, accord to him, not only firmness and

capacity, but candor and honesty of purpose entirely unknown to his present opponents.

In the subsequent volume, written near a year after the publication of the work of which we have been writing, we find a clear and able exposition of the double-faced policy of the Allies, and a modification of the author's opinions in regard to Nicholas. However, in this connection, we would remind our readers that Cronstadt is still in the hands Russia, and that Sebastopol remains in *statu quo*; at least we have as yet received no Russian accounts of its capture.

My Courtship and its Consequences. By Henry Wikoff. J. C. Derby. New-York.

MR. DERBY is a most excellent publisher, and generally does the fullest justice to his writers: it is, therefore, with the more regret that we notice a disastrous omission in the volume under review. He should certainly have placed a portrait of the author of this lucubration on the title-page—not merely as an ornament, which it might or might not be—but as Miss Gamble's only answer to the charges herein brought against her powers of appreciation and resolve. If Mr. Wikoff looks as pretty as the version of his escapade that he would have us swallow—if his lineaments be as graceful as his style, and his figure as forcible as his rhetoric—why then, the heiress whose fortune he unfortunately coveted may very rightly be arraigned for the insensibility which consigned the volatile and voluble diplomat to the tender mercies of an Italian jail. As to Mr. Wikoff's connection with the British government, we regret, for his sake, that the charge was too palpably true to admit of a denial: he does not shun the issue here involved, but openly avows his agency with as much frankness as he confesses his designs upon and ardent passion for Miss Gamble's purse. For the work itself—a work disclosing without reserve the relations which the author held with all grades and conditions of foreign notables—we suppose we may laugh at its singularity, while by no means endorsing, as either commendable or reputable, disclosures which excite our mirth. As matters must be judged, not by their intrinsic value, but by the value which each several individual may choose to place upon them; and as “earnestness,” according to the gospel of St. Thomas (Carlyle) is indissolubly connected with the “sublime,” we also suppose that we must ascribe a sublimity to the fortune-hunter's pursuit; for earnest it was, and indefatigable it was to a degree—to a degree that nothing but the dungeon bars of St. Andrea could abate. We commend this book to our readers, more especially to the gossip, scandal-loving, on-this-side-of-forty female portion thereof, as a volume in every way deserving the criticism of their conversationes and “aesthetic teas.” Its native climate is the boudoir, and its presence there may act as a not unserviceable caution. In conclusion of this hurried and all too general notice, we may express our wonder that a gentleman of a candor so unlimited that he seeks to take the whole public into his confidence, should at the same

time be so sedulously careful to prevent any other writers sharing the honor of his biography. So long as he is his own historian, Mr. Wikoff is the most candid—we had almost written the most unscrupulous—of confessors. But the moment the pen that would delineate him passes into another hand—*quanto mutatus*, etc.

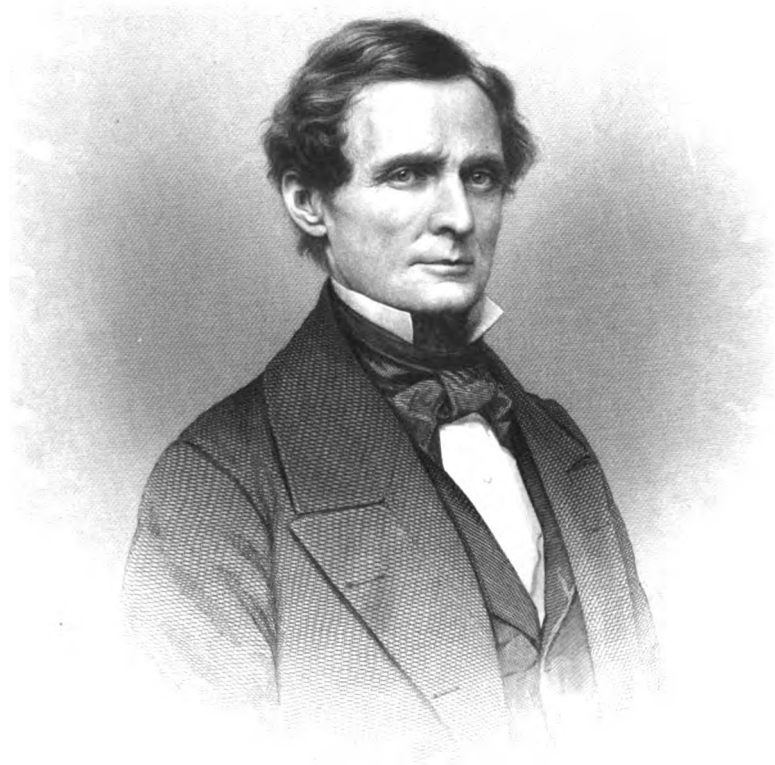
A Complete Treatise on Artificial Fish-Breeding: including the Reports on this subject made to the French Academy; and Particulars of the Discovery as pursued in England. Translated and edited by W. H. Fry. Illustrated with Engravings. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway.

It appears that a discovery of the highest importance—a mode of actually creating fish, in illimitable numbers, was made in Germany nearly a century ago; but so much occupied were the people of Europe in the art and science of cutting one another's throats, that it was lost sight of. Two poor illiterate French fishermen, entirely ignorant of what had been done in the way of artificial fish-culture, succeeded, by dint of unwearied observation and experiment, in reproducing, within a few years past, this lost or neglected discovery. Messieurs Gehin and Remy, the parties referred to, are also entitled to the credit of having made known a mode of rendering their discovery, in every respect, practically useful; so much so that, by the means laid down by the authors of this discovery, the most barren and impoverished streams may be stocked to an unlimited extent with the rarest and most valuable breeds of fish, from eggs artificially procured, impregnated, and hatched. The value of the discovery, and the expediency of turning it to account, will speak for themselves.

In Mr. Fry's treatise will be found the results of the labors and experience of Messrs. Gehin and Remy, as well as some most interesting papers by M. Coste, member of the French Institute, and Professor of the College of France; and the whole forms a work equally interesting to the farmer, the economist, and the man of leisure.

A Long Look Ahead; or, the First Stroke and the Last. By A. S. Roe, author of "James Mountjoy," etc. New-York: J. C. Derby, Nassau street.

ALTHOUGH a young publisher—at least, only recently established in this city—Mr. Derby has brought out very many new authors, new styles, and attractive volumes for public judgment. The book under notice, without any of the bigoted sectarianism of the Hindoos, is still decidedly American—American in the best sense of the term—in scenery, in incidents, and the characters it makes us acquainted with. It is a life-picture, beyond doubt; for the colors used, though heightened here and there, are generally true to our common experience of the world; and the impression of a genial, somewhat egotistic nature which the author's preface conveys to us, is preserved throughout. The moral is an excellent one, and not impaired by being made too manifest, too predominating, and obvious throughout; it is suggested and enforced by the story in a true artistic spirit, but does not stick out through the fiction, like a rusty nail through a butterfly.



Leopold Davis.

ON THE LADY OF THE LADY



THE UNITED STATES REVIEW.

M A Y , 1 8 5 5 .

THE NEW CRUSADE.

IN the year 1094, all Christian Europe was roused to arms by Peter the Hermit, Saint Bernard, and other zealous missionaries in succession, and precipitated itself on the plains of Palestine for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels. It is computed that upwards of a million and a half of these Crusaders perished in the course of this holy war, and the sepulchre of the Prince of Peace was thus deluged with the blood of the victims of war. Jerusalem was finally taken, and this triumph of Christianity signalized by the massacre of all the surviving infidels in the city, without exception.

"Three days after the surrender," says the reverend historian,* "it was considered as a necessary piece of severity for their defense, to put all the Turks in Jerusalem to death, which was accordingly performed without favor to age or sex. The pretense was, the fear of treason in them if the Emperor of Persia should besiege the city. And some slew them with the same zeal that Saul slew the Gibeonites, and thought it unfit that these goats should live in the sheep's pasture. But noble Tancred was highly displeased thereat, because done in

* See Fuller's Holy War.

cold blood, it being no slip of extemporary passion, but a studied and premeditated act; and that against pardon proclaimed, many of these having compounded and paid for their lives and liberty. Besides, the execution was merciless upon sucking children, whose not speaking spake for them: and on women, whose weakness is a shield to defend them against a valiant man. To conclude, severity not in the fourth degree is little better than poison, and becometh cruelty itself: and this act seemeth to be of the same nature." It is thus that religion, when it degenerates into bigotry and intolerance, becomes a ferocious tiger, and that the first act of the soldiers of Christ was to violate his most impressive precepts.

Among the arguments urged in justification of this "Holy War," as it is called, the historian enumerates the following, as at that time considered most conclusive:

"All the East is God's land let out to tenants; but Judea was properly his demesne which he kept long in his own hands for himself and his children. Now, though the infidels have since violently usurped it, yet no prescription of time could prejudice the title of the King of Heaven, but that now the Christians might be God's champions to recover his interest.

"This war would increase the patrimony of religion by propagating the Gospel and converting of infidels. If any object that religion is not to be beaten into men by dint of the sword, yet it may be lawful to open the way by force, for instructing, catechizing, and such other gentle means to follow after."

Here certainly is a very nice distinction!

"The beholding of those sacred places in Palestine would much heighten the pilgrim's devotion, and make the most frozen heart to melt into pious meditations."

In order the better to exemplify this last argument, we shall present to our readers the following quotation from a very distinguished and learned traveller who visited Jerusalem during the last century.* Speaking of the miracle of "the Sacred Fire" annually exhibited in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, he says:

"The people are made to believe that on this day is to be seen in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and issuing out of the grave itself, a holy fire, a solemnity which, like many others of the same kind, seems to owe its original to policy, and to be supported by avarice; for the bishops not

* See Egmont's Travels, vol. I., p. 354, etc.

only suffer the people to remain in this belief, but cherish it in order to draw the greater number of pilgrims to Jerusalem, and thus enable them to defray those enormous expenses with which they are oppressed by the Turks. Nay, the interests of the latter are concerned in maintaining this miracle, by reason of the great profits accruing to them from the vast number of foreigners whom curiosity draws thither.

"Some hours before the ceremony begins, a stranger can not but be highly entertained with the strange grimaces and gesticulations used on these occasions; and as no pilgrim would fail of being present, the church is a scene of confusion. We were seated in a gallery facing the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre, with the fathers of the Romish Church (who, by the bye, are said to do all they can to explode this pretended miracle,) and some Turks of the Pasha's retinue, who also come hither on this occasion. The whole church resounded with the noise and vociferations of a vast number of people who seemed frantic, running after one another, and playing such pranks as would be more suitable to a carnival, and were certainly quite inconsistent with the sacredness of the place, and the pretended miracle. Among others, I observed a man counterfeiting a dead person, possibly to personate our Saviour, being carried several times round the grave, and then disappearing. Some carried others on their shoulders and let them fall on the crowd; others again, rolled about the grave like tumblers on a stage, performing a thousand antics which continually afforded new subjects of laughter to the noisy crowd. In a word, nothing can be imagined more grotesque, wild, and fantastical than what we saw here in a place, and on an occasion which should naturally have occasioned seriousness in those who believed it. At last the head clergy made their appearance, but it was with great confusion that among this multitude of people they went through the processions. * * * About half or quarter of an hour after the above-mentioned ecclesiastics entered, the head-bishops came out with a bunch of wax candles tied together, which had been lighted at the holy fire. Then was the height of the tumult, for every one was thrusting to be the first to light his candle at that of the bishop, they being all firmly persuaded that the first fire is the most holy and pure, and that whatever it touches it does not burn.

"While every one was thus expressing his devout zeal for the possession of this divine fire, the Turks laid about them without distinction. But at that time no strokes were felt, their raptures taking away all sensation, and those who were behind furiously leaped on the shoulders of the foremost that they might also get their candles lighted. The conclusion was, that some of the most busy zealots among them lifted the bishop on their shoulders and thus carried him with great rejoicings to their church. With the Armenian bishop, or patriarch, matters did not succeed so well; for he no sooner made his appearance with his wax lights, than the people crowded so violently about him that they all went out, and he was obliged to light them

at the candle of a pilgrim. However, two men lifted him up, and he was carried away with the same formality as the other. And thus ended a solemnity begun in confusion, conducted by deceit, and concluded with superstition."

We have given the preceding details of one of the most sacred and solemn of all the ceremonies performed by the Greek, Armenian, and Coptic pilgrims, who contribute perhaps nineteen twentieths of the whole number of visitors to the Holy Sepulchre, that the reader may be the better able to judge whether the acquisition of the Holy Places has, to use the language previously quoted, "much heightened the pilgrim's devotion, and made the most frozen heart to melt into pious devotions;" and we now present the question whether it is for the interests of pure religion, by which we mean a sincere and rational piety, divested of all grovelling superstition, that the "Holy Places of Jerusalem," the possession of which was the object of the Crusades of the eleventh, should again become the real or pretended cause of another crusade in the nineteenth century, which threatens to involve the greater portion of Christendom in war, and deluge the earth with Christian blood?

We ask this question, because it appears from a late brief but admirable exposition of the causes of the present war in the East,* that the question of the possession of the "Holy Places" in Palestine was its original source, at least as between Russia and France. The late Emperor Nicholas, whose fame is destined to survive even the infamy of his base calumniators, as the head of the Greek Church, had, on all occasions, and in every treaty with the Ottoman Porte, stipulated for the civil and religious rights of that Church, whose professors amount to thrice the number of the disciples of Mohammed in European Turkey. In this he has always been uniform and consistent; and though in his wars with Turkey he may have had other objects besides in view, it can not be denied that he has never once forgotten this. The Czar, however, never assumed the character of "Protector of the Greek Church." He never demanded any thing more than that "the ancient and acknowledged rights of the Greek Church should be secured by written guarantee." These ancient and acknowledged rights

* See Bishop Southgate's "Tour in the East," recently published in New-York by Putney & Russell. This eminent divine resided and travelled fourteen years in Turkey, and has given the clearest view of the question ever presented to the world. It should be read by every American.

had been conceded to the Greeks on the conquest of Constantinople as the condition of their submission.

Standing in this relation with the Greek Church in the Ottoman Empire, the late Emperor Nicholas claimed for it the possession of a portion of what are called the Holy Places of Jerusalem, and especially the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which was erected by the Empress Helena and her son Constantine the Great, who both belonged to the Greek Church, and lived long before the Bishop of Rome aspired to become the head of the Christian world. The guardianship of this Church and other shrines in Palestine, considered almost equally holy, has for ages past been a bone of contention to the Greeks and Latins, and they have frequently passed from one to the other. Independently of any feeling of piety or devotion, the possession is exceedingly profitable, from the fees and donations of many thousands of pilgrims that annually flock there, most especially from all parts of the East, as well Greeks as Armenians, Maronites, and Copts.

Animated by opposite creeds as well as opposite interests, the Greek and Latin Churches in the East cherish a most orthodox hatred of each other; and, being equally despised by the Turks as infidels, have sought to attain the ascendancy over each other by placing themselves under the protection or guardianship of some one of the great Christian princes of Europe. In the more palmy days of Spain, His Most Catholic Majesty assumed the guardianship of "the Fathers of the Holy Land," and by liberal donations of money enabled them to obtain possession of the Holy Places. Next came the most Christian King, Louis the Fourteenth of France, to whom Sultan Solymán conceded the protection of the Holy Places about the year 1670. In 1757 they again reverted to the Greeks, where we believe they remained until the Emperor Louis Napoleon, either from motives of piety, or with a view to obtain the support of the head of the Catholic Church, or perhaps as the legitimate successor of the most Christian king, demanded their restoration, and they were again restored to the Fathers of the Latin Church. It will be seen from this brief summary that, from the time of the great schism between two of the most numerous denominations of the Christian Church, whose only fundamental point of difference is, that one rejects while the other recognizes the supremacy of the Pope, the right to the possession of the Holy Places has never been permanently settled. The struggle between the two parties has, from time to time, given rise to scenes of contention, strife, and even bloodshed, that equally disgraced both parties,

and converted the Holy Sepulchre of the Prince of Peace into a theatre for the exhibition of the most malignant of the human passions. It would seem that it is now about to be exhibited on a scale of much greater magnitude, by becoming connected with the question of the balance of power. It was the ostensible ground for the declaration of war on the part of France against Russia, and as between these two powers, the question as to the possession or guardianship of the Holy Places seems the only intelligible explanation of a war which threatens to involve all Europe, and no inconsiderable portion of Asia. The Greek and Latin Christians mutually stigmatize each other as schismatics; and each claims to be the true original Catholic Church, and, as such, entitled to the possession of the Holy Places. It is useless, even if we had space and time, to discuss a question that has already exhausted polemical learning, and, to all appearance, is now about to be decided by the *ultima ratio regum*.

Another Crusade is about being summoned to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and the domain of the Prince of Peace seems once more destined to become an Aceldama—a field of blood. That devoted land in which He was born, and lived, and was crucified, has from that hour been almost one continued scene of anarchy and despotism, of robbery and plunder, and seems destined so to remain, until it has made atonement for a crime which shook the heavens and the earth, and scattered a nation to wander over the world without a country or a home. May we not yet humbly hope that the advent of the Prince of Peace will yet prove the harbinger, however remote, of peace and good-will, at least among his disciples; that mankind may become pious without bigotry, and tolerant without indifference; and that the Christian Church may cease to merit the lamentable distinction of being next to that of the ancient Jews, the greatest persecutor that ever appeared on the face of the earth? Neither Diocletian, Maximin, nor even Julian the Apostate, nor all the Pagan tyrants of the Roman world, whether separate or combined in their seven great persecutions, ever made so many Christian martyrs as have been since offered up at the shrine of bigotry and intolerance by the disciples of the most mild, forbearing, and forgiving faith ever propounded to mankind.

It would seem, however, that this happy period, if ever destined to come, is far away. The new Crusade, in which the Anglo-French Alliance is striving to draw almost all Christendom, is eminently calculated, if not expressly intended, to administer

fresh fuel to the fires of bigotry and persecution, by placing two of the most numerous sects of Christians in arms against each other, and invoking all others to their aid. Whether the underground party of Know-Nothings is a secret agent in this religious war, we can not say; but certain it is, that their plot for obtaining possession of the "Holy Places," at the seat of government and elsewhere, through the medium of religious and civil persecution, is a worthy counterpart to the great scheme of the Anglo-French Alliance for a similar purpose in the Holy Land.

The Russians are an exceedingly bigoted people; and the Czar, however despotic he may be in other respects, is necessarily obliged to humor this national propensity. A great portion of the strength of his government depends on his identifying himself with the faith of his subjects. Religion is one of the great bonds that rivet this vast empire together; and the Czar—placing sect and conscience out of the question—is compelled to set the example of zeal in its behalf, in order to support his throne. On the other hand, the French are not, just now, supposed to be a very pious people. But experience teaches us that bigotry may exist independent of piety, and that men who individually are indifferent to religion may yet be zealots in behalf of their Church. Besides this, the throne of the French Emperor is not supposed to be founded on a rock, and it is of great consequence to its stability to secure the support of the Church, which, though shorn of much of its wealth and influence by the Revolution, still maintains great sway over the minds of the great mass of the people. To be recognized as the champion of the rights, real or pretended, of the Roman Catholic Church and the protector of the Holy Places of Palestine, will, therefore, greatly strengthen his influence not only with the head of the Roman Catholic Church, but the people of France, and, in fact, the entire body of Roman Catholics in Europe. Whether this is a sufficient justification for rousing the world to arms, and deluging the earth and sea with blood, we leave for our readers to decide. That the present, though undoubtedly mingled with political considerations, is essentially a religious war on the part of Russia and France, we think can not be questioned. The two governments may have ulterior views; but, with the people at large, it is only a revival of that spirit which animated the disciples of Peter the Hermit.

The position of Great Britain in this contest is, however, more equivocal. The Church of England sends no pilgrims to the Holy Shrines of Palestine, except now and then a solitary

traveller impelled by curiosity, or the *cacæthes scribendi*; and the British government, even under its Catholic kings, never aspired to the protection of the Holy Places. It is, therefore, of little consequence to the Church or the people of England, whether these shrines are in the hands of the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of France, or whether the Greek or Latin Church presides over the ceremonies, and receives the fees and donations of the pilgrims. The Protestant Church, so far from any fellowship with either, despises the Greek Christians, and is at this moment warring with Papacy in the West, while at the same time an accomplice in extending its power and influence in the East.

Great Britain is, therefore, influenced by other views, and is sacrificing the interests of the Protestant Church to political considerations. She first made her appearance in the great drama now performing, as the special champion of Christianity, civilization, and liberty; and in that character devoted herself to "the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire," which is certainly neither Christian, civilized, nor free, if we may believe the uniform testimony of travellers. However this may be, we were at first assured by the British journals and their correspondents in the East, that a convention had been entered into by the Anglo-French Alliance with the Porte, by which the civil and religious rights of the Christians of Turkey had been effectually secured.

This at once operated powerfully on the minds of all those who felt an interest in behalf of Christianity, and awakened a strong sympathy for the parties by whom this great triumph over bigotry and intolerance had been achieved. There were those, however, who doubted whether this interference with the relations between the Sultan and his subjects was the best way of maintaining the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, which had been announced as the great object of the Allies. Accordingly, when this ruse had sufficiently operated, and the people of Europe, as well as of the United States, had begun actually to recognize the Anglo-French Alliance as the veritable champion of Christianity, civilization, and liberty, it came out that, though there really had been a convention, not a single stipulation had been made in favor of the civil and religious rights of the Christians in the Ottoman Empire. On the contrary, their ancient and undoubted rights had been actually surrendered. Lord John Russell declared in the House of Commons: "It does not contain—I think it would have been wrong if it had contained—any stipulation with

regard to the internal government of Turkey;" and at the same time Lord Clarendon, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, said in the House of Lords: "The treaty contains no stipulations of any kind with respect to the Christian subjects of Turkey. We have proposed no such convention to the Porte. We have proposed to her a convention in the nature of a military convention. It provides for the assistance we shall give her; and provides that Turkey shall not make peace without the concurrence and consent of England and France." And thus, while abandoning the Christians to the tender mercies of Musulman bigotry and intolerance, under pretense that stipulating for their protection would be a violation of the sovereignty of the Ottoman Empire, they inflicted the deepest possible wound on that sovereignty, by wresting from the Sultan one of the highest prerogatives of sovereignty, that of declaring war, or concluding peace at discretion.

At length, however, wearied by such inconsistencies and contradictions, or perceiving that these pretexts could no longer impose on the world, the cat has been let out of the bag, and the universal language of the British press now is, that the present war "is not *for* Turkey but *against* Russia." The old pretexts of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and protecting the Christians of European Turkey, have become threadbare; they answered their purpose for a time, and are now discarded like garments either out at the elbows or out of fashion. The war, at least on the part of England, is now placed on its true basis. It is no longer a crusade on behalf of Christianity, civilization, and liberty; or a war to sustain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; or a war for protecting the civil and religious rights of Christians. It is a war to arrest the course of nature and the progress of nations; a war to humble a prospective rival to her usurpations in the East, under color of maintaining the balance of power in Europe; and the principles on which it is based, apply equally to the United States as to Russia. One is the growing rival of England in commerce, which is the basis of naval power; the other a growing obstacle to her ascendancy in the East. If she is justified in attacking Russia on one ground, she is equally justified in attacking the United States, when she has succeeded with the former. While in possession of almost every commanding maritime position on the globe, and prescribing laws for the ocean, she is, forsooth, the great champion of "an equilibrium of power;" and while aspiring to set bounds to the natural, spontaneous growth and expansion

of other nations, makes not the slightest scruple in extending her own by encroaching on the rights of those who are incapable of resistance. That the United States are as much an object of jealousy to England, as Russia, must be evident from the uniform language of her press, and the equally uniform tendency of her policy; and it requires no prophet to predict that the humbling of Russia will be a prelude to a like attempt against the United States. The Anglo-French Alliance has now no counterpoise in Europe but Russia, and the United States alone stand in the way of their lording it over the New, as they will over the Old world, should they succeed in crippling Russia.

We are perhaps as sincere lovers of peace as some who make much louder professions; but we frankly confess, we desire no peace which will leave the Anglo-French Alliance free to prosecute the scheme it has announced in relation to this continent, in case it succeeds in crippling the power of Russia, which is only another phrase for establishing its own. This is the light in which we view the present struggle for ascendancy in Europe and Asia; and in our opinion, in this aspect and this alone, should it address itself to the sympathies of the people of the United States. As connected with the progress of Christianity, civilization, and liberty, its termination will probably have little influence either one way or other. Conflicting religious, as well as political influences, are either marshalled against each other, or temporarily fused into a sort of harmonious discord. Despotism is arrayed against despotism; the Greek and Latin Churches are at issue, and neither Christianity, civilization, nor liberty, so far as we see, is likely to receive any permanent impulse from the issue of the conflict. There will be many martyrs, but they will not be those whose blood is the seed of the Church. The people of the United States have little to do in these matters, but they have a great deal to do with the "equilibrium of power" in the new world, which has been announced as part of the scheme of the Anglo-French Alliance. In this, the United States and Russia are equally concerned, and have a common interest. They occupy the same position in relation to that combination, and though they may not stand or fall together, in our opinion no patriotic citizen of the United States who loves his country above all others, should ever wish to see a peace between Russia and the Anglo-French Alliance based on the humiliation of the former. Let the Anglo-American press and the peace societies make the most of this avowal. In the discussion of this subject we lose

sight of "solidarity" and think only of our country. We do not look into the dark, inscrutable region of the future, to grope for consequences affecting the fate of distant nations, whether for good or evil no one can tell. We look at home, and ask ourselves what result of this conflict will be most conducive to the peace and prosperity of our country, and as to the rest, we leave the care of the entire human race, and the general welfare of the great community of nations, to the Great Being who knows all things, and can do all things, much better than those puny mortals who undertake to direct the system of the universe.

The principles on which the Anglo-French Alliance is based, are alike dangerous to the peace and independence of all nations. England and France have assumed a right to arrest the progress of nations in their rise and in their fall; to push one down when it raises its head too high, and raise up another when it falls too low to suit their ideas of the "equilibrium of power;" and to regulate the general system of the world, which has hitherto been supposed to be under the direction of Providence, in conformity with their superior wisdom. If at any time a nation from its great natural advantages, its superior energy, industry, and enterprise, or from a more liberal share in the bounties of Providence, becomes an object of jealousy or apprehension to England or France, however distant it may be, or however free from any intention to interfere with their interests or their safety, that is a sufficient reason for making war with it, and summoning the world to arms in order to preserve "the equilibrium of power."

Why, is not this a warrant for universal rapine? For a system of perpetual interference with the internal affairs of every nation however near, or however distant? Does it not, if the principle can be maintained, furnish a pretext and a justification for interminable wars, and strife and contention without beginning and without end? Does any man believe it is within the scope of any human power to regulate the great system of the universe, or to arrest the progress of nations from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, from old age to the grave?

And yet, this is what England and France have, it seems, undertaken to achieve. They mean to place the two most extensive and growing nations of the world in a position exactly to suit their notions of the equilibrium of power; and what is more, they mean to keep them there, or at least knock them down when they pop their heads above water. They are too

big already, and must not grow any more, because they will disturb the equilibrium of power. If their population increases too fast, it must be thinned out by the immolation of a few hundred thousand victims on the bloody shrine of war; or they must be reduced to a condition of misery and want, by the destruction of their property and the devastation of their fields, that if it does not prevent the rascals from breeding any more, will, at least, insure the starvation of their children.

Great, progressive nations, according to the doctrine of the Anglo-French Alliance, are a sort of *Feræ Naturæ*, and may be run down at pleasure. Like the giants of old, they are the common enemies of pigmy men, and these Jack-the-Giant-killers are determined to exterminate them from the face of the earth, leaving not one single soul of them alive but themselves; who, we presume, are to be preserved to keep up the breed. Nations, in short, must grow no more, and the laws of God and nature are to be arrested by the still more omnipotent power of the *entente cordiale*. If hereafter, nations will persist in growing, it must be at their peril, and they may expect to be bled, and blistered, and purged, or if necessary, their limbs amputated by the great doctors who have invented the grand panacea of "the general equilibrium of power." The decree has gone forth, and the bond sealed with blood under the walls of Sebastopol.

Aside from the arrogant, presumptuous hallucination manifested in this attempt to turn the world from its course, and to arrest the operation of causes which have everywhere, and at all times produced the same consequences, this scheme for establishing an equilibrium of power, becomes more glaringly absurd and preposterous, from the position of the parties who have undertaken its accomplishment. On one hand is France, which only a few years ago was the great arbiter of Europe, and would have so continued, but for the very power which the nations of Western Europe are now invoked to humble in the dust. Even at this moment though shorn of its conquests under the great Napoleon, France is perhaps the most potent empire in the world; and is daily extending her possessions on the African shores of the Mediterranean, and among the islands of the Pacific. Compared with the powers of Continental Europe, with the exception of Russia, she is a giant, if not in size, at least in bone and sinew. We have recently seen her under her great captain, destroying and elevating kings, parcelling out kingdoms, and lording it over all Western Europe. All this was achieved by herself alone, and in spite of the

opposition of Great Britain, now united with her in the closest ties of amity, and laboring for the attainment of the same object. The population and resources of France are, at this moment greater than they ever were; her armies amount to half a million of the best soldiers in the world, commanded by officers equal to any in the world; her navy is now able to dispute the empire of the seas with that of Great Britain; and though, like every other European power, she is deeply in debt, it may safely be assumed that if any nation is in a position to disturb the equilibrium of power in Europe, it is France.

On the other hand, we have England, the old despot of the seas, whose possessions extend through every region of the habitable globe, and are daily increasing; who, according to a late British writer of high authority, already "commands all the highways and byways of the ocean and all its inlets;" and on whose dominion it is now the common boast of Englishmen the sun never sets. As respects the power of operating on the interests and repose of the different nations of the world, no matter how distant, she is ten times more dangerous than Russia; for she can carry war and extermination in her floating batteries wherever the ocean rolls its waves. Debt-ridden and tax-ridden as she is, still she is in a position to impose laws on all weaker nations, both on the land and the sea; and there are now no obstacles to her pretensions to prescribe to neutrals the rights they are to exercise, but the United States and Russia. They, once "humbled," and the Anglo-French Alliance may, and assuredly will, revive those claims to the right of search which have been so graciously "waived" for the time being.

Yet these are the two nations that are to establish an equilibrium of power, not by voluntarily relinquishing any portion of their own, but by arresting the progress of the United States and Russia, under the apprehension of their one day becoming rivals to their own supremacy! If it were possible for two such immaculate powers, so renowned in the annals of Christianity, civilization, and liberty, and so infinitely superior to the barbarians of Russia and the semi-barbarians of the United States, to play the part of political Barnums, we might suspect that they were attempting to impose on the world by one of the most stupendous humbugs ever palmed on the credulity of mankind in the darkest of the dark ages. Two of the most powerful nations of the earth, voluntarily combining to abdicate their supremacy—for it must be evident that this will be necessary in order to establish an equilibrium of power in Europe—would be a species of magnanimous self-denial which

we shall probably see when it pleases Providence. The true meaning of all this hypocritical cant, these diplomatic riddles, and these hollow professions of moderation and magnanimity, is every day becoming more apparent. "The war is not *for* Turkey but *against* Russia." It is neither to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, nor to protect the civil and religious rights of Christians from Mussulman oppressions; nor to establish a balance of power in Europe. It is to cripple Russia and the United States in turn, in order that England and France, so long as they can cling together, may lord it over the world. Having long disputed the exclusive possession of the prize, they have agreed to divide it between them—at least for the present.

Yet there is unquestionably a party, by no means inconsiderable in the United States, whose organ is the Anglo-American press, which is exclusively influenced by its old inveterate predilections in favor of England. Utterly regardless of the bearings of this Eastern war on the safety and interests of their own country, and of the public declarations of both France and England that the alliance of the two powers had the same objects in view in both hemispheres, to wit, the establishment of a general equilibrium of power; and while every day eye-witnesses of a course of policy on their part toward the United States preparing the way for the accomplishment of their ultimate objects; while all this is clear as the light of day, these sympathizers with the Anglo-French Alliance are sighing for a speedy peace, which it must now be evident can only be obtained by the humiliation of Russia, preparatory to that of the United States, because forsooth it will raise the price of stocks, and possibly revive the drooping commerce of the country, which is now suffering a temporary depression from other causes. As to the great permanent interests of the country, its repose, its safety, and its honor, all such minor considerations are swallowed by the price of stocks and a base subserviency to British interests. Hence, we see this Anglo-American party and this Anglo-American press echoing the hypocritical pretexts of the British government in relation to the causes and objects of the present war, and joining in that disgraceful war of old women the British press has waged, and is still waging, against the personal character of the Emperor Nicholas; a war equally beneath the dignity of a civilized, as inconsistent with the claims of a Christian nation. But this is what might have been expected from American journals, who have no other oracle but the *London Times*, and no other standard of national honor than the price of fancy stocks.

The Eastern war is pregnant with far greater consequences and more permanent results than this. It is an earthquake that shakes the foundations of churches, and the pillars of the political edifices of nations. The Anglo-French Alliance, as previously observed, is based on principles in which the entire community of civilized nations is equally concerned, and none more so than the United States. They afford a justification, nay they make it a duty to interfere with and arrest the progress of every nation that may possibly, either in the present or the future, disturb the equilibrium of *their* power. The United States are one of these bugbears—at least to Great Britain; and to wish that power success in the present war is little less than treason to ourselves. We will not pretend to predict its consequences. They will come soon enough; and humble as we may be, and obscure our Review, we warn the government and people of the United States to be prepared in time; for, as sure as fate, the fall of Sebastopol and the crippling of Russia will bring trouble to their door. Their turn will come next. While war is going on in the East, intrigues are prosecuting in the West. We saw it lately announced in a semi-official Paris journal, that New-Granada had declared with the Anglo-French Alliance, which it thus appears is laboring to combine the new as well as the old world in this great crusade against Russia. We have no doubt that similar attempts are making to wheedle or bully other States of Central and South-America into the toils, and make them parties in the great scheme for establishing an equilibrium of power in the New World, by exciting their jealousies against the United States, and thus delude them into becoming accomplices in bringing back this continent to its old state of colonial vassalage. Again, we say, let the government and people look to it in time. **THEIR TURN IS COMING NEXT.**

THE ROUND TABLE OF THE CLEVER FELLOWS.

(From the French.)

IN the seventeenth century, poets, artists, and learned men were in the habit of meeting at taverns and dining in wine-cellars; and the high-priests of the muses—to adopt a favorite expression of the day—did not disdain a cask of wine for their altar. Under the reign of Louis XIV., Paris boasted of several of these places, where Bacchus, Poetry, Music, and Painting celebrated their incongruous nuptials, some twice or thrice a week.

The "Round Table of the Clever Fellows," situate in a street which has been called "*les bon enfants*" ever since, was a particular favorite of the poets, who commonly repaired thither from the left bank of the Seine, partly to sip the wine of Mr. Bergerat, and partly to meet with the leaders of the literature of the day; for Boileau, Molière, Racine, and La Fontaine presided there every Thursday at a kind of academic sitting. The suppers, which usually followed, after discussions on poetical subjects, were habitually enlivened by such men as the Anacreontic Chapelle, Saint-Aulaire, the veteran revolutionary songster, and the gifted Lafare.

On the 18th February, 1679, Boileau and his friend Racine, after hearing mass together, repaired to their usual meeting-place at the tavern. Here they found master Bergerat taking his ease at the corner of the chimney. The centre of the hearth was occupied by a little man, dark in complexion, short in stature, and fleshy to a degree that bordered on corpulence.

"Gentlemen," said Bergerat, rising to meet the two friends, "there is a good fire in the blue chamber, and the table is set."

"Has Molière come?" said Boileau.

"No, sir—this is rehearsal day—he will not be here before one."

"Is Chapelle here?" inquired Racine.

"As to him," answered the tavern-keeper, "I am really anxious. He is habitually the most punctual of men on such occasions, and I am afraid that the three bottles of first-rate Hermitage wine, I have uncorked for him, will remain on my hands. Mr. Chapelle must be ill from drinking too much at his royal Highness'."

"Impudence!" exclaimed Chapelle, who came in at this moment, and playfully raised his cane as if to strike Bergerat.

"The smell of Hermitage has brought him in," said Boileau.

"Don't get angry, Mr. Chapelle," said mine host, "I have made every preparation for you."

"Am I not your best customer?"

"Yes, indeed, for you drink like any four, and your friends pay the bill."

"I make up for that with songs and witty sayings," rejoined Chapelle. "By the way," continued he, approaching the little fat man who still monopolized the hearth, "there is a face I know—Signor Lulli, inspector of the king's fiddles, director of the king's music—director of the Opera—Signor Lulli, who has received his ninth patent, and is half a millionaire. Good morning, Signor Lulli. Good morning, Florentine Orpheus. How now, king of fugues, trills, and octaves! you don't appear to relish my compliments?"

"I am waiting for Mr. de La Fontaine," answered the composer, stretching open his small, inflamed eyes.

"You'll have a good while to wait; I left him at the Luxembourg, and you're aware, probably, that the society of the adorable Marguerite de Lorraine is one hundred thousand times more agreeable than your own."

"I will wait," cried Lulli, impatiently.

"At your own choice, Signor. Lest the time should appear long, come up stairs with me. Boileau and Racine will, at my recommendation, do you the honor to admit you to their table; though, most sublime minstrel, they know nothing of you, save through bad report. Bergerat's wine is fine, and as you have more money than brains, we will permit you to pay the supplement to our dinner."

"I am neither hungry nor thirsty," answered the musician as he fairly twisted in his seat.

"Incorrigible miser," cried Chapelle, and despairing of being able to convert the shrewd Florentine to the religion of Bac-

chus, he directed his steps to the blue chamber, where Boileau and Racine had already taken their seats.

"Are you acquainted with that miserable Lulli?" inquired Boileau, as he observed the young and joyous guest enter.

"Who does not know him at court? Throughout the city every one speaks of Lulli—he is all the rage. Our fine ladies run mad after him."

"You mean those who have not seen him," says Racine.

"Just so," replied Chapelle; "for, after the first sight, the charm vanishes, and the blear-eyed Orpheus loses all his fascination."

"I could never understand the strange infatuation of the king for these Italian charlatans, which have inundated France since the advent of the two Medici and of the minister Mazarin," exclaimed Boileau.

"Your foreigners for imposture. *Ignoti magna cupido.*"

"A truce to proverbs, my dear Chapelle; I prefer your songs," said Racine.

"Your healths, grand-masters of Parnassus!" cried Chapelle.

The three bottles were empty, and the model of drinkers hummed the old song,

*"Si le bon roi Henri
Voulait me donner son Paris."*

"Chapelle has made a prelude for our dinner," said Molière, who came in at this moment, followed by La Fontaine and the poet Sénécé, valet de chambre of Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XIV.

"I have always observed," answered the epicurean, "that a bottle of good wine has a capital effect on the appetite."

"And for that reason you have drunk already three."

"More exquisite nectar never came from Hermitage. Good morning, La Fontaine—good morning, Molière. I shall be able to please you to-day, for I feel in the humor for singing and laughing. Did you not see, when you came in through the kitchen, the Signor Lulli spreading himself before the fire and casting wistful eyes at the two capons that are being prepared for us?"

"We came by the little corridor," answered La Fontaine.

"And what about the minstrel who awaits you, modern *Æsop*?"

"Awaits me?"

"Yourself! I have been belaboring my head to divine what the fat Signor can possibly want of you."

"Why, the libretto of an opera," suggested Molière.

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Chapelle; "why that would be a breach of the privileges of Quinault. The poor man, you know, has sold himself body and soul to the Florentine manufacturer of arias. Really, I pity him from the bottom of my heart. I had rather do penance on board his Majesty's galleys than to follow such a trade. Yearly, that Helot of Literature prepares two or three subjects for operas, which are submitted to the approval of the king. A choice being made, the artisan-poet sketches out his ultimate plan, and disposes the several scenes under the inquisitorial supervision of Signor Lulli. When the poem is finished, the Florentine gets into a towering passion, declares that the versification is detestable, that he would rather set Low-Dutch to music, and poor Quinault goes to work afresh. At last, the Signor condescends to own himself satisfied with the work, and our modern Pindar, after having altered, re-vamped, re-patched, and readjusted scenes, stanzas, and couplets, lays himself down to sleep under the shade of his laurels. What a trade, gentlemen, especially for a man of genius! For Quinault *has* genius, in spite of the malicious remarks of our friend Boileau. Let us be indulgent, and have pity on the unfortunate bard. While composers and opera managers are countenanced upon this planet, we shall have to deplore the rule of a capricious tyrant and the misfortune of a freeman reduced to the condition of a slave. Horrible torture! for of all bondage, that of Thought is hardest to endure. O Lulli! O shameless Florentine! Henceforward I devote thy head to the infernal deities, and thy fiddle as a pastime for the melancholy blind."

"My dear Chapelle," said Molière, who had been sipping a bowl of milk in silence, "I hate soliloquies—as well at the tavern as on the stage. Give us a song."

"I feel as melancholy as an undertaker, and my heart swells with grief at the recollection of poor Quinault's tribulations."

"A prodigy!" exclaimed La Fontaine, "there is our friend Chapelle in the melting mood."

"Gentlemen, I am melancholy."

"Wine predisposes one to compassion," said Molière.

"If our conversation is to pursue this course," exclaimed Boileau, "I must take my departure, and leave you to admire to your satisfaction, the rhymed prose of Monsieur Quinault and the grotesque absurdities of Signor Lulli."

"You are right," answered Chapelle, "and as regards the fat Signor, I can't help recollecting those bitter lines of yours, which I need not quote, and which all Paris insists contain his portrait. This is a dry subject, though. Bergerat! more wine!"

The landlord entered, bringing an armful of bottles which he placed upon the table, while the two cooks were busy bringing in the soup and the rest of the dinner.

"Gentlemen," said the keeper of the house as he was leaving the room, "there is a mahogany-faced Italian in the kitchen that I can't get rid of. He says that he waits to see Mr. La Fontaine, and has threatened to call the police if I should dare to disturb him. 'I am Signor Lulli' said he, grumbling, 'and I desire that so soon as Mr. La Fontaine arrives, you will let me know it.'"

"Show the gentleman up," said La Fontaine.

"Are you in earnest?" exclaimed Boileau, "that miserable *musico* bears about with him the Seven Capital Sins for a train, and is a tiresome bore besides."

"We'll soon send him about his business," said Molière; "I take charge of that part of the performance."

The Signor made his appearance, preceded by the master of the house; the little eyes of the little man turned purple with rage when he perceived his old enemy Boileau, at the end of the table. He nevertheless restrained every expression of ill-humor, feeling, no doubt, that he had too strong a party to contend against, and turning towards La Fontaine he said, coaxingly:

"Monsieur La Fontaine, I have been running after you these two days. Last Saturday, His Majesty, the king, after having vouchsafed to hear my last opera, for the first time, said kindly, 'Lulli, I am well pleased with your works, but why do you always give us Quinault? You must find some other poet.'

"The wishes of his majesty are imperative with his very humble servant. I at first thought of Molière, but that dear friend is so much engaged at his own theatre that I can not rely upon him."

"Say rather, cunning Florentine," exclaimed Molière, "that I would sooner make street-ballads than to write a line for you, shameless plagiarist, who have stolen the music of my ballets to eke your own meagre melodies."

"Don't get angry, my very dear friend; a man of sense takes what belongs to him wherever he finds it."

"And what about the thousand louis which the king gave you for that very same music?" said Molière. "Off with you, Lulli, your presence has such an effect upon me that I can not answer for the consequences if you stay longer."

"Keep cool, Aristophanes," interposed Chapelle.

"Gentlemen," resumed Lulli, not at all disconcerted, "I came with a view of making a proposition to the immortal La Fontaine. The king holds him in high estimation; and his stories, which court-virtue affects to blush at, find their way to the bed-rooms of our maids of honor, who read them clandestinely. Judge then, if I am not right, when I say that one of his poems would draw all Paris to the opera."

"Signor Lulli," answered La Fontaine, "I write fables, stories, sonnets, and madrigals; and I have no idea now, in the decline of my life, to degenerate into a maker of ariettas."

"Sir," exclaimed Lulli, "if you will not write me a libretto, I am a ruined man!"

"Go to Quinault."

"The king is tired of Quinault."

"Then propose the affair to Chapelle."

"To me?" exclaimed the model of drinkers. "Stretch me a tight rope from St. Jacques to Notre Dame, and I will try to dance on it, but don't speak to me of librettos, especially when Signor Lulli is to be the composer."

"Well, then," suggested the fabulist, "there is Molière."

The author of *Tartuffe* here struck a theatrical attitude expressive of supreme contempt.

"And you, Monsieur Sénecé; will you not help the Signor?"

"Help him?—that clown of music, that meddling improver of opera style, self-called king of harmony, help him? Yes, to a sound drubbing with his own baton, if it be desired."

Lulli, who was aware that Sénecé had just grounds of complaint against him, and withal was just the man to carry his threat into execution, drew back a step in terror. Yet determined to carry his point if possible, he entrenched himself behind the table and took a position near the door in readiness to beat a retreat, if necessary. Meanwhile the classic Boileau was belaboring him most unclassically with all the rude energy of a Juvenal. The Florentine, undaunted by this storm of abuse, coolly took a chair and announced his determination there to remain, until the Fabulist had promised him a poem for an opera.

"Signor Lulli," said La Fontaine, "how much do you propose to pay me?"

"Double what I give Quinault—8000 livres."

"That's a pretty penny," remarked Chapelle.

"A great deal more," observed Racine, "than Barbin will ever give you for your *Contes*."

"Eight thousand livres!" exclaimed Boileau. "That is worthy of consideration."

"Make him pay in advance," said Sénecé; "the Signor has no more liberality or good faith than a Genoese banker."

"State your subject," answered La Fontaine, "and I will tell you if it suits me."

"The story of Daphne changed into a Laurel tree."

"Mythology again!" exclaimed Chapelle.

"So wills it the king."

"If I were La Fontaine, I would leave the king to write his own libretto, since he takes upon himself to select a subject."

"Monsieur Chapelle, do you presume to question the taste of his Majesty?" inquired Lulli, whose little spiteful eyes glistened with a sinister fire at the prospect of entrapping one of his antagonists into a disrespectful remark.

Boileau, however, who knew the perfidious Italian, and saw the danger, resolved to put an end to the scene.

"We have had enough of this," cried he; "if this Signor, who has forced his company upon us, will not go of his own accord, we had better call in a reinforcement from the kitchen and turn him out."

The Composer saw that it was now high time to go. Besides, a glance at his poetical victim told him that he had gained his point. The Fabulist more absent-minded than ever, was perpetrating all manner of eccentric vagaries, sticking his cane into his pocket, and trying to lean his chin upon his pocket-handkerchief.

Lulli turned to go; pausing, however, to make fun of the poet, he said in a whining tone:

"Monsieur de La Fontaine, my honor and my fortune are at stake. Good Monsieur de La Fontaine, will you write me my opera?"

"The metamorphosis of Daphne!" sighed La Fontaine abstractedly.

"Exactly so—will you write it? O Monsieur de La Fontaine, take pity on me; I have a large family to support."

There is no telling to what extent the coaxing eloquence of

the Florentine would have gone, if Chapelle, whose temper was nowise sweetened by Bergerat's best, had not drawn the cane from the pocket of the Fabulist, and making violent onslaught upon Lulli, driven him fairly out of the house.

"Ours the field of battle!" exclaimed the corpulent poet as he returned, out of breath.

Lulli's defeat, however, was a victory to him. The Fabulist was visibly in an operatic study, and Molière, who sat sipping his milk and whispering with Racine at the end of the table, smiled at the comic scene before him, and would probably have given us its portraiture upon the stage under some such title as "*L'Auteur Malgre lui*," ("*The Author in Spite of Himself*,") if the unexpected catastrophe to his *Malade Imaginaire*, had not one night dropped the curtain suddenly upon his labors and his life.

H E R N A M E .

Her name! I speak it not aloud,
Lest overhead some babbling cloud
Catch it; and, of its burden proud,
 Spread, with the dew, its fame
Among the lilies of the field.
Since met our lips, have mine been sealed,
And never, never more revealed
 The secret of her name.

Her name! I breathe it with a sigh
At night beneath a tropic sky,
Where I behold it, writ on high
 In characters of flame.
Bright Southern Cross!* it tells how far
Parted by lands and seas we are;
But then it letters, star by star,
 Her sweet melodious name.

* The Southern Cross is a beautiful constellation, composed of four very bright stars.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.*

A CAREFUL consideration of the highly important and interesting public documents now before us, as well as the very general interest recently manifested, in private circles and in Congress, with reference to the public domain, added to a desire on our part to increase the meagre stock of knowledge relative to this branch of the public revenue, has induced this article, in which we propose to show the fallacy of the views entertained by citizens of this section of the country, who, as a general thing, maintain that the care of the public lands, the expenses attending their survey and sale, and the adjustment of the various grants heretofore made by Congress of portions thereof, far outbalance the revenues they afford.

On this point, we are of opinion that we can show, by accurate and reliable figures, that, since the completion of the present land system, in 1845, the public lands have been a source of considerable revenue rather than, as has been alleged, of unprofitable expenditure.

We shall also show the utter fallacy of the argument, that the benefits derived from the public lands have fallen to those States in which the lands are situated, at the expense of the older members of the Confederacy.

We do not propose to advocate the propriety, or the utility, of grants in aid of the construction of railroads, canals, and other important works, unless under such wholesome restrictions as will insure the performance of the objects designed, and the proper use of the fund thus constituted.

We shall likewise notice briefly some of the objections that have been urged against the various grants heretofore made for such purposes, and make brief mention of others to which public attention has not been especially directed.

* Reports of Hon. John Wilson, Commissioner of the General Land Office. First and Second Sessions 33d Congress. 1853-4.

It will be proper before advancing in these arguments to exhibit, in a brief form, the extent of the public domain; and here we are obliged to call to our aid the Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, from which we extract the following statement, exhibiting the extent, in square miles and acres, of the several States and Territories enumerated, being those in which the public lands are situated.

	<i>Sq. Miles.</i>	<i>Acres.</i>
Ohio,	39,964	*25,576,960
Indiana,	33,809	*21,637,760
Illinois,	55,410	35,462,389
Missouri,	65,037	41,623,680
• Alabama,	†50,043	†32,027,490
Mississippi,	†37,337	†23,895,680
Louisiana,	41,346	26,461,440
Michigan,	56,243	35,995,520
Arkansas,	52,198	33,406,720
Florida,	59,268	37,931,520
Iowa,	†50,914	†32,584,960
Wisconsin,	53,924	34,511,360
California,	188,981	120,947,840
Minnesota Territory,	141,839	90,776,960
Oregon Territory,	341,463	218,536,320
New-Mexico Territory,	210,744	134,876,160
Utah Territory,	187,923	120,270,720
North-west Territory,	528,725	338,384,000
Nebraska Territory,	136,700	87,488,000
Indian Territory,	187,171	119,789,440
Total,	2,519,039	1,612,184,919

This is exclusive of the Mesilla Valley Territory, recently acquired by purchase from Mexico under the Gadsden Treaty, the extent of which we do not remember to have seen estimated, but which will, doubtless, add at least one hundred millions of acres to the total above stated.

This total is subject to reduction, as hereinafter shown, from the following several causes:

1. By the quantity of land sold and located with land-warrants and scrip, up to the 30th of June, 1854, amounting to 138,477,691.35 acres.

* Includes reserves under deeds of cession.

† Exclusive of Chickasaw cession.

‡ Includes the estimated quantity of 560,000 acres of the Des Moines River grant, situated in this State, between the Raccoon fork and source of said river.

2. By the quantity of land granted by Congress for special purposes, such as schools, act 20th May, 1826; internal improvements, act of 4th September, 1841; swamp and overflowed lands, acts of 2d March, 1849, and 28th September, 1850; salines, seats of government, private claims, Indian reserves, and the various railroad grants; also, lands reserved to the United States for light-houses, military posts, live oak, etc., etc., amounting in the aggregate to 136,860,676.65 acres, thus leaving to the United States, of unsold and unappropriated lands, the enormous quantity of 1,337,846,551 acres, exclusive of "Mesilla Valley."

It must be borne in mind, that by far the larger part of the sales, locations, grants, and reservations have been made in the older of the land States, and that the main body of the public lands yet remaining lies in the (comparatively speaking) new States of the Confederacy, and in the territories, and has been but partially brought into market; it is worthy of note, that, from this fact, these lands will not be subject, to any considerable extent, to the reduced prices established by the act of 4th August, 1854, "to graduate and reduce the price of the public lands."

We shall now proceed to show that the public lands have been a source of revenue to the general government, and to this branch of our inquiry we court attention; the contrary has been so often and so vehemently urged, that, until by proper examinations we had convinced ourselves, we were inclined to go with the popular side, and credit the assertion. Careful and patient investigation, however, and a research among dry, uninteresting figures, have at length brought us to a different conclusion; and we lay the facts and figures before our readers with the utmost confidence. The elaborate statements appended to the Commissioner's Report, which accompanied the President's Message to the First Session of the Thirty-third Congress, 1853-4, afford ample and sufficient evidence; but, as our space will not allow us to transcribe them entire, we have prepared a brief synopsis of their contents, by which it is shown that the entire surveyed surface of the public domain, (embracing Minnesota, but not the territories more recently established or acquired,) after deducting the various Indian reservations, private claims, etc., is set down at 424,103,750 acres, the cost of which, including the amount paid to Spain for the Floridas, to France for Louisiana, and for extinguishing the Indian title, is fixed at \$71,140,829.21, which, with certain reductions for interest paid on stock, (which is not a "fair charge,"

no interest being allowed on the proceeds of those lands,) is reduced to \$62,121,717.12. This shows an average cost, of the whole body of land, of 14.41 cents per acre.

It is further shown that the average cost of surveying, including the salaries of Surveyors-General, their clerks, and the expenses attending the surveys, amounts to 2.07 cents per acre.

And it is also shown, that the average cost of selling and managing the public domain amounts to 5.32 cents per acre. The summary we quote entire:

	<i>Per Acre.</i>
Average cost of purchase and extinguishing Indian title,	14.41 cents.
Average cost of surveying,	2.07 "
Average cost of selling and managing,	5.32 "
Total average cost per acre,	21.80 cents.
Aggregate amount received from the sale of public lands to January 1, 1849, per answer to Corwin's call,	\$136,772,077 32
Deduct amount received from sale of Chickasaw lands, per same document, as these lands are not included in statements relative to public lands,	3,176,059 44
	133,596,017 88
Deduct, also, cost of purchasing the public domain, \$61,121,717 12	
Deduct cost of surveying the public domain,	6,369,838 07
Deduct cost of selling and managing the public domain,	7,466,324 19
	74,957,879 38
	58,638,138 50
Add amount of purchase money received in 1849, fourth quarter partly estimated,	1,743,075 29
Aggregate actual net receipt from public lands over and above every cost,	60,381,213 79
If to this be added the value, at \$1.25 per acre, of the lands granted for military services in the revolutionary, late, and Mexican wars, (fourth quarter 1849 estimated,) it would be 11,814,425.83 acres, at \$1.25 per acre,	14,768,032 29
It would make the aggregate receipts,	75,149,246 08
And if to this be added the value, at \$1.25 per acre, of the lands donated for schools, universities, asylums, and internal improvements, individuals and companies, seats of government and salines, 21,827,433 69 acres, at \$1.25,	27,284,292 11
Making the aggregate,	\$102,433,538 19

And it is further shown that, at the same estimate of expenses, etc., the government, as the custodian of the public lands, will have, eventually, received from their sale, over and

above the total expenditure, the very considerable sum of \$439,570,570.46. This, it will be remembered, does not embrace the new territories of Oregon, Washington, Utah, or New-Mexico.

We have seen it stated, and urged with much vigor, that Mr. Wilson's figures are greatly exaggerated; that he proceeds upon the supposition that all of the public lands are equally good and alike desirable, while, in fact, one considerable portion must be set down as barren desert, another as covered with mountain ridges, and a third as low swamp. Who doubts this? Is any one so unreasonable as to believe that between the Mississippi and the Pacific there is nothing but fine farming land? The geography of the country is proof positive to the contrary; we know that there are both mountains and deserts, and the fact that some thirty or forty millions of acres have been already granted to the States as "swamp and overflowed lands," is proof that there is some little of that kind.

There are sandy deserts, impenetrable wastes, and rocky ridges; there are localities, not only inhospitable but inaccessible, where the beasts of the field may make their lair in perfect security even from the step of the adventurous hunter; where the foot of man has never trodden the soil, and where centuries will make no change.

If this be so with some of the country, it is not so with the larger part; and there is no question but that a great portion of that which, in the eyes of the present generation, is valueless, will, in the course of years, be ranked among the most valuable. The spread of settlements, opening new fields to the hardy sons of toil, the increased means of intercommunication between distant points, and the rapid development of the mineral and agricultural resources of the West will advance this result more speedily, perhaps, than we would be willing to assert, or our readers to believe. Certainly, judging of the future by the past, there is every reason to believe that a few years will make a great change in the character of the Western country, especially that portion lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, embraced in the territories of Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska. The great natural resources of the former will make it the chosen home of adventurous spirits from all sections of the country, and the interest awakened in the minds of the people by the excitement attendant upon the organization of the two latter has given them great importance, and already induced an immense tide of emigration thither. This tide will still flow on, and we will ha-

zard the assertion that Kansas and Nebraska will, ere long, rival in prosperity the most flourishing of our Western territories.

That the benefits resulting from the sales, etc., of the public lands have not been confined to the new States, or those in which they are situated, is apparent from the foregoing; when such considerable revenues are known to have accrued to the federal treasury from this source, it must be conceded that all of the States have been participants in the advantages.

The assertion to the contrary is no new thing; it has been reiterated time and again, and generally by those whose limited knowledge has induced the unfounded assertion, or whose overweening prejudices have prevented their ascertaining the true state of facts. The Commissioner, in his report for 1854, treats the subject in an able manner, and we will briefly review the arguments made use of by him to sustain his point.

We quote from page 15 of the Report: *

"The bounty lands for services in the Revolutionary war, and that of 1812, flowed mostly to citizens of the old States, and say one half of those for services in the Mexican war.

"The amount actually paid to the old States, under the act of 4th September, 1841, and of the surplus revenue is, of course, charged to those States.

"As the proceeds of the public lands went into the treasury, and were applied to aid in defraying the expenses of the government, the necessity was thus obviated of increasing the tariff to that amount. The tariff, it is admitted, bears more equally on the entire population of a country than any other tax. The old States originally, and until within a few years, were vastly more populous than the new, and this relief, therefore, applied in the same proportion. Suppose, then, that for the entire period of the operation of the land system, the average proportion of the population of the old States to that of the new was as three to one; on this basis the people of the old States would have been benefited by three fourths of the proceeds of the public lands, and those of the new States by one fourth of those proceeds.

"To state the account, then, on this hypothesis, the old States are chargeable with the amount of lands given as bounties in the Revolutionary war, and that of 1812, including that under the acts of 1850 and 1852—

Say 19,209,297 acres, equal to	\$24,011,620 00
One half of the act of 1847, say 6,477,880 acres, equal to	8,097,350 00
Amount actually paid the old States under the act of 1841,	409,912 42
Three fourths of the proceeds of the public lands,	113,676,758 67
Making a total of	\$146,195,641 09

The benefit of which has flowed chiefly, if not entirely, to the people of the old States. This amount, it will be remembered, is exclusive of the sum of more than forty-eight and a quarter millions net receipts for imports at the ports of Florida and Louisiana, which went into the treasury, and by which the people of the old States were proportionably benefited.

"One of the greatest benefits, however, to the old States, and that which can not be estimated by dollars and cents, was the opening given by the new to the ambitious and enterprising citizens of the former, and the facilities furnished them by government of obtaining valuable farms at mere nominal prices. They have also enjoyed immense benefits from the products of the West, the supply being vastly increased thereby, and the cost proportionably reduced."

The report then proceeds to exhibit the benefits which may be said to have accrued exclusively to the people of the new States, showing a total of upwards of ninety millions in dollars and cents, leaving a balance in favor of the old States of \$56,195,641.09.

It must be here observed that, since the estimates from which we have quoted were prepared, a measure has been adopted which will secure still greater benefits and advantages to citizens of the old States. We refer to the bounty-land law passed at the last session of Congress, and known as "The Old-Soldiers' Law." This act extends bounties to many who have been engaged in the various wars in which our country has been involved, and who were excluded from the several grants heretofore made; it also grants to those who have already received bounties of less than one hundred and sixty acres of land, such a quantity as will make up that amount.

While upon this subject, we may as well endeavor to do away with the erroneous impressions which exist relative to the quantity of land necessary to satisfy this grant. This has been variously stated as being between twenty-five and two hundred millions of acres. The law, as originally proposed, would doubtless have required an immense amount of land, perhaps one half of the largest amount above named, but, by the amendments introduced before its final passage, the quantity requisite to its complete satisfaction was most materially reduced. The requirement of "record evidence of service" will be the means of limiting the benefits of the act only to those who were regularly enrolled in the service of the country.

From the *Washington Union* we extract the following estimate of the amount of land which will be absorbed by the new law, namely:

	<i>Acres.</i>
60,000 applications for 80 acres each,	4,800,000
125,000 do. 120 do.	15,000,000
Short service, (less than one month and over fourteen days,)	40,000
Naval service,	30,000
Wagon-masters, etc.,	10,000
Revolutionary,	8,000
All others,	12,000
	100,000
At 160 acres each,	16,000,000
Total,	35,800,000

The warrants issued under this law will, no doubt, be located upon the most valuable lands, and not upon such as by the act of 4th August, 1854, have been reduced in price to twenty-five or fifty cents, or even one dollar per acre. Continuing the estimate at \$1.25 per acre, and also estimating that one third of the benefits of this act will flow to citizens of the old States, we have a further advantage to them of nearly fifteen millions of dollars.

But it is not alone by these direct means that the advantages to the old States must be shown; these, indeed, tell the exact amount of advantage in dollars and cents, but no figures can show the benefits which indirectly have flowed to the people of the old States; the enlarged field for agricultural and commercial enterprise; the profitable source for the investment of capital, not only in public works, but in the bringing to light of the great mineral resources of that vast section of country, embracing as it does, the iron of Missouri, the lead of Illinois, the copper of Lake Superior, and the gold of California, are all advantages to the old States which have accrued to them from the governmental supervision of the public lands. The poor have been provided with homes at a price within the reach of every man, and by this means the old States relieved of the surplus population which clogged the wheels of progress by promoting too great competition, and among the hardy pioneers of the West has grown up a race of sturdy republicans whose very existence lends strength and stability to our institutions; who are good citizens in time of peace, and bulwarks of defense against the horrors and devastations of war.

We have also stated that the policy of liberal grants for works of public benefit, such as railroads and canals, if made under wholesome restrictions, would receive our cordial sup-

port. We are strongly opposed to any willful waste of the public lands, as well as to donations to bodies of reckless speculators, who, having secured a grant, dispose of the lands without fulfilling the pledges under which they were obtained; we are also opposed to grants bearing a private character, and designed for local institutions and local interests. Works of great public importance demand, and should receive, the liberal support of the government, and bodies of public-spirited individuals should be encouraged in their zeal to promote the general welfare.

If grants of the character contemplated in these remarks may be said to be attended with benefits to the States in which they are located, they are likewise productive of corresponding advantages to the government. Thus, in making a grant of lands for railroad purposes, the United States donates a certain portion of the lands within a definite limit, to aid in the construction of the road, and reserves to herself the lands remaining to be sold at an increased minimum, as the consideration of the grant; thus it is made without loss or injury, as the lands remaining yield as much as the whole body would have given had not the grant been made. But, in making such appropriations of the public lands, measures should be taken to guard against grants to irresponsible corporations, or for works of exaggerated importance; and on this point the suggestions of the Commissioner are valuable. He recommends "that no grant should be made except on the application of the Legislature of the State; that the lands should be taken in alternate sections within a certain distance of the improvement, the minimum price of the remaining sections to be doubled throughout the whole extent of the grant; and the lands to be certified to the State as the work progresses, with a provision of forfeiture in case of failure." It seems to us that these provisions are sufficiently ample to secure the desired ends, and that question can not be raised as to the propriety of grants made under such restrictions.

We have already said that by the reservation of a portion of the lands within a certain distance of the improvement to be sold at an advanced price, the government is kept free from loss, and we may here add, that it invariably follows that the lands thus reserved find a much more ready sale, by reason of their contiguity to the road thus constructed, than they would have had under ordinary circumstances..

To illustrate this, let us take the instance of the Illinois Central Road, and from the statements contained in the Report

before us, show that our arguments are well-founded. The Commissioner says:

"The great increase in sales and locations of land has occurred in those States where railroads have been projected and grants made for them, or where such works are in contemplation, or by the proposed construction of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. As evidence of this fact, I would state that the lands withdrawn from sale in Illinois, to enable that State to select those granted to her by the act of 20th September, 1850,* were again brought into market in July, August, and September, 1852, deducting, of course, the 2,595,058¹¹⁸⁸ acres selected by her under that grant.

During the fiscal year ending the 30th of June last,

in that State there were sold for cash,	298,861 acres.
Located with Land-warrants,	2,509,120 "

Total,	2,807,981 acres.
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Being about one and a quarter million more than all the lands sold (excluding the locations of warrants) during the preceding fiscal year, in all the land States and territories."

Can any stronger evidence than this be needed to convince the most skeptical of the beneficial results that flow from such grants? In the instance which we have quoted, a great public work has been advanced, and is now nearly completed. The North and the South will be connected by iron bands as well in the "far West" as on the Atlantic border. The agricultural and mineral products of that great section of country have, by this means, been afforded facilities for an additional market; the mail facilities have been greatly promoted; and the laboring classes provided with an extended field of honorable exertion. View it in whatever light we may, the results must speak in the most audible tones of its high practical utility.

It is fair to presume, or rather, it would be unreasonable to doubt, that the same beneficial results that attended this will follow in all similar cases. The general benefits growing out of the grant for this road remain to be seen; to its projectors it may be an unprofitable speculation; we say *may be*, not that we think there is any chance of it, but merely for the sake of the argument; it may be years before it will pay even the interest of the outlay; but of one thing we may be assured, that to the traveller, to the merchant, and the farmer, its benefits will be incalculable. This must be admitted upon all hands, and it is as easy to believe that without the aid of the grant it would never have been accomplished.

* To aid in the construction of a railroad from Mobile to Chicago.

So will it be with a railroad to the Pacific, a work which, should it ever be completed, will throw into the shade, whether for its own magnitude or its general importance, any work ever contemplated; which will bring the extreme ends of this widely-extended Union within "hailing distance" of each other, and transport the products of one part into others where their consumption may be demanded, without the delay, expense, and danger with which their transmission is now attended. This vast design will never be accomplished without the intervention of the government through the medium of the public lands, and we do not doubt but that the popular sentiment of the country is in favor of such a grant, in the event of competent and reliable men being selected to fulfill the trust.

We will turn for a few moments to the proposition for a distribution of the public lands, which has been, on several occasions seriously urged upon Congress, and this we can dispose of in a few words.

Let us suppose that the government part with her interest in these lands to the States in which the same are situated; can it be believed that the settlement of the same would be by any means so rapid as at present, or can it be supposed that the same measures for their survey, management, and sale would be taken? Most assuredly not! The expenses which are now aggregated, and by this means reduced, would, by being brought within a narrower compass, and promising smaller profits, be greatly enhanced, and perhaps the work would never be accomplished. Thence would result an evil of which we can not now complain; the amount of produce would be less than necessity requires, and vast bodies of land would lie upon the hands of the States, unsurveyed and unimproved.

The folly, or rather, the injustice of such a course would lie in the fact that the government would thus be giving away, without a fair consideration, the share of interest which the older States have in the public domain, and which, as we have already shown, is by no means inconsiderable.

But, the States do not need them. We will not say do not want them; for States, like individuals, want all they can get. The various grants, already made, insure them ample benefits. Thus, for every township of land surveyed, they are entitled to one section, or one square mile out of every six, for educational purposes. By the act of 4th September, 1841, they each received 500,000 acres for internal improvements; and under the "Swamp Land" law they will become the owners of

much valuable timber-land, and much land which, after its reclamation, will become very valuable for agricultural purposes. By these, and other grants which we need not specially enumerate, a goodly share of substantial benefits have accrued to them—enough, perhaps, for their own satisfaction.

The government moreover, as the owner of the lands, will be much more likely than the States, to make judicious uses of such portions as are not demanded in purchase, by liberal grants thereof for praiseworthy objects, thus advancing not only the general good but the especial interests of the particular States; a system already well organized will be perpetuated, and an easy road to competency kept open to the poor but industrious class of emigrants who are daily flocking to our shores.

We have but little to say in conclusion. If it be true, as we have heard, that "facts and figures speak for themselves" there is no necessity of comment.

A subject like the present possesses but little of that general interest which attaches to magazine literature; there is small room for rhetorical display, and still less for imagination or fancy. Mr. Wilson has succeeded in making more than readable reports; they are indeed, as we characterized them at the outset, highly interesting and important public documents, and although they are the work of one attached to a different political creed, still as coming from one whose services have been retained by the present administration, the ability by which they are characterized, must be conceded. Had it been our purpose to examine the reports as political documents, we might have found points of difference, but our objects, as stated in another part of this article, had little or no relation to party questions.

We have thus, as we conceive, established the several points upon which we stated we intended touching; we have shown that very considerable revenues have already been derived from the public lands, and that still larger results may be expected; we have also shown that the advantages have not all been in favor of the States in which these lands are situated, and it now remains for us to insist that proper guards be placed against their willful waste; that the present system be extended as far and wide as possible, and the rights and interests of the honest settler consulted in preference to the plundering schemes of reckless speculators.

D E S T I N Y .

A P O R T U G U E S E T R A D I T I O N .

 BY COLONEL EDOLON.

THERE is a tradition among the Portuguese, that certain precious stones rule particular months, and confer upon persons born under their influence, certain qualities of body and of mind. According to the authority before us, they are connected in the following manner:

January....	Jasper.....	Constancy and fidelity.
February...	Amethyst.....	This stone preserves from strong passions, and insures peace of mind.
March.....	Bloodstone.....	Insures courage and success in hazardous enterprises.
April.....	Sapphire Diamond.	Repentance and innocence.
May.....	Emerald.....	Success in love.
June.....	Legate.....	Long life and health.
July.....	Cornelian ruby....	The forgetfulness of evils arising from broken friendship or faithless love.
August....	Sardonyx.....	Conjugal fidelity.
September..	Chrysolite.....	Preserves from or cures folly.
October....	Opal.....	Misfortune and hope.
November..	Topaz.....	Fidelity in friendship.
December...	Turquoise.....	The most brilliant success in every enter- prise or circumstance in life. "He who possesses a turquoise is always sure of his friends."

It is neither necessary nor important to go into a history of these traditionary beliefs, nor need we stop to give a descrip-

tion of the stones which confer such distinguishing characteristics upon the different members of the human family. It does seem, however, that some men are born to greatness, while some have greatness thrust upon them; others, with just as fair prospects, with quite as much energy, and mayhap more merit, exhibit in their life nothing more than a series of misfortunes, against which no foresight would seem to protect them, and no prudence guard them. In the hands of some people every thing turns to gold; while, in those of others, even gold itself becomes dross.

Sterne says, "there is no resisting our fate;" and Shakespeare hath enunciated the dictum, that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." It is yet a consolation to know, that

"Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate;
The good can never be unfortunate!"

In the battle of life, energy, economy, and prudence may be relied on as champions, who will insure to their votary ultimate success; and no possible chain of misfortunes can entirely overwhelm the man, who possesses the three faculties above mentioned. Let a man rely upon his own exertions, discard offices and family expectations, and steady attention to his business, of whatever name or kind, is the great turquoise, which will insure him success and friendship.

It has been said that life's a dream,
And things are not just what they seem;
And that, indeed, we only think
We dress ourselves, or take a drink;
That we are all somnambulists,
That every thing by chance exists,
And not a mortal e'er can know,
Whence he hath come, or where will go.
But be that as it may, we see
Man has a ruling destiny;
In proof of which, the spangled sky
Spreads to our eyes her lights on high;
And when bright science raised the veil,
Astrology could tell a tale,
And drawing knowledge from afar,
Could read a fate in every star.
But it is not by stars alone,
The destiny of man is known;

For the dark mine holds many a gem,
 Potent the ills of life to stem;
 And every month has some one stone,
 By Fate selected as its own;
 A talisman the good to guard,
 A charm the ills of life to ward.

1.

She who is born when the young year
 Just starting, springs from Chaos' arms,
 Receives a *Jasper* bright and clear,
 Patron of virtue's highest charms.
 Implicitly rely on her,
 A bright example shall she be;
 For these upon her life confer
 Fidelity and constancy.

2.

The second month is joined by Fate
 To *Amethyst*, of violet hue;
 And if thou here wouldst seek a mate,
 I warrant thee a partner true:
 To these no fickle airs belong,
 They are not foolish, harsh, unkind;
 This stone secures from passions strong,
 And grants them peace of mind.

3.

Wouldst thou seek one courageous, firm,
 One to protect when dangers lower,
 One in decision prompt and stern,
 Yet kind with all his power?
 The third month and the bright *Bloodstone*
 Insure both courage and success;
 Seek him; when to his arms thou'st flown,
 Thou ne'er wilt love him less.

4.

The *Sapphire Diamond* reigns supreme
 O'er the fourth month of every year;
 And he will still preserve esteem,
 Who dates his birth-day here;

He will repent all evils done,
And kindness will dispense,
And truly at your feet lay down
A heart of innocence.

5.

Know'st thou a mind pure, firm, and true,
A mind of strength and worth?
Wouldst thou possess this jewel too,
Found seldom on this earth?
Go seek with hope—the *Emerald's* thine,
Go—all thy doubts remove:
It is the earnest and the sign,
Of full success in love.

6.

Say, dost thou wish for life and health,
The pleasures which on them await;
The comforts and the joys of wealth,
Which still attend the great?
That when old age has bared thy head,
Thy limbs should yet feel youth?
Rejoice that thus thy lot has sped,
The *Legate* gives them both.

7.

Say, hast thou loved with all the soul,
A young and artless being loves?
Have all deceived? Shake off control,
The *Ruby* all thy care removes.
How deep soe'er the sting has gone,
The *Ruby* still can heal the smart,
For with it comes, when all have flown,
Forgetfulness of heart.

8.

A loving and a faithful mate
Is better than the brightest gem
That, in the pride of sovereign state,
Glitters in regal diadem.
Wouldst thou have such to share thy heart?
Then, in this month, thy search should be;
The *Sardonyx* the bliss imparts
Of conjugal fidelity.

9.

If thou, by any froward deed
Hast caused a tender heart to break,
By inadvertence caused to bleed
A tender bosom for thy sake;
Take courage yet—bear up in spite
Of the dark brow of melancholy;
The triumph's thine. The *Chrysolite*
Completely cures from folly.

10.

Has stern misfortune weighed thee down
And pressed thee with a heavy hand?
Bear up beneath her loding frown,
Let faith and love thy hope expand.
The *Opal* guides thy course in life,
Gives power with all its storms to cope;
And says, in tumult and in strife,
Still in misfortune, hope.

11.

Wouldst have a friend more kind and true
In cheerless poverty than power,
Whose bands of friendship closer drew,
As more the tempests lower?
Seek him, upon whose natal hour
Her yellow light the *Topas* threw;
For in that heart thou'lt find a dower
Richer than all Peru.

12.

But thou art he o'er whose charmed life
The gems have thrown the brightest fate;
The truest friends, the kindest wife,
Success in enterprises great.
Thine is the *Turquoise*. Go, thy friends
Will ne'er desert—thy life shall be
Bright as the sun when he ascends,
Calm as his setting on the sea.

AMERICAN LEADERS.

No. I.—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE fiftieth anniversary of Independence came over the American mind, with a sensible impression of something beyond the ordinary succession of events. The death of Thomas Jefferson and of John Adams on the 4th of July, 1826, was an event of no ordinary import. Indeed, the whole range of history may be appealed to in vain to produce an event of equal singularity and interest. The death of either of them on the 4th of July would have attracted the public notice as a very affecting coincidence; the departure of both on the same day, and that, the fiftieth anniversary of our independence, impresses us with a feeling, that the good Providence, whose interpositions at the great eras of our history have ever been devoutly acknowledged, was pleased, at the close of the jubilee of our national existence, in the simultaneous departure of the two great men, who exercised such a leading agency in asserting it, to stamp the day with a perpetual seal of sacredness.

It was a very extraordinary circumstance, among those which prepared the way for the American Revolution, that the leading colonies of the North and South were equally embarked in it. Settled at different periods from different causes, and by classes of men wholly unlike, and called to very different fortunes, for a century after their foundation, the Northern and Southern colonies could scarcely have been expected to feel and act in concert on any question, much less on one likely to call into exercise every description of local prejudice. The British calculated on a want of concert between the different parts of the country. They thought the South would feel no sympathy with the distresses of the North, and that

the North would look with jealousy on the character and institutions of the South. Among the numerous events which occurred to frustrate whatever hopes may have been built on this foundation, the simultaneous appearance, in Massachusetts and Virginia, of characters corresponding in so many respects as those of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, in their qualifications for the public service, was not the least important.

Thomas Jefferson was descended from ancestors, who had been settled in Virginia for some generations. His father, Peter Jefferson, was surveyor of the State, and from him Mr. Jefferson inherited what was then deemed an immense fortune. He was born near the spot on which he died, in the county of Albemarle, on the 2d of April, 1743. At this time, society in Virginia presented very nearly the same division of ranks that exists in England. There was the landed aristocracy, shadowing forth the order of the British nobility; the middle class of citizens, consisting principally of the yeomanry, and common to both countries; and a *feculum* of beings, as they were called by Mr. Jefferson, corresponding to the lowest class of the community in England.*

Mr. Jefferson, by birth, belonged to the aristocracy; but the idle and voluptuous life that prevailed in that class of society had no charms for him. From the first moment his own character disclosed itself, he threw himself into the ranks of the people.

His youthful studies were pursued in the neighborhood of his father's residence, until he was removed in due time to William and Mary College, through which he passed with high reputation for talent, industry, and scholarship. Selecting the profession of the law, he commenced and pursued its studies under George Wythe, a master well worthy of such a pupil. In this school he acquired, as far as such things are matters of acquisition, that unrivalled neatness, system, and method in business, which, through all his future life, and in every office which he filled, enabled him to accomplish the most arduous and multiplied duties with decision, punctuality, and in the most perfect form of execution.

It has been a prevalent error that Mr. Jefferson made no figure at the bar. The case was far otherwise. There still remain in his handwriting a number of arguments delivered by him at the bar upon some of the most intricate questions of the law, which, in the opinion of most competent authorities,

* Mr. Wirt's Discourse, p. 26.

vindicate his claim to the first honors of the profession. It might, indeed, with all persons acquainted with the talents and perseverance of Mr. Jefferson, have been admitted, without any proof of the fact, that he was a profound adept in the profession of his voluntary choice and pursuit. It is true he was not distinguished in public debate. This was merely a physical defect. He wanted volume and compass of voice for a large assembly; and his voice, from the excess of his sensibility, instead of rising with his feelings and conceptions, sunk under their pressure, and became guttural and inarticulate. The consciousness of this infirmity repressed any attempt, on the part of Mr. Jefferson, to speak in large deliberative assemblies. It is an additional proof of his intellectual ascendancy, that he rose, in the morning of life, to the height of influence, from which he never after descended, without having the command of what is generally considered the necessary instrument of controlling popular bodies.

Mr. Jefferson was still a student of law at Williamsburg, when, in 1766, the resolutions of Patrick Henry against the stamp act were moved in the Assembly of Virginia. He was present during the whole of the extraordinary and memorable debate, in the door of communication between the lobby and the house. He has left an account of the scene in his own words. The opposition to the last resolution was most vehement. The debate, to use the strong expression of Mr. Jefferson, became "most bloody;" but it was carried by a single vote. "I well remember," continues Mr. Jefferson in his account, "the cry of '*Treason*' by the speaker echoed from every part of the house against Mr. Henry. I well remember his pause, and the admirable address with which he recovered himself, and baffled the charge thus vociferated."

It has been pointed out as one of the features of the parallel which has been run between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, that this interesting event in the former's life took place when he was very nearly of the same age at which Mr. Adams, in 1761, had listened to the thrilling eloquence of James Otis, on the subject of *Writs of assistance*.

From this time onward, Mr. Jefferson stood forward as a champion of his country. He adopted, as the motto of his seals: "*Ab eo libertas, a quo spiritus*," and "*Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God*." His first official participation in the councils of the day was as a member of the State Convention of Virginia, which, in 1774, appointed the first delegates to the Continental Congress. On his way to Williamsburg he fell

sick; and, in consequence of this circumstance, sent forward, to be laid on the table of the Convention, a draft of instructions to the delegates whom Virginia might send. This paper was read by the members, and published by them, under the title of "*A Summary View of the Rights of Independent America.*" A copy of this work having found its way to England, it received from the pen of Mr. Burke, such alterations as were necessary to suit it to the meridian of the opposition in that country, and appeared in a new edition in London. This circumstance, as Mr. Jefferson afterwards learned, procured the insertion of his name in a bill of attainder, which, however, did not pass in Parliament. The effect of this work on Lord Dunmore, the Governor of Virginia, was excessive. At the time of its appearance at Williamsburg, he put no bounds to the expressions of his anger, or of his purpose of revenge.

In the year 1775, Mr. Jefferson, although, of course, one of the youngest members of the Virginia Legislature, was designated to prepare the answer to what was called Lord North's "Conciliatory Proposition." It remains on record, and possesses the characteristic marks of Mr. Jefferson's mind, and of the spirit of the time.

In the same year, Mr. Jefferson was elected a member of the Continental Congress; but being deputed contingently (to supply the place of Peyton Randolph,) he did not take his seat at the commencement of the session. Five days after the appointment of General Washington as Commander-in-chief of the American armies, Mr. Jefferson first took his seat as a member of the Continental Congress.

The circumstances of his appointment the following year to draft the Declaration of Independence were these: To prevent delay, in the event of the passage of Mr. Adams' resolution, "*to adopt such government as would, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general.*" A Committee was chosen by ballot to prepare a Declaration of Independence. This Committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. The members are supposed to have been arranged in the foregoing order, according to the number of votes which each received. Mr. Jefferson had, therefore, received the highest number, and Mr. Adams the next highest number of votes.

Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, standing thus at the head of the Committee, were requested by the other members of it to

act as a sub-Committee, and to prepare the draft. A friendly altercation took place between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, by which of them the Declaration should be drawn, each urging the honorable task on the other. Mr. Jefferson drew up the paper, which, after some small alterations by Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, was reported to Congress. The original draft, as brought by Mr. Jefferson from his study, and submitted to the other members of the Committee, with slight interlineations in the handwritings of Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, is still in existence. The merit of this paper is Mr. Jefferson's. Some changes were made in it by the Committee, and others by Congress, while it was under discussion; but none of these changes altered the tone, the frame, the arrangement, or the general character of the instrument. Its burning words of defiance and resolute resistance are Jefferson's. As a composition, the Declaration is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the production of his mind; and the high honor of "it belongs to him clearly and absolutely."*

Although not participating in public debate, the influence of Mr. Jefferson over the minds of the members, through the channels of private intercourse, was early felt. "Though a silent member," (said one of his co-patriots,†) "he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon Committees—not even Samuel Adams was more so—that he soon seized my heart." On the great occasion which had now arrived, all this influence was successfully put forth; and while Adams was sustaining the Declaration with the strength of his impassioned oratory, Jefferson was operating to the same end by all the resources of an unrivalled personal influence.

In September, 1776, Mr. Jefferson was appointed Minister to France; but the situation of his family compelled him to decline the appointment; and the same cause requiring his presence at home, led him to resign his seat in Congress. He was, however, elected a member of the House of Delegates in Virginia. The following year he entered, with Pendleton and Wythe, on the discharge of a duty intimately connected with the higher and final objects of the Revolution, as far as Virginia was concerned—a revision of the laws of that State. One of his distinguished associates withdrew from the work, and the other died shortly after its commencement, leaving both the responsibility and the glory to Mr. Jefferson. In June, 1779, he presented the result of his labors to the Legis-

* Mr. Webster's Discourse.

† Letter of John Adams, 2d August, 1822.

lature, in what is called the Revised Code. In adapting this code to the political condition of Virginia, under a republican government, he found it necessary to materially modify, or rather to re-mould the foundations of the commonwealth. The most important of these alterations were those relating to primogeniture, entails, and the Established Church, and those prohibiting the further importation of slaves. The law of primogeniture, on which, in conjunction with the law of entails, the aristocracy of the State was founded, was now repealed, and with it the laws making provision for the support of an Established Church, at the expense of the State. The preamble of the bill establishing religious freedom in the State of Virginia, was esteemed by Mr. Jefferson one of his happiest efforts, and the measure itself, one of his best services to his country. The legislative enactments now alluded to, form of course but a small part of the entire revision of the laws. The collection of bills reported by Messrs. Jefferson, Pendleton, and Wythe amounted to one hundred and twenty-six, and constitute a well-digested and comprehensive system of jurisprudence.

In 1779, he was elected Governor of Virginia, in the place of Patrick Henry. He filled the chair of State, at a time of great anxiety and peril for the State of Virginia, which became, at this period, the theatre of war. Benedict Arnold invaded and ravaged those portions of it within reach, by predatory incursions. An attempt was subsequently made to impeach the conduct of Mr. Jefferson in the discharge of the arduous duties of this crisis. His defense, however, was prompt, and so triumphant, that he received from the House of Delegates, before whom the investigation was conducted, an unanimous vote of thanks for his impartial, upright, and attentive administration while in office.

In 1781, Mr. Jefferson wrote his *Notes on Virginia*, in answer to the written queries of M. Barlie Marbois, then resident in this country. The following year the work was corrected and enlarged; and re-printed, in a translation, in France. No publication, which had appeared in America before it, can be placed on a level, as a literary composition, with the "*Notes on Virginia*," and the office, which was discharged by Mr. Jefferson, in this vindication of his country, against the misrepresentation of foreign popular writers of great celebrity, was not unworthy of one who had shown himself so able a leader in her political councils. It is a work which, under any circumstances, would secure to its author a permanent literary reputation.

In 1782, Mr. Jefferson returned to the Continental Congress. The following year he prepared a draft of a constitution to be offered to the Convention, expected to be called that year, to reform the Constitution of Virginia. Mr. Jefferson was also the author of the preamble of the Constitution, which had been adopted in Virginia, in 1776. In the plan of a Constitution, drawn up by him in 1783, Mr. Jefferson introduced the principles of a representation in the Legislature, proportioned to the number of qualified voters, and a general right of suffrage. These principles had been maintained against the unequal representation and limited suffrage of the existing Constitution in Mr. Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia;" and in several able subsequently written letters, they had been cogently advocated anew, in support of such a reform of the Constitution of Virginia as was demanded by the principles of republicanism.

In 1784, Mr. Jefferson was busy with the mint and coinage question, and was the author of our present system of decimal coins; in the same year, he was associated with Franklin, Adams, Jay, and Laurens, in a plenipotentiary commission, addressed to the several powers of Europe. By the two first of these Commissioners, in conjunction with Mr. Jefferson, the treaty of Prussia was negotiated at the Hague in 1785. In that year, Mr. Jefferson was selected our Minister to France. His reputation was already established among the learned men of that country, by the translation of his "Notes on Virginia," and procured him an enviable access to the vast scientific and literary resources of Paris.

In the great work which meantime was going on at home—the formation of the Constitution of the United States—Mr. Jefferson had no immediate participation. The same is true of Mr. Adams, who was at the same period in England. They had both, indeed, furnished models of constitutions, coinciding in the leading principles of representative government; Mr. Adams, in the Constitution which had been adopted in Massachusetts, and Mr. Jefferson, in that which he had prepared for Virginia. But the direct agency of framing the Federal Constitution passed, to a considerable degree, into the hands of the younger patriots of the Revolutionary age, and of the generation which was rising up in succession to them, the leaders of the classes being Madison and Hamilton.

On the adoption of the Constitution, and the organization of the government, Mr. Jefferson was, by the urgent solicitation of General Washington, prevailed upon to the acceptance of

the Department of State; in which office he gave the tone, under the President, to the foreign policy of the country. It was during his administration of this department that the French revolution burst forth; and the division of feeling consequent upon it, began to exhibit itself among the American people. Like most of the other patriots of the Revolution, Mr. Jefferson aimed to hold the golden mean between the violent extremes of public opinion. His skill and firmness were as conspicuously displayed in his correspondence with M. Genet, as in that with Mr. Hammond. When it became necessary for the administration to take a decided step, the proclamation of neutrality was resolved upon, by the unanimous consent of the Cabinet.

It was not long, however, before the divisions of opinion, which existed in the community, manifested themselves in the Cabinet of General Washington too decisively, for that harmonious action necessary to the welfare of the State. Mr. Jefferson, unable to act with General Hamilton, who, with talents of the highest order, entertained, on most points, political opinions variant from his own, retired from the administration, with the purpose of devoting himself to the pursuits of an elegant and philosophic leisure. An ample library and scientific apparatus, an unconquerable thirst for learning in all its branches, and a highly refined taste, furnished resources abundantly sufficient to occupy him in his seclusion.

To the gratification of this purpose, the will of the people opposed an insuperable obstacle. On the retirement of General Washington from the Presidency, the weight of an influence which prevailed equally in all hearts, and over all interests and parties, ceased to be felt. The country was now, for the first time, canvassed for the election of a chief-magistrate; and the two parties were arrayed against each other. It would be wholly out of place to attempt a history of these divisions, which were now, for the first time, manifested in a presidential election. Their basis may possibly be sought, in geographical limits, which will be found, in too many instances, to lie at the foundation of our various political controversies. Mr. Adams had the votes North of the Delaware, and Mr. Jefferson a very large majority of those South.

Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams entered upon their respective duties with feelings most cordial towards each other. Whatever feelings had mingled with the controversy, in the minds of a considerable portion of the community, there was no coolness between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams. In the chair of

the Senate, Mr. Jefferson distinguished himself as a dignified presiding officer. That gravity and decorum, which had subsisted unimpaired during the discussions of the former administration, still characterized its proceedings. No other proof of the respectable character of the parliamentary proceedings of the Senate at this period, and during the preceding administrations, need be sought, than the Manual which Mr. Jefferson compiled during his Vice-Presidency, and the practice of the Senate itself.

During the Vice-Presidency of Mr. Jefferson, the political division of the American family reached its crisis. The foreign relations of the country furnished the chief aliment, and these had been made to assume the most embarrassing forms, by all the preliminary measures of war. In the result of the presidential contest, Mr. Jefferson was elected to the chief-magistracy of the country.

He entered on this exalted station under the most favorable circumstances, and with every disposition to avail himself of them for the benefit of his country. Peace was concluded with France by a treaty already negotiated. This circumstance authorized a general reduction of the military establishments of the country. A reduction of the naval establishment had been already begun, and the removal of the burden of taxation was an easy consequence. Our foreign commerce released from all its embarrassments, by the treaties with France and England, and continually extending itself to meet the consumption of a most rapidly increasing population, poured a tide of wealth into the treasury, and furnished the means for the reduction of the national debt. In his inaugural address, Mr. Jefferson speaks in confident terms of the prosperous state in which he found the country on his accession to the chair of State.

But while Mr. Jefferson strenuously pursued the policy of retrenchment, under circumstances which so remarkably favored the application of that policy, he adventured on one measure which might have startled an infant government, even as a matter of finance; and which, in its political relations, was of the boldest and most decided cast. This is not the place to dwell upon the purchase of Louisiana; nor will this generation be fully able to do justice to the subject, in all its consequences.

Although Mr. Jefferson was the first President who enjoyed the satisfaction of finding his administration gain strength from year to year among the people, he declined a nomination as a candidate for a third term in office, and retired from public

life in 1809. Thenceforward he took no part in public affairs. When the library of Congress was destroyed in 1814, in the disgraceful sack of Washington, Mr. Jefferson promptly placed his own at the command of that body, and thus consented, for the sake of animating the spirits of the country, at a moment of depression, to deprive himself of the cherished resources of his philosophic retreat.

On the return of peace, he devoted himself to a new and noble enterprise, the foundation of the University of Virginia. This magnificent institution is justly called "his work; his the first conception; his the whole impulse and direction; his the varied and beautiful architecture, and the entire superintendence of its erection; the whole scheme of its studies, its organization and government, are his."*

This great enterprise filled up the closing years of Mr. Jefferson's life. Temperance, industry, and method had enabled him also, as it were, to multiply his existence, and to crowd into one life objects seemingly numerous, and vast enough for many lives. The mere reception and entertainment of visitors, drawn to his abode by his splendid reputation, was almost enough to fill the hours of a busy day. The following description of his abode may be not inappropriately introduced here:

"The mansion-house at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of his prosperity. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements, and ornaments, it was such a one as became the character and the fortune of the man. It stands upon an elliptic plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain; and, on the west, stretching away to north and south, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge, for a hundred and fifty miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world; while, on the east, it presents an extent of prospect, bounded only by the spherical form of the earth, in which nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as if to form one of her finest contrasts with the rude and rolling grandeur on the west. In the wide prospect, and scattered to the north and south, are several detached mountains, which contribute to animate and diversify this enchanting landscape; and among them, to the south, Williss' mountain. From this summit, the philosopher was wont to enjoy that spectacle, among the most sublime of nature's operations, the looming of distant mountains; and to watch the motions of the planets, and the greater revolution of the celestial sphere. From this summit, too, the patriot could look down, with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted

* Wirt's Discourse.

heavens which seemed to approach, as if to keep him in mind of his high responsibility. It is, indeed, a prospect in which you see and feel, at once, that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high-souled principles which formed the elements of his character, and was a most noble and appropriate post, for such a sentinel over the rights and liberties of man.

"Approaching the house on the east, the visitor instinctively paused to cast around one thrilling glance at this magnificent panorama; and then passed to the vestibule, where, if he had not been previously informed, he would immediately perceive that he was entering the house of no common man. In the spacious and lofty hall which opens before him, he marks no tawdry and unmeaning ornaments; but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of science and taste, so classed and arranged, as to produce their finest effect. On one side specimens of sculpture set out, in such order, as to exhibit, at a *coup d'œil*, the historical progress of that art; from the first rude attempts of the aborigines of our country, up to that exquisite and finished bust of the great patriot himself, from the master hand of Caracci. On the other side, the visitor sees displayed a vast collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, weapons, ornaments, and manufactures; on another, an array of the fossil productions of our country, mineral and animal; the polished remains of those colossal monsters that once trod our forests, and are no more; and a variegated display of the branching honors of those 'monarchs of the waste' that still people the wilds of the American continent.

"From this hall he was ushered into a noble saloon, from which the glorious landscape of the west again burst upon his view; and which, within, is hung thick around with the finest productions of the pencil—historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries, and all ages; the portraits of distinguished men and patriots, both of Europe and America, and medallions and engravings in endless profusion.

"While the visitor was yet lost in the contemplation of these treasures of the arts and sciences, he was startled by the approach of a strong and sprightly step, and turning with instinctive reverence to the door of entrance, he was met by the tall, and animated, and stately figure of the patriot himself—his countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his outstretched hand, with its strong and cordial pressure, confirming the courteous welcome of his lips. And then came that charm of manner and conversation that passes all description—so cheerful, so unassuming, so free and easy, and frank, and kind, and gay, that even the young, and overawed and embarrassed visitor, at once forgot his fears, and felt himself by the side of an old and familiar friend. There was no effort, no ambition in the conversation of the philosopher. It was as simple and unpretending as nature itself. And while in this easy manner he was pouring out instruction, like light from an inexhaustible solar fountain, he seemed continually to be asking, instead of giving information. The visitor felt himself lifted

by the contact, into a new and nobler region of thought, and became surprised at his own buoyancy and vigor. He could not, indeed, help being astounded, now and then, at those transcendent leaps of the mind, which he saw made without the slightest exertion, and the ease with which this wonderful man played with subjects which he had been in the habit of considering among the *argumenta crucis* of the intellect. And then there seemed to be no end to his knowledge. He was a thorough master of every subject that was touched. From the details of the humblest mechanic art, up to the highest summit of science, he was perfectly at his ease, and everywhere at home. There seemed to be no longer any *terra incognita* of the human understanding; for, what the stranger had thought so, he now found reduced to a familiar garden-walk; and all this carried off so lightly, so playfully, so gracefully, so engagingly, that he won every heart that approached him, as certainly as he astonished every mind."

Mr. Jefferson was in stature tall and erect, and active in his movements. He possessed a taste for some of the polite accomplishments, particularly for music, and in younger life performed occasionally on the violin. He was an elegant scholar, an accomplished linguist, a proficient in several parts of natural science, and a great patron of literary enterprise. He presided for many years over the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. While President of the United States, he projected the expedition of Lewis and Clarke across the continent, and much of the success of that well-conducted expedition was due to his counsels.

The remarkable parallel which has been traced between the lives of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, from their entrance on public life to their departure from this world, makes it proper to record the renewed intercourse of their declining years. Their early friendship and coöperation in the public service, their temporary separation, and subsequent revived intimacy, have been a natural theme of reflection to the numerous eulogists that have celebrated their lives and characters. It has been beautifully observed, "that the streams of their lives were united near their sources, and, joined in one current, had forced their way through mounds of earth, and swept over appalling barriers; but at length, divided in their course by a rough island of rock, they rushed by its opposing sides with turbulent and emulous rapidity, until at last their waters were commingled in peace, and flowed on, tranquil and majestic, into the ocean of eternity."*

It is gratifying to reflect that, in the most violent periods of

* Vide Mr. Sprague, of Hallowell.

political contention, and while Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams were regarded as the heads of the two great parties in the country, and were rival candidates for the chair of State, the courtesies of private life were not neglected between them. The biographer of Mr. Pitt informs us that, for twenty-four years, that eminent statesman never met Mr. Fox in a private room. On the very eve of the election, in 1800, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams were in the exchange of all the offices of social life and good neighborhood. That they may, in moments of excitement, have spoken, in reference to each other, in the character of the leaders of opposite parties, is matter of course. But whatever estrangement at any time existed, it was transitory in its duration; and a correspondence arose between them in their latter years, "of the most interesting and affecting character, resembling more than any one thing else those conversations in the Elysium of the Ancients, which the shades of the departed great were supposed to hold. There are the same playful allusions to the points of difference that had divided their parties; and the same mutual and light and unimpassioned raillery on their own past misconceptions and mistakes; the same mutual and just admiration and respect for their many virtues and services to mankind. That correspondence was to them both one of the most genial employments of their old age, and it reads a lesson of wisdom on the bitterness of party spirit, by which the wise and good will not fail to profit."*

If any thing were wanting to convince the present generation of the unutterable importance of the American Revolution, it would be the closing scene of the lives of Jefferson and Adams. Passing over the long succession of great and memorable scenes, with which their after-lives were filled, their minds, in the very moments of dissolution, went back, and dwelt on the first struggles of American liberty.

On the morning of the 4th of July, 1826, Mr. Adams, then evidently near his death, awoke at the ringing of bells, and the firing of cannon. The attendant who watched with him, asked him if he knew what day it was. "Oh! yes," he replied; "it is the glorious Fourth of July. God bless it; God bless you all."

In the forenoon, the orator of the day, the Rev. Mr. Whitney, the parish minister of Mr. Adams, called to see him, and found him seated in an arm-chair. In the course of the inter-

* Wirt.

view, Mr. Whitney asked him for a sentiment to be given at the public table. He replied: "I will give you, '*Independence for ever*!'" After a few moments had elapsed, a lady asked him if he wished to add any thing to the toast. And he said, "Not a syllable." This occurred an hour or two only before he breathed his last. In the course of the day, he said: "It is a great and a good day." That his thoughts were dwelling on the scene of 1776, is evident, from the last words which he uttered, "Jefferson survives,"* which were spoken about the time that Jefferson expired.

In like manner, Mr. Jefferson, in the short intervals of delirium which occurred in his last hours, seemed to dwell exclusively on the events of the Revolution. He talked in broken sentences of the Committee of Safety. One of his exclamations was, "Warn the Committee to be on their guard," and he instantly rose in his bed, and went through the act of writing a hurried note. But for the greater part of the time, during the last days of his life, he was blessed with the enjoyment of his reason. The only anxious wish he expressed for himself was, that he might live to breathe the air of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Independence. When that day arrived, he was repeatedly heard to murmur his satisfaction.

When, since the days of Socrates, can any thing be found that will bear a comparison with the death-bed scene of these two great men?

In a private memorandum found among some obituary papers and relics of Mr. Jefferson, is a suggestion, in case a monument to his memory should ever be proposed, that it should be a granite obelisk, of small dimensions, with the following inscription:

"Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence; of the Statutes of Virginia for Religious Freedom; and Father of the University of Virginia."

* Judge Cranch's *Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of John Adams*.

T O A C R I C K E T .

I.

THOU lonely, little chirping sprite!
That sittest singing all the night,
Like some poor, heart-broke poet wight,
Thy mournful numbers,
I'd give the world, could I but know
The burden of thy tale of woe,
The mighty wrong that grieves thee so,
And haunts thy slumbers!

II.

Who, and what art thou? tell me, pray,
In far-off ages past away,
Wert thou of goblin race, or fay,
That sporting lightly
By moonlit castle, glade or dell,
Hast listened to the joyous swell
Of harps, where elfin footsteps fall
In dances nightly?

III.

And art thou left, condemned to pine
In meaner garb and humbler line
For that long vanished race of thine?
And is thy dreaming
Lighted by smiles from starry eyes,
And forms that never more may rise
Beneath the silver evening skies
Above thee beaming?

IV.

Hast lived in old King Arthur's reign,
And heard full many a thrilling strain,
When lords and ladies in the train,
Were gayly wooing?

Then joyed thy wizard spell to cast,
 Till plighted faith grew cold at last,
 With doubts and fell suspicions fast,
 To love's undoing!

V.

Hast seen Tom Thumb in all his prime,
 And Mother Goose of fame sublime?
 (Dear reverend lady!) first in rhyme
 And wondrous story;
 Ah! now I have thee! art thou too,
 Like Jack, whose arm the Giant slew—
 A knight of valor, brave and true,
 In search of glory?

VI.

Or else, deep in the waving grass,
 As oft I meet thee when I pass,
 I think perchance, that thou, alas!
 Art weaving gladly
 Bright hopes to cheer thy song, ah, me!
 Thou little cricket elf! 'twould be
 A mournful thing if they should flee,
 And leave thee sadly!

VII.

Much have I mused in childish hours,
 By golden shade of meadow flowers,
 The secret of thy minstrel powers;
 Then softly creeping,
 Have sought, if underneath thy wings,
 Some little harp of rusty strings,
 Wound up by scores of mystic springs,
 Were alyly peeping!

VIII.

When scattered were the forest leaves,
 And snugly stored the gathered sheaves,
 While autumn rains danced o'er the eaves,
 I've seen thee wending
 Thy quiet path with stealthy tread
 Where brightly blazed the ingle red,
 And oft the merry dance was led
 With frolic blending!

IX.

What if thy voice, since years have flown,
 Hath now a sad, reproachful tone,
 Minding of friends, estranged or gone,
 Bright is the morrow !
 Heaven holds for all a glorious dower,
 Hope hath for aye some opening flower,
 And life too, many a joyous hour,
 For grief to borrow !

X.

Then little bard of fireside fame !
 Whate'er thy earlier birth or name,
 Green be the laurels thou shalt claim
 By field and river !
 When I, alas ! shall hail no bloom
 Of clustering buds, or soft perfume,
 Oh ! wilt thou come beside my tomb,
 And sing for ever ?

H Y P O C R I S Y .

" But as for dull hypocrisy,
 Hypocrisy ! I know her not."

I HATE the sly, insidious breathing,
 That sighs the victim's fame away ;
 Like ivy round the green stem wreathing,
 That clings but to betray !
 Whate'er my fate, Heaven keep me free
 From subtle, dark Hypocrisy !

I hate the fond, the fawning guise,
 The specious mask that Falsehood wears—
 The glozing smile that mocks the eyes
 Which she has filled with tears.
 Whate'er my fate, let me not be
 Thy victim, dark Hypocrisy.

PRINCE HA-AF-RITE.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO HIS FATHER IN THE BONIN ISLANDS.

* * * * *

WHAT I shall say to you, beloved sire, of the politics of this great people, will be short and superficial; both because you have taught me to speak with diffidence and reserve on matters of such high nature, and because the laws, by which this country is governed, are too numerous and too profound to be hastily learned. The people of this country are, moreover, peculiarly jealous in regard to any interference in their public affairs on the part of foreigners; so much so, that a great and powerful body of men have joined together, and have formed a kind of vigilance committee to take charge of all intermeddling aliens. This great party, as it is called, forms a self-constituted police, whose peculiar duty it is, not only to closely watch every movement of all such as are of foreign blood, but, as well, to punish the slightest expression of opinion. I will mention a single instance, which may serve to show how necessary it is for strangers to be circumspect in all matters pertaining to the domestic affairs of this great nation. The case I refer to is that of a distinguished foreigner, who had, since my arrival in this country, been received with marked public attention, but who, in an incautious moment, ventured to express himself on public affairs. Banishment to a distant slave-colony was the punishment decreed by the inexorable judges. In vain did he plead that the opinions he had advanced were held by a large and patriotic body of their fellow-countrymen; no place but a plantation was fit for him. Vainly did he urge that the opinions for which he was about to suffer had been spoken and written by the fathers of their country—to Alabama he must retire!

* * * * *

The customs and manners of this great people, also, require a longer residence than I have yet made among them, to be clearly comprehended and fairly judged. Our prejudices frequently do not suffer us to reflect, that these ought always to be considered with reference to the climate, wants,

and civil condition of the country. As experience ripens my judgment, expect from me less crude remarks on all these particulars; at present, accept, with your usual indulgence, such observations as have occurred to me.

I will, first of all, present you with a sketch of some of the amusements, in which, you told me, in our last conversation before I left home, I would see a vast deal of the temper and natural character of the people I was about to visit. You will scarce believe me, but I assure you, I continually make mistakes, and confound their business occupations with their amusements; and sometimes imagine they are pursuing some sport, when in reality they are occupied about objects of the most serious and solemn nature. For, notwithstanding this people are capable of such stupendous efforts of art and science, they have a strange way of compounding selfishness and patriotism—of combining a littleness of character with a grandeur of spirit, and of mingling a duplicity of purpose with philanthropy—qualities that are held incompatible with us; and thus is produced, in every thing they do, a sort of farcical, ridiculous disproportion. This equivocal appearance of many of their proceedings will, doubtless, fill my letters with many errors; but I shall take care to rectify them as I advance in my acquaintance of the subject; so as, in the end, to communicate some advantage to yourself and consequently to my dear country, from these opportunities which I owe to your indulgence.

To begin, then—a short time after my arrival, I was taken to a very large room, in which, they told me, was assembled the council of the nation; but I presently saw clearly that it was a kind of a game in imitation of a congress; and, indeed, it was performed so well, that, had it not been for a great deal of laughing, scolding, coughing, swearing, and hallooing, it might have been imposed upon me for a real assemblage of the great and wise men of the nation, met to debate on its most important interests; for, here and there, there was a vast deal of animation assumed and eloquence displayed, and even moments of gravity such as characterize all our meetings for the good of our country. My ignorance and surprise somewhat disqualified me from enjoying the joke; but, from the eagerness and perseverance with which the game was pursued, I could clearly see how very amusing and entertaining it was to those engaged.

As a proof, not only of the extent to which this amusing kind of deception is at times carried, but of the capital manner in which the different parts are enacted, I should inform you that not a great while ago, some seemingly angry expressions were interchanged between two of the performing members. Letters, purporting to be of the most hostile character, followed; and, to the casual observer, every thing seemed to indicate an immediate and deadly conflict. The friends of the mock combatants, as if desirous of giving more effect to the deception, went through the form of procuring the deadly weapons, and the whole nation, seemingly anxious to carry on the joke, treated the matter as a reality, and actually debated and dis-

cussed the affair as if it had been really an impending calamity. Now, beloved sire, you will scarce believe me, the whole thing was a hoax—one of those pleasantries in which this strange people take peculiar delight, and for which they freely pay the actors enormous salaries.

They have another sport, of a still more general and national character, equally enjoyed by the rich and the poor, alike indulged in by the higher and the lower orders, and which may throw some light on the inexplicably strange character of this peculiar people. It consists in deceiving every distinguished foreigner, immediately he lands in this country, with the idea, that, in their opinion, he is by far the greatest author, warrior, or statesman, as the case may be, that has ever reached their shores; every artifice in their power is brought to bear, in order that the stranger may be deluded into an extravagant idea of his own importance. Public processions, public meetings, public dinners, and the public funds are all freely used, and made to lend their respective aids to the desired end; and when the recipient of all the kindnesses begins to show the natural and almost inevitable effects of so many marks of distinguished consideration—when they find that they have succeeded in impressing the new-comer with a tremendously exaggerated sense of his own importance; by a sudden, and to the uninitiated foreigner, an inexplicable change of conduct, the late idol is made the target of ridicule and abuse. Thus, he, who, to-day, is followed by processions of shouting multitudes, may, ere a month elapse, be too happy to be beyond the reach of their reviling tongues. The only imaginable pleasure to be derived from this last-mentioned sport seems to me to consist in the cruel and unnatural enjoyment of the deep mortification of the poor deluded stranger—unless the opportunity for making fine speeches and eating good dinners has more influence than, to my mind, seems possible.

* * * * *

In sports of the field or hunting, this people, though skilled in the use of many destructive instruments entirely unknown to us, take little pleasure. I am led to this opinion, since, with the exception of "office-hunting," I have never heard any other field-sport named. With the particulars of this periodical amusement I will take an early opportunity of making myself thoroughly acquainted, and in the mean time must content myself with giving you a very imperfect sketch—the result of what I have overheard, rather than of any thing I have seen. It appears that, like the Olympian Games of old, the principal or grand hunt occurs only at intervals of four years; and, if I am not mistaken, the whole population participate. Women were originally debarred from the enjoyment of this national recreation; but, within a short period, a new arrangement, or sort of compromise, has been effected through the exertions of Mrs. Abby Greely and Mrs. Horace Folsom, two very talented and indefatigable old ladies. By this compromise, the women, in consideration of the privileges granted, bind themselves not

only to adopt the male dress, but to conform in every manner practicable to the usages and habits of the other sex.

That the sport must be of the most enticing and exciting character can not be doubted; for I learn that many do little else beside preparing and training for these periodic hunting excursions. A gentleman, whom I chanced to overhear speaking on this subject, let fall some remarks, which, though not clearly understood, led me to think that these occasions are not unattended with danger; but whether the peril arises from the formidable character of the animal pursued, or from the extraordinary and unusual exertions required in the chase, I have yet to learn.

* * * * *

The particulars of another of those singular blunders, which all strangers are liable to fall into, may serve to enlighten you in regard to the intrepid self-reliance which characterizes the people, among whom, through your kindness, I have been enabled to pass so many pleasant days. A large number of persons, entirely lacking the imposing and formidable appearance of real warriors, though armed with weapons, which serve nearly the same purpose as our bows and arrows, met together a few days since in a spacious park or inclosure. Their professed object, as I casually learned, was to render themselves familiar with the implements of war, and to perfect themselves in certain very strange positions and movements, which to me appeared any thing but warlike. Having been so often and so grossly misled by false appearances and by my imperfect knowledge of their language, I determined, in this instance, to observe, most closely, every occurrence, and to determine for myself the real object of this strange proceeding; for, as I remarked before, every indication forbade the idea that the professed was the real object of the gathering. The gaudy and fanciful manner in which they were dressed, together with their complacent and gratified air, at first led me to think that the only object was to make a display of their persons and finery. Again, I could not be persuaded but that all the noise and parade were intended to answer some great political end: at another time, it occurred to me that it was a sort of divination, by which Heaven was consulted in their appointments to certain posts of eminence, and that the generals of armies and the captains of expeditions were perhaps chosen in this kind of lottery. The idea had just come across me that all these surmises might be wrong, and that perchance some secret terrors of an invasion had begun to spread over the country, and that this martial exercise was really meant as a preparation to a vigorous defense, when good fortune threw in my way a most reliable and intelligent acquaintance and native of the country, who kindly relieved me from all further anxiety by explaining the real purpose of the perplexing manœuvres and bewildering exhibition I had just been witnessing. From my friend's explanation of this affair, and in which you may place every confidence, you will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the daring courage of the people amongst whom I am living, and of their unbounded magnanimity and self-reliance.

It appears that the inhabitants of a small adjacent island have, for some time past, on all possible occasions and without provocation, exercised towards the citizens of this country, every ingenious method of annoyance and injury—that the islanders are emboldened in their outrageous conduct, and prompted to a continuance by the promise of assistance from two or more most powerful distant governments. And yet, although these governments are now engrossed in a business sufficient to occupy their attention for many years, and although the ruling classes of the island—(a band of bucaniers from a distant peninsula)—have so estranged the natives of the suffering isle that the appearance of a foreign flag upon the shore would be hailed by nine tenths of the inhabitants as the signal of redemption—although the rulers have of late, by some desperate infatuation of bigotry and self-conceit, not only continued but aggravated the outrages so long and so justly complained of, the singular people of this country, whether actuated by apathy, (which I think improbable,) or by a magnanimity which disdains to notice—for to notice would imply the chastisement of a weaker foe—the singular people of this country, I repeat, beloved and venerated sire, let slip the opportunity of an easy and assured redress, and seem disposed to wait until the settlement of the business which now engrosses the attention of the two distant governments friendly to the piratical rulers of the island, shall leave these formidable antagonists at perfect liberty to make their friendship manifest by armaments and armies.

And yet, no one doubts that the island must finally be subdued for the safety of this country in which I am sojourning, and placed under a more liberal and enlightened sway. At the present moment that end could be accomplished even by the private enterprise of the natives, and without, as I am told, in the slightest degree compromising the Grand Council or Government of the country. But that defiant, almost overweening self-reliance, of which I spoke, forbids such a course at present: and the natives, though earnestly determined on the final accomplishment of what is no less a necessity than a purpose, seem disposed to wait until the two Allied Governments have embraced all the remaining governments of the world in their alliance: and in proof that this “solidarity of despotisms” (as it is called) is not impossible—yea more, is now in process of completion, I may mention that, within the last two moons, another minor government has been subsidized to join their arms, and negotiations are on foot, which will add two first-class and some minor governments to the alliance.

Lest, however, you should think this self-reliance the mere reckless offspring of vanity and ignorance, I would impress on you, O beloved author of my being! that the resources of this country seem commensurate with the ambition of its people; in other words, they are infinite, though in great part undeveloped. Moreover, among the distant governments, and in the very heart of the projected hostile alliance, there is a most mighty people with which the natives of this land have the warmest and most active sym-

pathy—the sympathy of a common danger and the sympathy which brave men feel who have supported a common duty—the protection of their native soil against foreign and tyrannical invasion.

In my next I shall enlarge upon this subject, and give you some further insight into the customs and policy, the rule and the character of some of the prominent rulers of this strange people.

And now, may the sun bring you gladness, and the moon look down upon your happy dreams, and the fruitfulness of the earth, and the treasures of the sea, and the health and freshness of our native air, be with and around you ever. May you live for a thousand years!—is the prayer of your son,

HA-AP-RITE.

M A Y - S O N G .

THE snow is going,
The grass is green,
And buds just blowing
On trees are seen,
And the bird's blithe call
Sounds over all.

Weave a flower crown
And a dance too, there,
Where the brook flows down,
O maiden fair!
For the blithe young May
Is fresh to-day.

Who knows how soon,
On death's dark shore,
Our joyous tune
May ring no more?
Who knows our doom,
When it shall come?

Oh! then be gay,
God wills it so;
For this, life's May
Did he bestow,
And thank kind Heaven
For what is given.

SULTAN ABDEL MEDJID.

CAN any body tell what has become of Sultan Abdel Medjid, in whose behalf the great Christian crusade of the Anglo-French Alliance was undertaken, for maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the purity of the Mussulman faith? He appears to be lost sight of in the impenetrable fog of European diplomacy, and to have nothing to do or say in the settlement of his own affairs. We don't remember to have seen his name mentioned in the Conferences at Vienna, where we believe, however, he has been allowed a representative; or by the correspondents of the British journals, from whom we derive so much accurate and authentic information from all parts of the world.

It is whispered that Lord Redcliffe—well known and highly respected in the United States as Mr. Stratford Canning—officials at Constantinople both as Grand Signior and Grand Mufti, and as such, governs both Church and State, while the successor of Mohammed amuses himself with music and the ladies, in the recesses of the harem. In truth, the poor "cowardly Turks"—as their particular friends call them—seem in what is called a hopeful way. Instead of being protected at home, they are called to protect their protectors in the Crimea. Instead of being commanded by their own officers, the valiant Mussulman, Omer Pasha, who was one while so lauded by his Christian Allies, is placed under the surveillance of his dry nurses, General Simmons and Colonel Dieu, who, we presume, are charged with the care of his beard, his tails, and his pipe. As to the Sultan, he plays the part of Ulysses at the court of the Cyclops, in the new farce of "Protection;" and, in the midst of this uproar of the world—which is all about himself—is a sort of "Nobody."

The fog, however, seems gradually dispersing; and though we were at first solemnly assured that the present war was un-

dertaken solely to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, we are now apprised by one of the leading British journals, that this was only a pretext. "The true purpose of the war," says the *Economist*, "is not, as Mr. Bright has dared to assert, to uphold a filthy despotism. We are fighting not *for* Turkey, but *against* Russia." So the cat is out of the bag at last. What was, at first, pure disinterested sympathy for Sultan Abdel Medjid, has become pure disinterested hostility to the Emperor of Russia. The sympathies of the people of the United States were certainly, in the first instance, enlisted on the side of Turkey as the weaker party; now they are challenged in behalf of the Anglo-French Alliance, which combines the force of two of the most powerful empires of the world, employed as it seems not *for* Turkey, but *against* Russia.

It thus appears, that a great portion of Europe has been set in a blaze, and the sympathies of the people of the United States invoked with threats if they withhold them—and for what? If the war is not for Turkey, in whose behalf is it waged, and who are to reap its benefits, if any accrue? For aught we see, the nations of Europe are bullied and incited to war by the Allied Powers, only that they, at the price of their blood, may enjoy the privilege of choosing a master, since it must be obvious to all, that any decisive and permanent triumph of either of the principals in the present war will render that party the dictator of Europe, Asia, and—with the exception of the United States—America. It is, in fact, a struggle for the mastery of the Old World at least, with which the United States have no other connection than what arises from the fact which is well understood, that one party has always been their friend, while the other is daily exhibiting a settled system of unfriendly policy, accompanied by broad hints, if not direct threats, of something still more significant in future, provided the Czar is disposed of to its satisfaction. The Anglo-French Alliance will assuredly succeed in winning the cordial sympathies of the people of the United States, should it persevere in this course of wooing! None but a set of "dirty sneaking dogs and white-livered scullions," as a loyal Canadian paper calls them, can possibly resist such seductions.

It seems, however, that our sympathies are especially challenged on the score of the progress of Christianity, civilization, and liberty, the first of which is to be aided by maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, (this was the stereotyped diplomatic phrase,) which has been the scourge of Christianity ever since the conquest of Constantinople by Mohammed the

Second; the second by upholding a despotism established on the assumption of Divine right, and which combines all the attributes of an exclusive bigotry with all the abuses of unlimited discretion; and the third by sacrificing thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of Christian martyrs, in order to perpetuate this rotten system of civil and religious oppression, which, if left to its inevitable fate, would have speedily been crushed by the weight of its own enormities.

The sympathies of the United States and of the Christian world were also invoked in the outset of the crusade in behalf of Christianity, civilization, and liberty, on the ground that the Russians are a barbarous people, and their adversaries the most polite, civilized, and refined nations in the world. One has been for ages past employing the bayonet in civilizing Asia, the other is occupied in civilizing Africa by the same infallible specific; and both are now humanely striving to quell those incurable barbarians, the Russians.

The late Czar, too, we were told, was not only a despot, but a despot without integrity or humanity; treacherous, faithless, and unprincipled, as a man and a monarch. True—as is proved in a recent work by Mr. Macqueen, lately published in England—the Czar was, in fact, deceived and deserted by the British Ministry in his early negotiations; yet still he was held up to the world as the chief of sinners, a perfect Ishmaelite, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. That he was despotic no one doubts or denies. But he was so not by usurpation, but by birth and inheritance; and his position was one of absolute necessity. We never heard that he sprinkled the streets of his capital with the blood of its citizens to grasp the sceptre of imperial power. In a word, for aught we see, hear, or comprehend, during the whole course of the complicated negotiations on the Eastern Question, his sincerity and good faith stand at least on a par with those who have denounced him to the world as utterly devoid of either.

But the Russians are uncouth barbarians, say their polite adversaries, and the people of the United States not much better for sympathizing with them in the present struggle in behalf of Christianity and Islamism, civilization and barbarity, despotism and liberty. The Russians, they affirm, are a race of blind bigots, who bow to the Virgin Mary and the Saints, and pray so often that it is a scandal on all other Christian denominations. With the exception of a few princes and noblemen who have had the good fortune to sojourn in Paris or London, they know nothing of the last and greatest triumph of

civilization—the sublime science of cookery; and never so much as dreamed of a *pâté de fois gras* or a perigord pie. They are in like manner ignorant of another equally noble triumph of civilization—that of dress. They never follow the fashion or receive laws from the Parisian milliners, but figure in the same old sheep-skins their ancestors wore long before the reign of Ivan Vassilovitch, the founder of the empire. Add to this, that they are amazingly fond of caviare, have a high relish for salted cabbage and cucumbers, and prefer rye-bread to wheat, and the proof of their being incurable barbarians is complete. That the people of the United States should not rejoice in the prospect of the approaching castigation of such a monarch and such a people can only be rationally accounted for on the European hypothesis that they are themselves a species of semi-barbarians, and cherish a natural sympathy for their fellows.

There is, however, one point in which this barbarous people seem to have approached very near to the extreme of civilization and refinement. In the art of war, they are by no means behindhand with their adversaries. The Russian officers have shown themselves equally skillful, and the Russian soldiers equally brave, with those of the Allied forces; and in the patient endurance of hunger, fatigue, and hardship, by far their superiors. While the English papers are filled with the whinings of their officers and soldiers, under the infliction of such exposures and privations as our exploring parties and the very women and children of the United States almost every day encounter in crossing the desolate desert of the prairies, without shrinking or complaining, the Russian soldier quietly eats his black bread, commends himself to the Virgin and the Saints, and goes to sleep on the bare ground with the sky for his blanket. This, it will be said, is only another feature of barbarism. The poor wretches don't know any better. But we would caution very extremely civilized nations against meddling with such barbarians. The hug of the grizzly bear is very different from the embrace of a London or Parisian exquisite.

But we have, like his protectors, quite lost sight of Sultan Abdel Medjid, for which we beg his pardon. Between Scylla and Charybdis, it is impossible to predict his ultimate fate. His capital is now in possession of the Allied Powers, and for himself he has become invisible, whether voluntarily or by compulsion we can not say. By yielding to their dictation, and assenting to innovations which are in direct violation of the precepts of the Koran, he has incurably offended all devout

Mussulmans, and every true Mussulman is a stern bigot. We have good reason to believe that, but for the presence of the Allied forces in and about Constantinople, that city would long since have been the scene of violence and bloodshed, and that the unfortunate Sultan would have shared the fate of so many of his predecessors. The deposition of the Grand Mufti, who opposed these innovations on Islamism, which was brought about principally by the interposition of Lord Redcliffe, would have been the signal for murder and rapine but for the presence of the foreign troops; and there can be no question that the retirement of the Sultan to Adrianople was a precautionary measure for his safety. Since then, he appears no more in the great drama, in the first act of which he was the hero. His person and his empire are equally at the disposal of those who will probably in the end "protect" him as the owl and the rattlesnake do the prairie dogs, who, as that intelligent and adventurous explorer, Capt. Marcy, affirms, occasionally repay themselves by making a meal of the young puppies. Well might the greatest of philosophical statesmen, Mr. Jefferson, say, "WRETCHED IS THAT COUNTRY IN WHOSE INTERNAL AFFAIRS FOREIGN NATIONS ARE PERMITTED TO MEDDLE."

E P I T A P H S .

ON PETER ARETIN, SATIRIST.

ARETIN was a native of Arezzo, and lived in the sixteenth century. He was famous for his satirical writings, and carried his inveterate hate even against his sovereign, whence he got the title of the "Scourge of Princes." He used to boast that his lampoons did more service to the world than sermons.

"Condit Aretini, cineres lapis ipse sepultus,
Mortales atro qui sale perficuit.
Intactus Deus est illi; causamque rogatus,
Hanc dedit: 'Ille,' inquit, 'non mihi notus erat.'"

Translation.

Here Aretin, the bitter Tuscan, lies;
A man who never ceased to satirize
The whole human race. God alone was free;
He gave this reason: "He's unknown to me."

Another Reading.

Aretin lies beneath this sod,
Who satirized the human race;
And would have done the same to God,
But—he had never seen his face.

ON FENELON.

"Underneath this stone Fenelon reposes! Traveller, efface not by thy tears this epitaph, that others may read it, and weep as well as thou."

ON SIR J. VANBURGH, DRAMATIST AND ARCHITECT.

"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

ON A LADY.

"Lie lightly on her, Earth,
Her step was light on thee."

"Lay light the turf on Jamie's breast,
A breast that was fu' tender;
But build a castle on his head,
Its strength will prop it under."—*Burns.*

ADDRESS TO THE MARBLE PLACED OVER DRAYTON.—B. JONSON.

"And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name, that can not fade, shall be
An everlasting monument of thee!"

BY BLAND.

"Oh! may not death, unwept, unhonored, be
The melancholy fate allotted me;
But those who loved me living, when I die,
Still fondly keep some cherished memory."

ON A WIFE.

"Two happy days attend the married life
One when we *take*, one when we lose a wife."

"What more in praise of women can be said?
We love them living, and we love them dead."

"Rest, gentle shade! and wait thy Maker's will,
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still!"

ON PIRON, THE FRENCH ARISTOPHANES.

"C'y git Piron, qui fut rien
Pas même, Academicien."

ON NEWTON.—POPE.

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light!"

ON DRYDEN.—(TOMB ERECTED BY LORD SHEFFIELD.)

"This, Sheffield raised. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once. The rest, who does not know?"

ON JOHN BACON, SCULPTOR.—WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was, as a believer in Jesus Christ, is the only thing of importance to me now."

ON VOLTAIRE.

"Ci git l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il a gâté."

FROM ASTYDAMAS.

"Joy follow thee! if joy can reach the dead,
And, or my mind misgives, it surely will,
For, when the miseries of life are fled,
How sweet the deep forgetfulness of ill!"

FROM CALLIMACHUS, ON A YOUTH WHO WAS DROWNED AT SEA.

"Oh! had not venturous keel defied the deep,
Then had not Lycid floated on the brine;
For him, the youth beloved, we pause and weep
A name lamented, and an empty shrine!"

ON A CHILD.

"Death saw the flowret to the desert given,
Plucked it from earth, and planted it in heaven."

BY B. JONSON.

"— Sister — Mother,
Death, ere thou hast shot another,
Young and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

ON A MAN AND HIS WIFE.—(HE DIED A WEEK BEFORE HER.)

"He first deceased, she a little tried
To live without him—liked it not—and died."

ON GAY.—WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. (ENGRAVED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.)

"Life is a jest, and all things show it
I thought so once; but now I know it."

ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

"Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knew
Which thou didst compass round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,
Which north and south do bound,
The stars above would make thee known,
If men were silent here;
The sun himself can not forget
His fellow-traveller."

ON MERCIER, FRENCH REPUBLICAN.

"Hommes de tous pays, enviez mon destiné!
Né sujet; je suis mort—libre et républicain!"

Translation.

Envy my fate, ye world-wide slaves!
Though born in bondage dark and deep,
In this great commonwealth of graves
A free republican I sleep!

BRITISH PHILANTHROPY.

THE new code of philanthropy propounded by Great Britain to other nations, most especially the United States, is one of the greatest inventions of the present age, so remarkable for improvements in every thing except religion and morals. It consecrates all her wars of ambition and avarice to purposes of humanity. If she plunders and devastates one independent state of Hindostan after another, so that, according to her own historians, the population of that once rich and fertile region, erewhile the El Dorado of the world, has decreased to the amount of scores of millions, and is still decreasing, it is a great work of philanthropy—a beneficent effort to improve their condition.

If, in her apprehensions for the safety of these stupendous usurpations, or her anticipations of a growing rival to her maritime ascendancy, she declares war against Russia, and employs every effort of bullying and diplomacy to involve Europe, Asia, and America in one bloody struggle—that, too, is another great work of philanthropy. It is to “maintain the integrity” of the Empire of the Crescent in European Turkey, and that of the Cross in Asiatic Palestine. In one place it is a war in behalf of the prophet of Islamism; in the other a second crusade for wresting the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels.

If, for the purpose of enforcing a lucrative trade in a deadly poison, she makes war on defenseless, superannuated China, and succeeds not only in enforcing payment for her smuggled opium, but in securing a monopoly for its future supply—this, too, is only another great triumph of philanthropy, since all allow that commercial intercourse between nations is one of the great instruments of civilization, and that opium is a very valuable medicine, if used with proper discretion. If people choose to misuse it to excess, it is their own fault, and does not impeach this great effort of philanthropy in the slightest degree.

If in her zeal in behalf of her favorite protégés, the amiable natives of Africa, she carries on a war of extermination against the Kaffirs—as was lately coolly announced in the British journals—that, too, is another great work of philanthropy, since it can not be denied that exterminating a nation of barbarians is one great means of extending civilization. If these stultified wretches refuse to embrace a religion exclusively adapted to the comprehension of an intelligent, civilized people; or, if they prefer the pastoral to the agricultural state, like the patriarchs of old; or, if they had rather tend their herds and flocks, or smoke, or sleep away the sultry hours, than learn the mysteries of trade, and the great civilized art of cheating—why there is no more to be said. Philanthropy requires their extermination. It is absolutely necessary to the progress of civilization. Some miserable, short-sighted dotard, who can scarcely see the end of his nose without the aid of spectacles, may here ask what is this civilization, at whose bloody shrine so many millions of human beings have been sacrificed? Has it really contributed to increase the sum of human happiness, which is the great universal object of all human exertion? Is the increase of man's wants a source of happiness, even when he is able to supply these without becoming their slave? Is the spectacle we see everywhere exhibited in all highly civilized countries of the deplorable contrast between a few men revelling in boundless wealth, and thousands, tens, aye, hundreds of thousands, millions, wanting the common comforts of life, and writhing in the iron grasp of squalid poverty—is this the evidence to prove the philanthropy of sacrificing whole nations on the altar of civilization? But let the old Fogie settle the question with himself, while we return to our subject.

All these wars of philanthropy—at least, those undertaken by its great exemplar, England—are for the general benefit of the entire human race, whom she has taken under her protection. Whether it be the Sultan of Turkey, the King of the Mosquitos, or the *Serviles* of Central America, the object is everywhere the same. All these devastations, all these sacrifices of human life and human rights, all these intrigues for disturbing the peace of nations, are converted by the magic wand of philanthropy into grand, comprehensive expedients of the great Creator of man for the general benefit of his creatures; and thus it would seem that *He*, one of whose attributes is mercy, is made an accomplice in the extermination of the very beings he created. “It is the will of God!” cried the pious Crusaders, when they went forth to devastate Asia; and “It is the will of God!” exclaims the crusader of civilization,

when he sweeps a nation from the face of the earth. Thus, the ambition and avarice of man are blasphemously laid to the charge of his Maker, who becomes the scape-goat of human depravity.

The pretext for the course pursued by Great Britain in her usurpations, not only in Hindostan, but everywhere—all come under the broad mantle of philanthropy. Those degenerate nations of the East, where science, arts, and literature flourished when Europe was sunk in the depth of ignorance and barbarism, are to be regenerated, not by their own exertions, but by becoming the slaves of strange masters, who govern them by the sword and the bayonet alone. Like patients, whose cases are desperate, the remedy is to kill or cure. Nothing will save them but bleeding, blistering, and sweating; and if these fail, resort is had to amputation of the festering limb. If the barbarous patient dies, so much the better, since he makes room for civilized men, whose example can not but be beneficial to his posterity, if any of them survive.

In this way has Great Britain, by dint of boasting on one hand, hypocrisy on the other, successfully imposed on the world, by screening her crime and ambition under the cloak of philanthropy. In not a single one of her acquisitions or usurpations in any portion of the world where she holds dependencies, and has held some of them for generations past, has there been the slightest advance in Christianity, civilization, or liberty. It is only necessary to read the Reports of Missionaries to Africa and Hindostan to verify this assertion, and show beyond contradiction that Christianity has made not the smallest progress; that morals have, if any thing, deteriorated; that abject slavery in some form or other still flourishes, not only unchecked, but participated in by British residents; that barbarism in its grossest, most revolting features, to the extent of cannibalism, still reigns, even under the very nose of the British authorities at Sierra Leone and the Cape of Good Hope; and that, in Hindostan, the condition of the native races in every respect, as to morals, manners, habits, and the means of personal comfort, are all declining under the dominion of the worst of all despotisms, that of a commercial monopoly governed only by the sordid maxims of trade. But philanthropy, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and furnishes a broad mantle to hide the transgressions of interested hypocrisy. Even robbery and murder become sanctified by taking shelter under her wing, just as in former ages the most atrocious criminals escaped the punishment of their crimes by taking refuge within the sanctuary of the church.

"THE COMMON DEFENSE AND
GENERAL WELFARE."

THIS phrase in the preamble to the Constitution, where its primary objects are briefly enumerated, seems likely to become, like charity, a cloak for a multitude of sins. Under the latitude of construction now given to it by Congress, and which is every day becoming wider, most especially when applied to those exclusive pets of legislation, the railroads, which now represent the common defense and general welfare, there seems scarcely any limit to its exercise, and this government of limited powers is becoming unlimited. In its present interpretation, it involves the discretionary exercise of perhaps the most important of all the prerogatives of legislation, that of disposing at pleasure of the public property for any purpose that can by any sophistry of argument, logical subtilty, or stretch of construction, be brought within the limits of this illimitable phrase. As now construed, it is a perfect *terra incognita*; it has neither latitude, longitude, nor dimensions, and like the horizon, as fast as we approach it, recedes before us.

If this phrase, which is, in fact, only declaratory, and neither imperative nor obligatory, like the provisions of the instrument itself, can be thus stretched so as to comprehend the exercise of indefinite discretion, of what use was it to place so many restrictions on the powers to be exercised by Congress? Why all this apprehensive jealousy on the part of the framers of the Constitution? And why, above all, that sweeping amendment which declares that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively and to the people"? If the construction now practically given to the Constitution is correct, this amendment becomes absurd and ridiculous, for they had already delegated to Congress unlimited discretionary

power, and there was nothing whatever "reserved" to the States or the people.

Is it possible that all these constitutional barriers were placed where they are, like school-boy limits, only to exercise our activity in overleaping, or our dexterity in evading them? Why was it necessary to specify so minutely the extent of the powers of Congress, and the objects to which they should be applicable, if, at the same time, it was intended to confer on that body a discretion without limit or control? Surely there can not be a more stupendous absurdity than to presume that a convention of sage, experienced, and virtuous men, after providing explicitly for the application of the public property and public revenues to certain specified purposes, should have inserted in the preamble of the instrument which imposed these restrictions, a sweeping clause that rendered them all nugatory.

It can not surely be presumed that the framers of the Constitution would adopt a general principle directly conflicting with its special provisions; or that when they restricted Congress to the exercise of certain powers in one part of the instrument, they should immediately afterwards treat it like Penelope's web, and unravel their work entirely.

The mode and means of providing for the common defense are specifically defined by the Constitution. Congress shall have power to declare war and grant letters of marque; to raise and supply armies; to provide and maintain a navy; to provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia; to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces. And to enable it to accomplish these objects, Congress is authorized to levy taxes and borrow money. To these powers, however, is appended a sweeping clause, the power "to make all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by the Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof."

Here it is that the shoe pinches, and that the organ of construction is most carefully developed, even more so than in the interpretation of "the common defense and general welfare." These two simple words, "necessary and proper," which are understood by every body in their application to the ordinary affairs of life, become, when incorporated with the Constitution, which was intended to be a rule of action for the ignorant as well as the wise, more obscure than an ancient oracle. The wisest heads and brightest intellects have been stultified in the

effort to comprehend them, and for the most part, every new attempt to render their meaning more clear has only tended to envelop it in greater obscurity. Indeed, of all disputes, those concerning the precise meaning of words in their application to things, are the most difficult to settle, especially when two or more parties of opposite views and interests are concerned. But there is one rule which is infallible. They should always be understood and interpreted in the mode which best harmonizes with the general spirit and intention of the instruments of which they form a part. This government, as based on the Constitution, is confessed on all hands to be one of limited powers; and it would thus appear that no provision, no phrase, and no word in that instrument should be so interpreted as to involve the exercise of a power in its nature unlimited. The meaning of every word in the Constitution should, we think, be construed by this simple rule, and not by a reference to quibbling municipal lawyers, or pedantic compilers of dictionaries.

The celebrated Algernon Sidney, whose work on Government stands side by side, and on an equal footing with that of Locke, in a tract entitled, "A General View of Government in Europe," thus speaks of lawyers in contradistinction to statesmen with reference to questions involving the great principles of civil liberty.

"The civilians with their Bartolus and Baldus are not to dictate to us on this occasion. We must not be confined to the writers of this or that age or country; but consult the universal reason and sense of human kind where civil government has been exercised.

"Much less is any particular profession or faction of writers to be the only authors of credit in this inquiry. Our knowledge should be something digested; and an impartial result obtained from a consideration of all, as well times and countries, as writers and customs.

"Then, for the municipal lawyers of every nation, they are educated under too narrow a dispensation to think justly in these matters. The letter, and not the spirit, is the sphere where they show their activity, even sometimes to the perverting and turning against the reason and intentions of the legislator. Their small niceties, their subtilities, and their inferences are too fine-drawn to bear and support a matter of this weight and consequence. Their arguments and their deductions must ever be taken with some grains of allowance; the cause here requires other forms and considerations. We are not to stick at the letter, but go to the foundation, to the inside and essence of things."

Without intending the slightest disrespect to any class or profession, we think we may venture to say, and appeal to history to sustain us, that professional men seldom make great statesmen. The study of the Holy Scriptures was not intended to make politicians or philosophers; the anatomy and diseases of the human body are very different from those of a state; and the lawyer is governed by the opinions of others instead of his own. The views of the statesman are progressive; he must be always looking forward; those of the lawyer are always over his shoulder. He has no other guide than cases of law, and no authority but precedents. He seldom goes beyond these, and consequently too often discusses a constitutional question pretty much as he would an action for assault and battery, or a suit at law between John Doe and Richard Roe. Instead of grappling with great general principles, or as Sidney expresses it, "consulting the universal sense and reason of mankind where civil government has been exercised," he relies altogether on the dictum of some favorite oracle, and implicitly believes a thing only because some distinguished men believed it some centuries ago. While boasting perhaps, that this age is preëminently wiser and more enlightened than any which preceded it, he gropes in the rubbish of the past, and the deeper and darker the pool from which he can fish up his authorities, the more obligatory he considers the precedent, without ever seeming aware that the reasons on which it was founded have long ceased to operate, or that it may have never had any foundation in reason.

It would appear, however, from the difficulty in comprehending it, that the Constitution, take it as a whole, is a riddle which baffles all the inspiration of the soothsayers. This seems as strange as it is mortifying. The clearest intellects, the brightest minds, the most experienced sages of our country were for months deliberately occupied in framing that instrument. When the Convention had got through with its provisions, a committee consisting of some of its most distinguished members, was appointed to arrange and classify the powers delegated to the different branches of the government, that they might be presented as clearly and distinctly as possible. This was accordingly done; and thus the Constitution came forth complete in all its parts, like Minerva from the head of Jove, the result of the combined wisdom and experience of as wise and virtuous a body of men as perhaps ever assembled in any country on any occasion.

Yet it seems that the result of all this combined wisdom and

experience is only an inexplicable enigma—a second edition of the Riddle of the Sphinx. Nay worse: for that admitted but of one interpretation, whereas if we place any reliance in the perverted ingenuity of Congressional logic, it is capable of being construed in direct opposition both to its spirit and provisions. Far be it from us to pretend to be wiser than the collected wisdom of the nation. All we claim is, that we are more disinterested, at least in the interpretation of that most flexible phrase, “the common defense and general welfare.” We aspire to no share in the “alternate sections;” are no candidates for a “homestead,” having an humble one of our own already; belong to no clique or association for purchasing land-warrants; have not, like Mr. Somebody, any copy-right to sell for \$10,000, or like Mr. Colt, any patent to renew; we humbly hope we shall never run mad, and thus become one of the heirs of the ten millions of acres; and though some of our ancestors will be found in the history of the Revolutionary War, we will venture to assert not one of their posterity ever applied for a pension or a grant of lands for doing his duty in defending his country.

Looking then at the Constitution, without the slightest reference to personal or party interests; being rather too old to aspire to political distinction by bribing our constituency with a few millions of acres belonging to other people, for some great public improvement; and being in fact mere lookers-on at the great game of politics, it is possible that according to the old adage, we may see more clearly than the players themselves. To us then, the Constitution of the United States seems one of the simplest, clearest, most explicit productions that ever emanated from human brain, and as easily comprehended as the ten commandments. Nor do we believe any ambiguity will ever be found in its provisions, except when attempts are made to stretch them beyond their legitimate meaning.

It is plain in its principles, and specific in its provisions. It exhibits no flourishes of rhetoric, no flights of imagination, no metaphorical illustrations, no philosophical disquisitions, no metaphysical subtilities. It is couched in such language as all Americans speak and understand in the ordinary intercourse of life without study or reflection, and requires neither glossary nor commentator. So far from this, like all other writings whose meaning is clear and transparent, it may with truth be said, that, with the exception of the *Federalist*, all attempts to make it better understood, have only resulted in clouding its meaning. It was like demonstrating a self-evident proposition.

That so many of the highest names and brightest intellects of this country should differ so widely in the interpretation of some few of its most important provisions, and that a great portion of the people of the United States have followed their example, is only one of the thousand proofs presented in the history of man of the extent to which the human mind may be influenced by interest, passion, prejudice, education, and example. The surest, indeed the only way to avoid constitutional difficulties, is to keep clear of special legislation. Since experience has shown that those general laws which alone involve the common defense and general welfare, are seldom, if ever, liable to constitutional objections. But whenever Congress begins to legislate for a few instead of the whole, conflicts of interest inevitably arise. The entire system of our government is based on individual and state equality, and when this great principle is violated, the system is disturbed at its very foundations; the machine grates at every motion; and in place of the common defense and general welfare, we have nothing but conflicts or combinations of local and sectional interests equally subversive of both.

ON A CHINAMAN IN BROADWAY.

Sirs he by the dusty footway throughout the torrid day.
Alas! what brought thee hither, poor native of Cathay?
And thine olive, moveless features, transfix'd as in a dream,
Mid the crowd of busy faces like wooden features seem.

When our curious childhood marvelled at figures quaintly wrought
On the ancient heir-loom China—ah! me! we never thought
E'er to see their breathing image beside us on the path;
And what strange, discordant background the curious picture hath!

Not the tall Pagoda's summit, not the tea trees, stunted train,
Not the pointed roofs of Pekin, not the flat, unvaried plain,
But the world's great heart pants round thee, a rushing progress sweeps
Thy vague, unwoke being along its sounding deeps.

And thou might'st look upon us with more unveiled surprise,
From out the sleepy shadow of Asiatic eyes;
For the Great Wall long had fortified thy tilled and peopled plains—
Long, across thy desert border, went tinkling camel-trains.

While the long grass waved untrodden, where our millioned home appears,
And the winds sweep to dark hollows the dry leaves of the years.
Speed thee home! let it not move thee beside the Hoang Ho,
How the Sacramento's waters in golden ripples flow.

How the wild Sierra gleameth, with gold in every cleft;
For strong hands guard the treasure—the rock to thee is left.
But thy rice-fields still are pleasant, and the Tea Tree scents the air,
And the Central Flowery Kingdom doth still its beauty wear.

And us you lose not ever—we will be there anon—
Shall our sea-birds dip their pinions below thy walls, Canton?
We, the vanguard of the nations, we poise our wings for flight,
And we'll rest within thy shadow, oh! starry Eastern night!

Past the clustering Orient islands, above the coral seas,
 Where Indian trees are freighted the aromatic breeze,
 Where laden camels travel slow across the Syrian sands,
 Kindling up the smouldering ashes of dead primeval lands.

F. M.

L I N E S .

"THE PATH THAT ONCE WAS GAY."

'Tis sad to see the hopes decline,
 Whose hues this hour were ta'en,
 And feel the joys that once were mine
 May never shine again!
 One moment seen, but never more
 They sparkle o'er my way,
 And darker storms come gath'ring o'er
 The path that once was gay.

It brings a dampness o'er the brow,
 A chill and shuddering blight,
 To think we share the sunshine now,
 Then sink to endless night.
 Though freshly now the green grass waves,
 Oh! can we think unmoved,
 It yet may smile on mould'ring graves
 That hide some hearts we loved?

Soon may the strains that charmed so much
 Be lost in slumber's fold,
 The hand that waked the thrilling touch
 May soon in death be cold—
 And e'en this heart's warm pulse shall cease,
 Nor heed the chill decay;
 And stagnant gloom shall yet deface
 The path that once was gay.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

Grace Lee. By Julia Kavanagh, author of "Daisy Burns." Sixth thousand. D. Appleton & Co., Broadway, New-York.

AMONG the vast array of female writers who grace the catalogue of authorship in these "the lonesome latter days," there is not one who holds high rank more laboriously, more meritoriously won, than Miss Julia Kavanagh. Avoiding all those subjects which her delicate instincts proclaim to her to be beyond her sphere or at variance with the true development of woman's character, she seizes every phase of social life, and evokes from every picture a moral the more powerful, because it glides into the intellect intuitively, and is not thrust upon us with any Pharisaic ostentation. The vast and permanent popularity achieved by "Daisy Burns" entitles any volume from the same pen to the consideration and respect of the public; and that this obligation is both felt and acknowledged, the announcement that six thousand of "Grace Lee" have already been disposed of is sufficient proof. It is a work of singular fidelity and power; the writer has realized to advantage that nature is more wonderful than art; and that, to interest human passions, she must describe both human scenes and human character. Most carefully and vividly does she illustrate this axiom; and while "Grace Lee" has many scenes of the most exciting and absorbing interest, there is not one which puts a strain upon credulity. Any attempt at an analysis of a plot so intricate and convolute, so versatile in progress and elaborate in its evolvment, we feel would be out of place and impossible in the limits to which we find ourselves confined. We can but recommend the book to all who prefer the truth of character and feeling to the meretricious romance of verbiage, sentiment, and situation.

The Summer Land: a Southern Story. By a Child of the Sun. D. Appleton & Co., New-York.

THIS work is plainly written, with a good and honest intention. It purposes to present to us, in a series of sketches derived from actual experience and observation, a true picture of the society and institutions of our South-

ern States: at the same time it has nothing controversial or polemic in its narrative, but states such facts as it may deem of interest, and leaves each reader free to form his own deduction. The characters upon which the thread of the story is hung are evidently drawn from life; there must be an original to every portrait so vigorously and minutely drawn. The style is that of easy colloquy, and the incidents are sufficiently striking to evoke both amusement and interest. The author, while not claiming perfection for the Southern chivalry, still seems to think that most of the enormities, so glaringly paraded by Northern "philanthropists" as arguments against servitude, are in reality the work of Northern hands. He says: "It is the promoted overseer and Yankee-adventurer class that have brought the reproach of cruelty and tyranny upon the slaveholder." And this, to a great extent, we can well believe; for we know that those born to authority and accustomed to a recognized command from infancy will be less apt to abuse their power than those who suddenly and unexpectedly find themselves invested with the sceptre. The book is a pleasant one, and will well repay a more than casual perusal.

The Ways of Life. Showing the right way and the wrong way; contrasting the high way and the low way; the true way and the false way; the upward way and the downward way; the way of honor and the way of dishonor. By Rev. G. S. Weaver. New-York: Fowlers and Wells. 1855.

THIS somewhat copious and tautological title did not impress us favorably upon taking up the book. To our unsophisticated sense, "The right way and the wrong way" is of sufficient amplitude to cover all the other variations. Thus prejudiced against the book at the outset, the impression was by no means obliterated on finding quotations from "Fanny Fern," and other "astounding popularities," most liberally interspersed through a discourse which pretends to much of the solemnity of a sermon. The author's style throughout is in consonance with the title: he repeats every obvious truism, every sickly cant, every repudiated sentimentalism in a dozen different forms, and with an ambitious but most unfortunate attempt to gain an antithetical expression. We pity him from our hearts; for he appears to have been called upon to fill an exorbitant amount of foolscap while provided with the most homœopathic supply of ideas. Nevertheless the book may please a certain class, and, we doubt not, will. The principles that it contains are good; but that is all we can say of it.

Outlines of History; illustrated by numerous Geographical and Historical Notes and Maps. By Marcus Wilson. New-York: Ivison & Phinney. 1855.

THIS work, though professing modestly to be intended merely for the young as a school-book, will be found to possess value even for the ripest scholars as a condensed synopsis and book of reference both for ancient and modern history. It is copiously illustrated by maps, which greatly help to

elucidate the incidents and combinations of the text. The style is clear, condensed, and vigorous—brief without meagreness and lofty without effort. There are in it no bewildering flights of rhetoric: the simple nobleness of history consists in truth. No better evidence of the sound principles and working of our system of national education could be found than the fact that a work so learned, elaborate, and accurate, has been compiled for our Common Schools. We need not recommend to the public a work whose merit so commends itself.

Napoleon par Alexandre Dumas. For the use of Colleges and Schools. By Louis Fasquelle, LL.D. New-York: Ivison & Phinney. 1855.

To make the study of a language agreeable and easy, we know no better plan than to place before the student for translation such narratives or extracts as may interest alike his imagination and curiosity. And surely, if any thing were needed to render the acquisition of the French tongue amusing and attractive, the history, the anecdotes, and epigrams of the Great Conqueror would furnish it. Dr. Fasquelle, with native pride, and, as we think, with judicious foresight, has selected the history of Napoleon as the medium of introducing his young readers to the language—not of his hero's birth, but of his adoption; and surely, if the grandeur and the glories of that history fail to cast a light upon the dry labors of the grammar and the dictionary, the student had better resign a hopeless task at once.

Satire and Satirists. By James Hannay, author of "Singleton Fontenoy," etc. Redfield, New-York.

A most agreeable and piquant group of literary celebrities are here submitted to a criticism, whose genial and racy style, in great part, makes up for the lack of earnestness and depth observable. Here we have Horace, Juvenal, Erasmus, Lindsay, Boileau, Butler, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Churchill, Burns, Byron, Moore, *et quibusdam aliis*, arraigned, exemplified, and sentenced in the most summary and vivacious manner. The judge, we think, is somewhat self-opionated, dogmatic, and inclined to paradox. But his spleen is vented upon rival wearers of the critical ermine, and his subjects escape with, at worst, but a good-natured reprimand. His review of Horace is particularly good; and that of Dean Swift should be read by all who suffered their minds to be poisoned by Thackeray's malignant libel against that greatest and most pungent of all the modern satirists. The merit of these essays is unequal; but the standard throughout is high.

Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, London, from November, 1853, to February, 1854. Robert Carter & Brothers, New-York.

A SERIES of lectures such as these, contributed by some of the most eminent and respected authorities of England, and touching upon subjects of

universal interest, will command a wide and long-enduring circulation. The character of the work is pleasingly and profitably diversified; and the variety of style observable gives freshness to the whole. An essay by John B. Gough, upon "Habit," is the only one to which this country can lay claim.

The Difficulties of Infidelity. By George Stanley Faber, M.D. To which is added *Modern Infidelity Considered.* By Robert Hall, A.M. William Gowans, New-York.

THE spirit which actuated Mr. Gowans to the republication of these most valuable essays is one which must command the admiration and support of the whole religious community. Too long the field of literature has been abandoned to the skeptic and the infidel; and inasmuch as it is a far easier task to pull down than to build up, the assailants of our faith have had lamentable success among the heedless and the ignorant. The authors above named—both eminent and learned divines of England—have applied the weapons of their vigorous and sparkling logic to oppose these destructive fallacies: they meet the unbeliever on his own terms, and demonstrate even from his own showing, that the propositions are inconsistent and contradictory, the arguments which pretend to support them sophistical, and the conclusions false. As an antidote to the poison of Voltaire and Paine, we know none more likely to prove efficacious.

The Chemistry of Common Life. By J. F. Johnson, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., illustrated with numerous Engravings. Two volumes. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

THESE volumes offer us a clear and condensed account both of the life we bear and of the things which enable us to sustain that life. It gives us an insight into our own organization, the functions which our body is called upon to discharge, and the nature of the food and beverages which best conduce to health. Though written without technicalities, and in a style so simple as to be understood by all, it is plainly the work of a master-hand, and of one conversant with all the minutiae and generalizations of his profession. We need this kind of knowledge overmuch; for, though the poet assures us that "the proper study of mankind is man," we have hitherto neglected at least the physical department of that study *in toto*. We have spent years in metaphysics, while neither physics nor physiology could claim an hour from us. This work will fill a *hiatus calde defendendus*.

Success in Life. The Artist. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. New-York: J. C. Derby. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

THIS is a work of thought and taste which will be eagerly perused by all who desire the advancement of high art amongst us. It has in it many of the sublimest truths, and the whole is permeated by the delicate perceptions of a woman's spirit. The story possesses just sufficient interest to hang

the peculiar views of the author upon; but every chapter may rightly be considered as a separate essay by itself. It is the object of the writer to diffuse a better appreciation of high art amongst us—an object, we may add, in which every true friend of his country will heartily coöperate.

The Christian Retrospect and Register : a Summary of the Scientific, Moral, and Religious Progress of the first half of the Nineteenth Century. With a Supplement bringing the Work down to the Present Time. By Robert Baird. New-York: M. W. Dodd.

A WORK of much interest, in which we find mirrored to a great extent the moral and material progress made during the past half-century. As a record of the spread of Christianity, it is both useful and hope-inspiring: we learn how much already has been done, and hope that, with extended means, the good work may yet be carried on more widely.

A Complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; or, a Dictionary and Alphabetical Index to the Bible. To which is added a Concordance to the Books called Apocrypha. By Alexander Cruden, M.A. New-York: M. W. Dodd.

NOTHING but an ardent and genuine zeal could have reconciled the author to the monstrous labor involved in such a work; and of him it may be said with truth that he must "have searched the Scriptures daily." We find in it, arranged and classified under their several heads, quotations as to every word in Holy Writ; and those who believe with us that the Scriptures are the best interpreter of the Scriptures will at once perceive the advantage of a volume in which they can compare every separate utterance of the inspired authors relative to one identical point. The volume is reprinted from the tenth English edition, and has all the latest revisions and improvements, together with a most interesting memoir of the author. Clergymen or others anxious for a quotation to illustrate a discourse or essay would find this book invaluable. To every student of the Bible it is a useful and most desirable acquisition.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe. By Henry W. Longfellow. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.

WE can merely acknowledge the receipt of this truly splendid volume in our present number: it came to us too late for such a review as it deserves. In our next, however, we shall endeavor to introduce the volume to our readers, and our readers to the merit it possesses.

The Slave of the Lamp. By William North. H. Long & Brother, New-York.

A CRUDE story, but full of originality; and, with all its wild theories, seeming to have been written from the author's experiences of life. On the whole, it is a dangerous book for the young, though a very harmless one

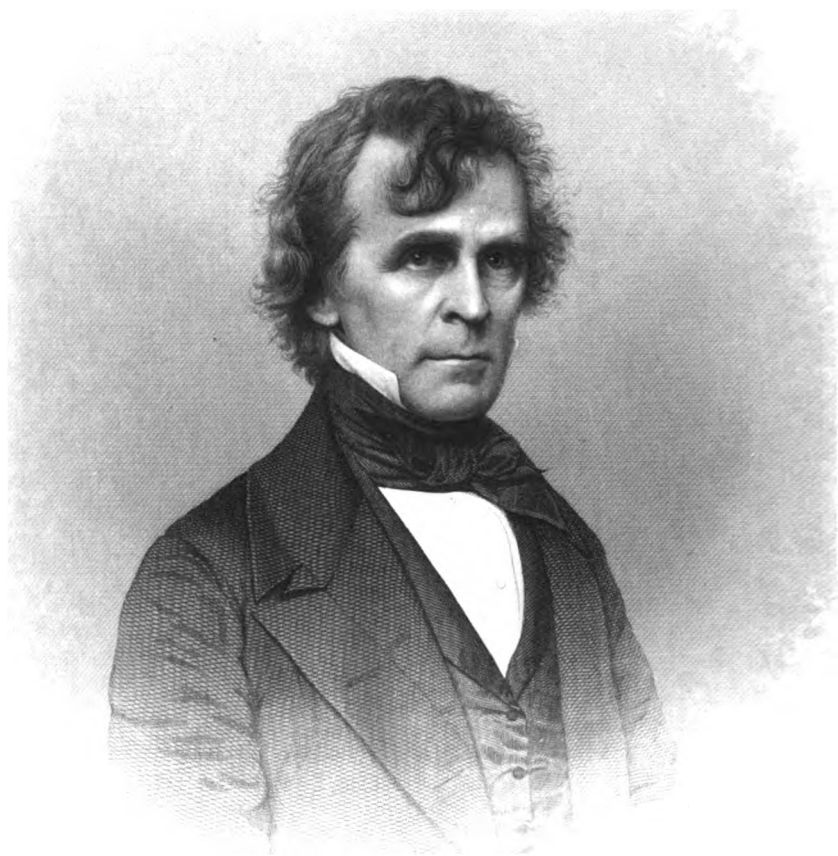
for those who have learned to test bubbles by their solidity and not by their colors. Mr. North had in him a talent but a few degrees removed from absolute genius; and could he have conquered the ever-craving vanity, which was the bane of his existence, might have been as happy as he was brilliant. He had, however, an overwhelming opinion of his own powers, and of the power his opinions should exercise over his friends and brother writers. Finding, of course, these claims disallowed, he became soured and misanthropic; he thought the world engaged in a great conspiracy against him, and resolved to oppose to that general combination an ever-watchful suspicion. But suspicion is its own punishment, and though the tortoise may feel safe in its shell it will make but a slow progress.

A South-Side View of Slavery; or, Three Months at the South in 1854. Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Boston: T. R. Marvin, and Mussey & Co.; New-York, J. C. Derby.

MR. ADAMS, a New-England clergyman, and one of the memorable "three thousand" who signed the *Remonstrance*, visited the South in 1854. Like many Northern dyspeptics, the Doctor had suffered, from time to time, more or less severely the effects of a Southern nightmare, and for the cure of his distressing complaint (we suppose on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*) determined upon a Southern tour. The result of Mr. Adams' three months' visit is before us in the shape of a neat and well-written volume, from which we are gratified to learn that he not only entirely recovered from his distressing complaint, but that, instead of being horrified, the amiable divine came back highly delighted with his trip. We recommend Dr. Adams' work as a guide-book to some of his New-England friends.

History of Catholic Missions among the United States; from 1529 to 1854. By John Gilmary Shea. Edward Dunigan & Brother. 1855.

As an historical record of the efforts made by one portion of the Christian Church to disseminate the doctrine of Salvation, this volume is most valuable. It is copiously illustrated both by engravings of celebrated missionaries and by fac-similes of their handwriting. Some miracles are related which, to those who believe them, will appear very convincing; and of one thing, at least, this volume has convinced us, to wit: that Messrs. Dunigan & Brother can turn out as handsome a specimen of typography on as good paper as any other publisher throughout the land. The notes to the text are curious and full of theological erudition.



THE WHOLE OF THE RIGHTS OF THE HUMANITY

J. Torrey.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. TORREY, 1840.



I. Toucey

U. S. SENATOR FROM CONNECTICUT

Engraved for the United States Senate

THE
UNITED STATES REVIEW.

JUNE, 1855.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY
OF THE HONORABLE ICHABOD RAÇAMUFFIN.

SEEING that no one else seems inclined to do me that favor, and being now in the enjoyment of oats and dignity—as my schoolmaster used to say—I have come to the resolution of doing justice to myself, by relating the most remarkable events of my life. To this I am not in the slightest degree impelled by an ambition to emulate the renown of the immortal Barnum, the illustrious Chevalier Wikoff, the heroes of the Newgate Calendar, or those fortunate victims of the law whose last dying speeches carry their memories with due honor to the latest posterity. If I know myself, I have no other motive than an earnest desire to benefit the rising generation of my young countrymen, by showing how men may rise to the highest dignities and the most splendid fortunes, by the exercise of those talents graciously bestowed by Providence without distinction of birth, or any of those advantages which so often supply the absence of all other claims to distinction.

I was born in a place called Misery Hollow, which might be called a Land of Promise, seeing it promised nothing and strictly kept its word, and being a sort of House of Refuge for those persecuted victims who are, as it were, exiled from

society because they are too independent to submit to those vexatious restraints imposed on them by the tyranny of the law and the meddling interference of their neighbors, who might better attend to their own business instead of interfering with that of other people.

I can not tell the precise day, month, or year of my birth, seeing I was at that time too young to remember such matters; and my parents having a house full of children, as well as a great many other matters to attend to, could never tell when they were born, or the order in which they came into the world. It is a long while since I left Misery Hollow; but I remember it was a very romantic spot in the recesses of the mountains, distant from any public road, and only to be reached by a winding path rendered almost impassable by rocky precipices. It was not very fruitful, being almost entirely covered with loose stones that had fallen from the surrounding mountains; but this was of no consequence, as none of the inhabitants did any work, except in the dark nights, and sometimes by the light of the moon, all being disciples of the Higher Law, which ordains that every man has a right to live if not at his own expense at that of his fellow-creatures. In truth, they had one and all retired from "the busy haunts of men," from a natural disinclination to all kinds of employment but that which, by way of distinguishing it from other vulgar labor, is emphatically called "Head-Work."

For the benefit of my young readers, for whose edification this article is especially intended, I shall here digress a moment to apprise them what is meant by "head-work," a practical knowledge of which is of the last importance, inasmuch as it does away with the necessity of any other work whatever. For example, instead of fagging morning, noon, and night at some one of those occupations of which it is sufficient to say, in order to consign them to utter contempt, that they are useful, you retire as it were into yourself, for the purpose of studying other people, and casting about how you may best take advantage of their folly, their credulity, their inexperience, or their money. Your conscience need not trouble you on this score, since it is a law of nature that the strong animal always preys on the weak, and it stands to reason that there would be no use in one man having more sense than another, if he did not employ it for his own special benefit. Having singled out your game, you proceed to run it down. If you are so fortunate as to scent a fool with plenty of money in his pocket, your fortune is made; for you can not fail of leading him into some

grand speculation in railroad stocks, steam-boat companies, wild-cat banks, and castles in the air, in which, if you are good at head work, and have wit enough to live by your wits, you may safely calculate on making a speedy transfer of the money of your particular friend into your own pocket. If you chance to encounter a knowing one, it is diamond cut diamond; but this only requires a little more management, since in all my experience, which has been pretty extensive, I have found that the easiest man in the world to get to windward of is a knowing one, who is generally so entirely occupied in getting to windward of others, that he forgets to look to himself, just as the fowler in the fable, who was so taken up with watching his game that he trod on a snake and was bitten to death. Thus, between the fool and the knowing one, if you understand head-work thoroughly, you can't fail of feathering your nest handsomely, and retiring betimes to the enjoyment of oats and dignity, without wasting your life in vulgar toil, and long before you have become too old to enjoy them. But I shall content myself here with laying down general principles for the direction of my young readers, leaving them to be practically exemplified in the sequel of this my auto-biography.

I pass over the early years of my life as affording little amusement, and less instruction; suffice it to say, my education was liberal, for it was at the public expense, and that the school-master, who was an excellent judge of horse-flesh, often predicted I should one day become a distinguished man in some way or other, for I always got the better of my schoolmates in a bargain, and never failed in substituting the back of another in place of my own. "Take my word," said the worthy man, "if he ever gets a chance, he'll make the feathers fly out of them." I however left school before finishing my education, just after learning the multiplication-table, and may justly boast of being a self-made man. This lucky termination of my studies—for so I may call it, since it prevented my being stupefied with too much learning—was owing to my father having been sacrificed—to speak metaphorically—at the shrine of that great idol, the rights of property, which one would think was the only deity in this world worth worshipping. In short, not to be too particular, he became a victim to the tyranny of the law, and lost his liberty merely because he had taken the liberty of entering a house without knocking, and helping himself to some of its contents, forgetting to ask permission of the owner.

On the whole, as previously intimated, this was a fortu-

nate circumstance for me. I was thrown on my own resources at the age of thirteen, as my mother, finding I had a natural and insuperable antipathy to all working, except head-work, for which there was no sphere in Hungry Hollow, gave me a walking-ticket, and disinherited me without further ceremony. But I did not mind this, as my father's estate, divided among thirteen children, did not amount to much. My expulsion, in fact, like every apparently untoward event of my life, as will appear in the sequel, turned out in the end a most fortunate circumstance. I may say, with great truth, I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth—though heaven only knows where it came from, for there was not a single one in all Hungry Hollow—and, in turning a summerset, never failed to light on my feet.

Whether by the advice of others, or from sheer instinct, I can't now recollect, I determined at once to make tracks towards the great emporium, where the wicked never cease from troubling and the weary are never at rest, and where there is never any difficulty in living, because society preys on itself, just as the bear thrives by sucking his own paws. How I paid my way on the road is no body's business, and how I obtained a capital for entering into the fraternity of news-boys, I shall consider it a piece of impertinent curiosity in the reader to inquire. Suffice to say, I became associated with men and boys in the pursuits of literature, and, in process of time, grew to be acquainted with those occult mysteries by means of which the most ignorant blockheads, who never saw a painting except on a sign-post, become great connoisseurs in the art; the most illiterate boobies formidable critics; and fellows hardly qualified for bear-leaders aspire to direct public opinion on questions, whose solution has hitherto baffled the wisdom of ages. But I scorn to betray my fellow-laborers in the field of literature, and shall abstain from proceeding to particulars. The world knows too much already, and has become almost too wise to be honest. I don't wish to follow in the track of some recent candidates for immortality, who have made their auto-biographies a *vade mecum*—as my lawyer has it—for all students in the science of humbuggery, swindling, and head-work.

In the course of my literary career, I sometimes carried an adventure of newspapers of all kinds—for I was perfectly neutral in my politics, that is to say, I belonged to all parties—I say, I sometimes in summer took a trip in a steamboat, and in winter on the railroad, to the city of Albany, where I made

myself favorably known to some of the most respectable newsmongers by bawling out louder than any of my competitors, "Great news from Sebastopol," or some other famous place. On one of these occasions—the Legislature being in session—my good genius, to whom I can not express my obligations for various kind offices, inspired me to pay a visit to that hallowed spot where all the collected wisdom, not to say virtue, of the State is congregated. I don't remember in what way exactly, but some how or other, I insinuated myself into the lobby of the House, where, seeing a man staring at me rather equivocally, I presented him with a copy of each of my assortment of papers, and declined taking payment. This proved a lucky hit, for the gentleman was a member of the House, and did me several good offices afterwards, as will appear in the sequel.

And here I must take leave to digress a moment, for the special benefit of my young readers, who have doubtless been stultified by ignorant parents, and still more ignorant pedagogues, with various panegyrics on modesty and all that sort of nonsense. Now, if I had not intruded, as these thick-skulled moralists call it, into the sacred precincts consecrated to the wisdom and virtue of the State, I might, in all probability, have remained a crier of newspapers all my life, and never furnished materials for an auto-biography. I maintain, and appeal to my own experience, that there is not in this world so great an obstacle in the way of rising in life, especially if a man means to do it by head work, as that sneaking quality which has some how or other got the reputation of a virtue. Modesty is only another name for cowardice; and to be ashamed is to be afraid of doing a thing. How often do we lose a benefit by being too modest to ask for it, or from the fear of being denied? And how often do we see that pitiful fellow called Modest Merit entirely overlooked in the distribution of the loaves and fishes, because forsooth he is pleased to think he is not qualified to do the duties of some office, which, if only let alone, will discharge themselves? And how is the world to know a man's merits or qualifications, unless he proclaims them from the house-tops or subsidizes a trumpeter to do it for him? Did my young readers ever happen to see a modest man become distinguished in any profession, especially that of a trading politician? Did they ever meet with a lawyer who was perpetually exhibiting his consciousness of deficiency by blushing, or one ever suspected of modesty that had reached the lowest steps in the ladder of exaltation, or established an incontestable right not only to brow-beat witnesses,

but to insult the bench and the jury? I could easily cite the other liberal professions as examples of the pernicious influence of modesty in obstructing the fortunes both of men and women, were it not for the apprehension of being tedious, and shall therefore content myself with appealing to my own experience. I never, to the best of my recollection, lost any thing by neglecting to ask for it, except on two occasions, for which I have not forgiven myself to this day, not because I have not done much better, but because, for these times only, I became the dupe of that great enemy of man called modesty. One of these was declining to become a candidate for a professorship of languages in a college that had just received a donation of two hundred thousand acres of land, merely because I understood only English; the other, refusing the appointment of judge, because I knew nothing of law at that time, though I flatter myself at this present writing there is no man living who can go nearer the net of the law without being caught in its meshes than myself. But, not to dwell too long on this topic, I shall conclude by solemnly warning my young readers against modesty, that great and insurmountable obstacle to "progress." Let them beware of blushing, which is the infallible sign of a guilty conscience, and stick fast to the maxim that men should never be ashamed of any thing they have not been ashamed to do. I now return to my narrative, from which I have been diverted by perhaps an over-zealous desire to benefit my young readers.

It may have been from having discovered, through that instinct or freemasonry which is said to draw certain classes of people together, that I had got among kindred spirits, or from my having, as before stated, been born with a silver spoon in my mouth; but so it was, I at once found myself quite at home. I was impelled, as it were by an irresistible impulse, to hover perpetually about the hallowed precincts of legislation, and having, through favor of my friend the member I had conciliated as aforesaid, obtained the *entrée* of the lobby, I spent most of my time there to good purpose. Being naturally observant of what was going forward, and apt at drawing conclusions, I soon came to comprehend the whole art and mystery of legislation according to the latest modern improvements.

In this I was greatly aided by a man I met every day in the lobby, whisking about, tizzy-whizzing, taking the members by the button as they passed to and fro to the bar outside—it was before the triumph of the liquor law—whispering in their ear, winking, blinking, squinting, and making all sorts of strange faces. To say the truth, he looked as much like a rogue as any

you might see going in and out of the legislative hall; but I found him an honest man who lived altogether by head-work, which he practised principally on the honorable members of the Legislature.

I shall not mention his name, not having his permission to do so, (occasional fits of modesty being his only weakness,) but designate him as the Lobby Member. As I always allowed him to look over my budget of papers free of cost, he took a great liking to me, and we often had long conversations together, until by degrees he became quite communicative if not confidential. "Ichabod, my lad," at length he said to me one day, "this hawking about newspapers is but a poor business for a boy of your talents; for I see you are very clever, and are qualified for head-work. Now, you must know I am a Lobby Member, as the phrase is—that is to say, an outside member of the Legislature, whose special business is to enlighten those within."

I told him that though I had some vague idea of the matter, I did not exactly comprehend what a Lobby Member meant. Whereupon he took me aside into the recess of a window, and addressed me in a confidential tone as follows: I devoured every word with both ears, for I soon found I had fallen into the hands of a consummate teacher.

"You must know, Ichabod—you will allow me to call you by your Christian name, for, to say the truth, your other is rather unseemly—you must know, Ichabod, that there have of late years been great improvements in the science of government, and most especially in legislation. Formerly, it was supposed that the great business of legislators was the enactment of general laws for the security of person and property, which should operate as far as possible equally on all, and give no individual, or class of individuals, advantages over any and all others. But the enlightened spirit of the age has discovered that this system of legislation does not keep pace with the march of mind and the progress of improvement. The new, and no doubt correct theory is, that the government occupies towards the people a position precisely similar to that of the head of a family in relation to his children. In fact, it is now settled that every government, especially every free government, is patriarchal. Do you understand what a patriarchal government is, Ichabod?"

To this I replied, that I had a sort of confused recollection of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Hagar in the wilderness, and To-

bit and his Dog; but I should be glad he would be a little more particular.

"Very well. What is meant by a patriarchal republican government is, one that exercises all the functions of the head of a family; meddles with the business, controls the amusements, directs the actions, and metes out the indulgences of every member just as he pleases, and without any regard to the pretended right of all his children to be dealt with equally. A patriarchal government, such as we have recently had the happiness to live under, in like manner assumes a complete discretion in dealing with the different members of the great family placed under its protection. It is a sort of universal almoner, not only giving to and withholding from whom it pleases, privileges, immunities, and benefactions, but actually benefiting one at the expense of another. It keeps a wary eye on all innocent amusements and indulgences; and, if one in a hundred carries them to excess, the other ninety-nine are very reasonably prohibited from enjoying them in moderation. Like the patriarch Jacob, it has its favorite Josephs, on whom it bestows the splendid coat of many colors; and has always some pet bantling, such as banks, railroads, manufactures, or some other species of corporate body, which for the time being is the recipient of all its bounties. It is to be observed that most of these pets are selected from one class, or I should say, two classes—to wit, the moneyed men and the men of political influence, which is both natural and proper, since it requires money, or at least credit, to set up a bank, build a railroad, or establish a manufacturing corporation, and political influence to gain a seat in the Legislature. But I will dilate no more at present on this branch of the subject. If you accept the offer I shall presently make, you will have ample opportunity of acquiring an experience that will infallibly lead you to the acquisition of a fortune."

Here I pricked up my ears, and earnestly begged him to proceed.

"The great difficulty," continued the Lobby Member, "the great difficulty in carrying out this new and improved system of special legislation, as it is called, is in the proper selection of objects for the receipt of the national, or I should rather call it, legislative bounty, which, as a general rule, should always be equally advantageous to the giver and receiver. It can not be supposed that the members of a legislative body are always qualified to make a judicious selection of proper objects for public charity, or to weigh the claims of the respective appli-

cants; and out of this difficulty has arisen the necessity of a different order of legislators, called Lobby Members, because they are not admitted on the floor of the House, except the last night of the session—though between ourselves, friend Ichabod, they have quite as much influence there as the privileged gentlemen inside.

“The business of a Lobby Member is to enlighten the Legislature, by pointing out proper subjects for legislative patronage; for, wise as the members undoubtedly are, they can't be supposed to know every thing by instinct; and, as for studying a particular subject, or making themselves acquainted with the general principles of legislation, that is quite out of the question with men who have always some special object of their own to accomplish. And here commences the proper business of a Lobby Member, whose first object is to find out what each individual member comes here for most especially, and of course what he is most desirous of obtaining for his own benefit, and sometimes that of his constituents. If both can be combined, so much the better; but, if not, the general rule is to take care of number one.

“For the proper discharge of this duty, it is of course indispensable that the Lobby Member should cultivate an intimate acquaintance with those whom it is his business to enlighten; to pry into their private affairs, study their tempers, and worm out of them all their secrets, that he may be the better able to enlighten them. He watches the arrival of every member; inquires into his character and pecuniary affairs, with a view to judge whether he may be ‘successfully approached’—as we delicately call it—and dogs him incessantly from his lodgings to the House, and from the House back again. By these means, if he understands his business, he can not fail of *sounding* the member to the very bottom, and acquiring a perfect insight into the best mode of converting him into an instrument for his particular purpose.

“Until lately I have been able to attend to all this business myself; but the increasing number of the members, and more especially the improvements in the science of legislation, and the multiplication of private objects to which it is applied, and the consequent scramble of conflicting Lobby Members, each one representing some particular interest which is a candidate for legislative patronage—all these have so complicated the duties of a Lobby Member, that I find it impossible to attend to them so as to do justice to all my employers. Now Ichabod, my friend, I have an idea, if you consent, of choosing you for

my assistant in this business. If I don't mistake—and I have watched you pretty close—you were born for a Lobby Member. What say you, does it jump with your humor?"

I assured him it suited me exactly, and requested further instructions, which he gave at different times and at great length, but which I shall not here particularize, as they will be sufficiently exemplified in the sequel of this auto-biography.

Suffice it to say, that I enlisted as a Lobby Member, and, after a short probation, became so expert in my new vocation, that my patron grew somewhat jealous lest I should rival him, and treated me so coolly, that I dissolved partnership, and set up for myself. The first thing I did was to make a great improvement in the science of lobbying. Heretofore the members had principally employed themselves in embarrassing their own favorite project by pulling different ways, and throwing obstacles in the way of each other; but I soon convinced them that this was little better than cutting their own throats, as it were. I showed them the superior advantages of combination over competition, and finally succeeding in establishing the great system of LOG-ROLLING, the most important improvement in legislation accomplished in this age of progress. It is unnecessary here to analyze this system, as it has now become familiar to all persons, most especially Lobby Members and members of the Legislature, the two classes most especially concerned. The effect of this new principle of combination, in log-rolling, has since been so completely illustrated, that there is scarcely a single measure of special legislation, however partial, unjust, or unconstitutional, that has not been triumphantly rolled through the Legislature by the combined action of the Lobby Members.

By this great discovery, or rather improvement, I acquired such celebrity, that there was scarcely a log-rolling process going on in the Legislature, but I was employed in giving it a lift. But there was one great obstacle in my way. I was not admitted on the floor of the House; my communication with the members was therefore restricted, and I could only operate on them by an outside pressure. To remedy this serious inconvenience, a good number of the members whom I had enlightened on various occasions, united together, and rolled me into the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms, where I had a clear field before me, and, long before the session was over, became so confidential with that class of members usually called the floating capital of the House, that, instead of winks, shrugs, nods, shakings of the heads, insinuations, and inuendos, I did

not mind speaking out to them as plainly as to my brothers of the lobby.

As merit is sure to rise in this free country, I soon found myself in full employment, and sailing before the wind. Whenever the Legislature wanted enlightening, I was pretty sure to be employed; and, as money makes the mare go there as everywhere else, I was generally well supplied by public-spirited gentlemen, who very reasonably asked the Legislature for the exclusive privilege of filling their pockets at the expense of the people. I had a suite of rooms at the most frequented and expensive hotel, where I kept open house to all the members, and where they were treated sumptuously to suppers of oysters and champagne. If any one of them wanted a discount, I could generally procure it from the banks, some one of which was always in hot water with, or wanting some favor from, the Legislature; or if another was anxious to get his uncle, brother, or second cousin appointed to some snug office, where there was money passing through his hands, I was the man to get it for him, for a proper consideration. Ignorant people little suspect the secret springs that give motion to the machinery of legislation, and, in fact, the entire political system; nor are they aware that the most dirty of all dirty business is that of governing mankind, where both governors and governed are equally corrupt.

But I will now descend to particulars. The usual course in carrying out the great system of log-rolling is this. When any number of patriotic citizens, who live by head-work, are smitten with a desire to benefit the public, at the public expense, and at the same time come in for a great share of the profits, they apply to the Legislature for an act of incorporation, or some other exclusive privilege, which will secure them a monopoly of the profits, or for some act of special legislation, which will answer the same purpose. If that honorable body is composed of new members, who have never been initiated into the mysteries of log-rolling, they of course require to be enlightened, and none can do this so effectively as the Lobby Members, who, in turn, can do nothing without money to keep open house, treat the greenhorns to oysters and champagne, and administer appliances which I forbear to specify lest it might be deemed a breach of privilege. For these purposes a purse is usually made up by the disinterested applicants for legislative bounty, which the Lobby Member may dispose of as he pleases, and for which he is not accountable, providing he is only suc-

cessful in enlightening the Legislature to a proper perception of the public good.

Being constantly employed in these lucrative jobs, I gradually accumulated a good round sum by cheapening a member now and then, or by extraordinary demonstrations of profound respect, which cost me nothing. This was, however, too slow a process to suit my temperament, and I began to be rather impatient, when an opportunity offered for feathering my nest pretty handsomely. An association of gentlemen, zealous for the public good—with an eye to their own, which is very natural—employed me to roll a great corporation monopoly through the Legislature, the name of which, from motives of delicacy, I shall omit. To aid in enlightening certain benighted members, who had not heretofore passed through my hands, I was furnished with a large sum, amounting to many thousands of dollars, on the usual conditions of non-accountability.

I rolled the log triumphantly through both Houses by virtue of my grand specific combination, at an expense that equally astonished and delighted me. Owing to a temporary suspension of log-rolling, there were so many of the members in the market, that they fell greatly below par, and suffered a serious depreciation. I nailed one by presenting him with a diamond pin; enlightened another by procuring him permission to subscribe to a certain number of shares in the great monopoly without paying the advance; another by settling his tavern-bill; and bought one, out and out, with a supper of oysters and champagne. I must, however, do these gentlemen the justice to say, there was not the slightest approach to bribery in all this, since each one solemnly assured me, when the negotiation was consummated, that they had all along intended to vote for my bill, and were not in any way influenced by the trifling favors I had bestowed on them. There certainly can be no harm in paying a member for doing what he conscientiously believes to be right, and what he had previously determined upon. It is not bribing him to do wrong, but simply rewarding him for doing right. And here I will remark, for the benefit of my young readers, that I always made my first approaches to the Senate for two special reasons; first, because every Senator counts equal to half a dozen members of the other House; and, secondly, because I found little more difficulty in enlightening one than the other.

Being now what is called independent as to money matters, and having in the course of my experience observed that one of the most infallible modes of growing still richer was to de-

vote myself exclusively to the public service—seeing that no other master pays his servants so well—I determined to launch out into a wider sphere of action. Accordingly, I bade adieu to the lobby, and returned to the great emporium, where I forthwith commenced operations. I pulled off my hat, and bowed profoundly to every newspaper editor. I attended primary meetings—for I was determined to begin at the root—cultivated the good graces of those mysterious, inscrutable, invisible persons, who give the first impulse to popular feeling, and may be said to make great men almost out of nothing. I pointed out various schemes for the benefit of our ward, such as opening, widening, and improving streets, laying down railroad tracks, and various other improvements, which would not only increase the value of every man's property two-fold at least, but make the fortunes of all those who had a hand in the management of the business, if they knew how to take proper advantage of the opportunity. Finally, I hinted to them that, having been an experienced and highly successful Lobby Member at Albany, I would engage, if I only had a seat in the Corporation, to carry through all these measures triumphantly. Whereupon I was nominated for Alderman, and having secured the support and coöperation of Bill Poole—peace to his manes and honor to his memory!—together with that of the principal bullies and bruisers, who exercise such overpowering influence at ward meetings and election polls, I need hardly say that my opponent was routed horse, foot, and dragoons, and a great triumph of principle achieved.

On taking my seat at the Board, I soon discovered that my experience as a Lobby Member was invaluable in the Corporation. With the absolute disposal of property worth scores of millions, and a revenue of five or six millions annually, it may naturally be supposed there was a glorious opportunity for "speculation" in leasing wharves, buying and selling the public property, contracts for building sewers, cleansing streets, lighting lamps; and, in short, I will take upon me to aver, that, to a man who thoroughly understands head-work, there is no public station that presents a finer field for feathering one's nest than the Honorable Common Council of the Great Emporium. I shall not boast of my exploits, but can not resist the temptation of hinting to my readers, that I was at the bottom of the affair of Fort Gansevort, and indeed all those contracts in which the public interests—to use the slang of your would-be-patriots—were sacrificed to those of particular individuals, as they certainly should

be, since it can not be denied that the public prosperity is nothing more than that of the individuals of whom it is composed. We went on swimmingly in this course, and should have gone on still more so, had it not been for the obstacles thrown in our way by a busy pragmatistical Comptroller, who took it into his head to set up for an honest man, and was perpetually pimping into our private affairs under pretense of taking care of the public money, of which he seemed to be even more chary than of his own. He was always standing in our way, with some ridiculous law in his hand, or pleading some obsolete provision of the City Charter. In short, he became so troublesome at last, so watchful in detecting, and so fearless in exposing what he was pleased to call violations of the law—as if the makers of laws had not a perfect right to break them—that, finding members of the Common Council were getting to be on a par with presidents of wild-cat banks, mock auctioneers, and such like worthies, and that my seat at the Board, from being stuffed with feathers was becoming a little thorny, I declined a reelection, and retired from the fatigues of public life, with a fortune that would have made the eyes of the people of Misery Hollow start out of their heads incontinently.

Had it not been for that confounded Comptroller, I should have assuredly come out a millionaire; for I had matured a grand scheme, through which, by invisible channels, a good portion of the revenues of the city would have centered in the pockets of its venerable fathers. The fact is, nothing so embarrasses legislation, both State and municipal, as one of your downright honest men, like this abominable Comptroller, who possesses too much sense to be deceived, and too much integrity to be corrupted. However this may be, I had made up my mind to become a millionaire, and a millionaire I was determined to be.

An opportunity soon offered—or in justice to myself I will say was created by me through the magic of head-work. I laid my plan warily, and looked a great way beyond my nose. I first bought out a certain wild-cat bank, which had stopped payment, in consequence of the presentation of a specie draft for seventy-five dollars, but resumed again when the storm had blown over. I don't know exactly where it was situated; but think it was somewhere in the pine woods of Indiana, or Illinois, or Ohio, or Wisconsin. However, this is of no consequence. By means which none but the initiated in Wall street and elsewhere could understand, if I told them, I managed, without singeing my whiskers by too near a contact

with the law, to get two or three hundred thousand dollars of my wild-cat notes into circulation. Being thus prepared, I took a contract for a railroad in a Western State, through a wilderness, from one wilderness to another, which had been chartered by the State Legislature, and endowed by Congress with five millions of acres. It was calculated to cost six millions of dollars, and not choosing to risk the money I had honestly earned in the Lobby at Albany and the Corporation of the Great Emporium, I, in conformity with the provisions of the charter, issued a million and a half of stock to begin with, which to be sure was sold at auction considerably below par; but this was all the better, as it was bought in by my agents, and paid for in wild-cat notes of my own bank, backed by the security of the five millions of acres.

I shall not enter into minute particulars of my successive operations, because it is possible I may one day have occasion to repeat them, and don't think it good policy to forewarn the public. The result of the speculation, however, is this. My bank has broke, my railroad is not commenced, the million and a half of stock is snug in my iron safe, and I have a hold so tight on the five millions of acres, that I defy Congress, State Legislature, or Court, to choke me off. True, there are several suits pending against me, but they will find to their cost that I am everywhere non-committal, and I defy them to make me responsible for any thing. Besides, if this were not the case, I know by experience that, so long as I have money, and lawyers that understand their business, and judges open to conviction, there is little danger of my law-suits ever coming to an end. What with appeals from one court to another, so judiciously supplied by the codifiers of the new system, for the purpose of rendering the decision of suits more cheap and expeditious; the facilities for obtaining new trials under various pretexts for which lawyers who understand their business are never at a loss so long as their clients are in funds; and various other modes of nursing the salutary delays of the law, I think it will go hard if I don't transmit these claims to posterity.

I have now reached the summit of my ambition, am uncontestably a millionaire, and retired a few years since from business, except dealing a little in fancy stocks to keep my hand in. I have the happiness to be on the best terms with my conscience, which, when I can not agree with it, always accommodates itself to my principles; I live a very temperate life, or if I occasionally indulge in a little excess, make ample

amends to society by subscribing to institutions whose business is to correct the excesses of others, being pretty well assured that a bad example is more than atoned for by good precepts, and that the most easy as well as effectual way of obtaining pardon for our own transgressions, is to show no mercy to the transgressions of others. If in the course of my life I have, in the opinion of over-scrupulous moralists, sometimes transgressed the great command to love our neighbor as ourself, I flatter myself I have plenty of people to keep me in countenance; and, if my youth has not been free from faults, I propose, if I live, to follow the example of those wise men, cited by the venerable Cotton Mather, who, "after giving their flour to the devil, give their bran to the Lord."

One of the great disadvantages of auto-biography is, that the author is precluded from giving an account of his own death, and writing his own eulogy. This is a serious objection to this species of writing, inasmuch as the author is estopped from doing himself justice by certifying how he fulfilled all the duties of son, brother, husband, father, neighbor, and citizen; how he died in the odor of sanctity, was universally lamented by all that knew him, and left behind an example to succeeding generations. I am unfortunately precluded from thus doing justice to my own memory, but have provided for it in my will by leaving twenty-five thousand dollars to build a church, and a like sum for the distribution of Bibles among destitute Pagans who can't read. In addition to this precaution, I propose so to conduct myself in future that I shall certainly escape hanging, which would be a sad finale to my auto-biography.

MONOPOLY AND PAPER-MONEY.

MONOPOLY is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of all bad government, since all good government essentially consists in an equality of rights and privileges under a system of general laws alike applicable to every member of the community.

Monopoly assumes many forms, and insinuates itself under many disguises. In governments where the sovereignty is exercised by one man, whose will alone is law, monopolies are conferred on associations or individuals at pleasure; and sometimes assumed by the sovereign himself. Thus, in England, a monopoly of the East-India trade was conferred on a company of merchants, who now exercise almost despotic military sway over a hundred millions of people, and a territory ten times greater than that of the island of Great Britain. In France there was, and we believe still is, a government monopoly of tobacco; and there has lately been established a monopoly of travelling, in consequence of the transfer of all the railroads to the government, which, at the same time, has assumed the direction of the telegraphic lines. It can, therefore, at any time arrest travellers on their journey, and news in its progress. In Spain, at one period, (and to a considerable extent it is so still,) almost every great staple was a monopoly granted to some favored person or persons, who probably shared their profits with those by whom they were bestowed. In some countries the baking of bread, in others the sale of beef is a monopoly; and, as a general rule, wherever arbitrary sway prevails, there monopoly invariably flourishes.

Every reader of the history of England must recollect the cases of Sir Giles Mompesson and others, who had received grants from the crown of various monopolies, and, as a matter of course, had taken advantage of them to exact from the people enormous prices for inferior articles. One of the earliest dawnings of that spirit of liberty, which subsequently baffled

the designs of the Stuarts to establish arbitrary power in England, was exhibited in the attack on these monopolies in the Parliament of England. Sir Giles was expelled the House, and fined a great sum; while the monarch, who had abused his power by thus enabling them to abuse theirs, for that time at least escaped.

The basis of the government of the United States being that of equality in the eye of the law, it would seem that monopolies could not subsist among us without a gross violation of that great principle, and therefore not at all. And yet there is probably no government in the world, however despotic, where they prevail to a greater extent, under various disguises and pretexts, the most common of which is the public good, which means not the good of the whole, but of that exclusively meritorious class, the moneyed men, who alone can avail themselves of the benefits of monopoly. The poorer classes, who have no money to invest in these monopolies, can have no share in their exclusive privileges, their enhanced profits, or their political influence.

They can not partake in the profits of the great banking monopoly, because they can neither subscribe to the stock nor purchase it afterwards; nor have they practically the slightest influence or control over the most powerful perhaps of all the instruments in directing the legislation of the country. The same is the case with railroad, mining, manufacturing, and, in fact, all other incorporated companies, which, at the same time they are relieved from all personal responsibility, equally partake in the essential qualities of a monopoly, because they necessarily exclude all but a certain class privileged by their money to direct and control them, and effectually overpower all individual competition. Neither, though distinct and separate bodies, can any competition be rationally expected between them; since, though they may have minor conflicting interests, they have at the same time one great common interest which overpowers all others, namely, that of preserving and extending their privileges. Besides this common bond of union, it is equally their interest to keep up the prices of the commodities in which they deal, and this can be much more effectually done by combination than by competition, the invariable result of which is to cheapen articles, at the same time that it improves their quality. Hence we invariably see this combination of monopolies calling meetings and conventions, either to adopt a common tariff of prices, or a common system of action, the more effectually to consolidate a great political influence and control legislative action.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that the mania for incorporations is passing like a tempest over the land, and so large a portion of the time of our legislative bodies devoted to this species of legislation. It is a great thing to acquire legislative protection, if not legislative sanction, for a monopoly of money, manufactures, or travelling, or feeding, or clothing those "outside barbarians," who have no money to pay their toll, in order to gain an entrance into the hallowed precincts of corporations, and at the same time secure immunity from all personal responsibility. Such boons are worth a struggle; nay, they are well worth paying for, even at the cost of corrupting legislative purity, and poisoning the very sources of our government. That this process is now going on to a great extent is every day becoming more evident, and that the people of the United States are gradually, we might rather say, rapidly, losing all confidence in their immediate representatives, their peculiar guardians, and protectors, is a melancholy truth which can neither be denied nor evaded. When such is the case in a free country, depend upon it that Doomsday is coming. Legislation is the fountain from whence flows every political blessing or every political crime that can fall on this land, and when the head waters are poisoned every draught is death.

These existing evils, and their inevitable consequences, may in a great measure be traced to the extent to which monopoly, in some disguise or other, has been carried, both in Federal and State legislation. There is now no such thing as a great national interest or sentiment pervading the United States; and even the separate States are cut up into miserable petty local rivalries, which swallow up all social feelings, all great national interests, and, we may add, all great national principles. There is, in fact, no brotherly community of feeling or of interests anywhere. The house is divided against itself, and all know the consequences. Every community is arrayed against its neighbor in a struggle for legislative favors, and striving with inveterate jealousy to obtain some special act of legislation for its own advantage and to the injury of its neighbors, by giving it a monopoly of some peculiar benefit which nature has denied to one and bestowed on the other. The legislative power is called upon to correct the errors of nature or the bounties of heaven, by robbing Peter to give to Paul, and, as it were, to take upon itself the management of the dispensations of Providence. Those great public improvements which it is urged, for want of better arguments, are to knit the members of this Confederation into closer bonds of union, are only

so many bones to set them growling at each other, or running themselves over head and ears in debt to counteract their neighbors in some great plan of public improvement, which is to divert the travelling and transportation from one portion of the country to another, thus strengthening the bonds of union by creating and fostering antagonistical pecuniary interests.

The whole length and breadth of the country is cut up into mince-meat by these village, county, and State struggles, for the privilege of injuring, perhaps beggaring, their neighbors, by obtaining a monopoly, or a decided advantage in some branch of business or other; and the most sordid unsocial feelings engendered and fostered by this assumption by the legislative power of what is, in fact, the exclusive prerogative of the great Architect of the universe. Can any thing good, can any thing conducive to the general permanent happiness of mankind result from this arrogant assumption of the attributes of Infinite Wisdom? We can tell these presumptuous reasoners, that, in proportion as they attempt to wrest the powers of nature and the direction of causes and effects from the hands of Omnipotence, they will only more glaringly demonstrate their own folly, impotency, and presumption. They may for awhile seem to travel the faster, but it will only be toward the region of corruption, decay, and dissolution.

The evils we have thus briefly pointed out may, in a great measure, be traced to monopoly created and fostered by special legislation, and fed by money. It has now become a system. It reaches everywhere, and pervades every thing. Corporations and combinations of individuals, all operating through a moneyed monopoly, now dabble in every thing, buy up every thing, and, in fact, monopolize, not only the medium through which the necessities of man are supplied, but the very necessities of life themselves. Not many years since a country bank in the State of New-York monopolized all the butter in the surrounding region; another, all the turkeys; and we have heard of a third in some other quarter that secured a monopoly of potatoes. There are, we understand—in fact, we know—in almost every market of our cities, individuals, and combinations of individuals, who watch the arrival of the market-boats and wagons, the steamers and railroad trains, the droves of beef-cattle, and, indeed, all other supplies necessary for the daily consumption of the citizens, for the purpose of buying them up by wholesale, and retailing them at greatly enhanced prices, established by a general combination. Every article of supply is thus forestalled, and, in

fact, becomes a monopoly in the hands of a few persons, who are for the most part furnished with the means by banks, whose agents and partners they very frequently are in thus fleecing the rich as well as the poor. There is not proper legitimate employment for one half the little village and country banks, and they take this mode of administering to the public benefit, by employing a portion of their capital (real or imaginary) in forestalling the necessities of life, and enhancing the price of every mouthful we swallow.

(When the legislatures of the several States usurped the power of chartering banks for the issue of paper-money, which is expressly prohibited by the Constitution, they laid the foundation for this stupendous system of monopoly, which now pervades every vein and artery of society. We are as stern and immovable advocates of the rights of the States as any man, let him be who he will; but we affirm, that the power of creating banks of issue is a sheer usurpation on the part of the States. The quibbling distinction between bank-notes and bills of credit furnishes no justification. The only bank ever known in the United Colonies, previous to the Revolution, was in Boston, and its notes were never called by any other name than "Bills of Credit." The framers of the Constitution knew of no other term for bank-notes but that of bills of credit, and the issue of these they expressly prohibited to the States. Had the question of the constitutionality of the first Bank of North-America been presented to the people of the United States, at a period when the Democracy was in the ascendancy, there is not the slightest reason to doubt that they would have checked the usurpation in the bud. As it was, they opposed it in all its early stages of progress, until at length they themselves yielded to the inevitable temptation of making their own money, and became accomplices in a great scheme of monopoly, of which they have since been the victims. It is with no expectation of having the slightest influence in remedying the horrible frauds, corruptions, and deplorable evils of paper-money, or checking their accumulation, that we have given this slight sketch of the progress of this stupendous infraction of the Constitution. It is past all cure. It is an evil which has arrived at that magnitude which overrides all others. It is a disease of which the patient himself will not consent to be cured. It is an evil from which even those who are most sensible of its enormity shrink in despair. To cure it, requires an effort of self-denial, and a series of sacrifices beyond the ordinary standard of human virtue, and which can not be reasonably expected.

Doubtless, it may be restrained in some respects, and checked in its further progress by wise progressive legislation. But, when radically cured, we fear it will be in the only way it was ever cured, in any age or country, by death—by suicide. It will kill itself. It will perish, like the frog in the fable, by its own efforts at distension; and, however deplorable its evil consequences at first, its fall will be the herald of better times, of a more healthful, substantial, and permanent prosperity; for it will carry with it that stupendous system of monopoly which impoverishes every man who does not feed at its crib; and more than any other cause, or all other causes combined, it has contributed to the alarming progress of extravagance, idleness, pauperism, and vice among the once moral, industrious, and economical people of the United States. It has established a despotism, not of gold—for that is comparatively respectable—but of paper-money, the meanest and basest of all despotism, since it is acquired without merit, sustained without exertion, and has no other foundation but the credulity of mankind. It is a common legalized cheat that promises what he never performs, and lives by palming off counters for pure gold.

In some few of the States it has received a salutary check, by prohibiting the issue or circulation of bank-notes under the denomination of five dollars, thus at once banishing from circulation that miserable, ragged, loathsome trash, the counterfeit representative of silver and gold, out of which—as may be seen by the average bank returns—not one in ten is thus represented. If the prohibition were extended to all notes under ten, and finally under twenty dollars, our currency would be effectually purified, and the paper-system limited to its legitimate object, namely, that of furnishing a convenient medium for merchants in extensive transactions of commerce.

Thus much, at least, might be done, by a wise, cautious, and, if you please, dilatory legislation; and thus much might be done in this way without suddenly arresting the general course of business, or occasioning any sudden revulsion in the social or monetary system. All things are comparatively easy, if brought about gradually, and it is only when reforms are attempted too suddenly, that the remedy often proves worse than the disease. There never was, and probably never will be, a time, when a curtailment of the paper-money monopoly could be commenced more auspiciously. Gold is annually flowing into the United States by scores of millions; and, if it flows out again almost as fast as it comes in, it is only in obedience

to that inflexible law by which specie is invariably banished by that beggarly usurper, paper-money. There is now an ample sufficiency of the precious metals in this country to answer all the purposes of a circulating medium, and yet throughout the whole land a piece of gold is little less than a phenomenon. And so it would be, if the bowels of the earth were teeming with silver and gold, simply because they are the products of human labor, and paper rags may be manufactured with little cost and less toil. Hence, so long as they answer the purposes of the precious metals, they will entirely supersede them, as a matter of course, since they cost nothing, except a few thousands—more or less—employed in enlightening legislative darkness to a proper perception of the blessings of paper-money.

Instead, however, of attempting to restrain or diminish this great fountain of individual and legislative corruption, we see the inauguration of the great reforming party in the once Keystone State of the Democracy, commencing its career by the creation of some dozen or fifteen new paper-money manufactories; and, in the Democratic State of Indiana, we see the banking system almost indefinitely expanded, and all restrictions, for securing the community from becoming the victims of its swindling operations, removed. Well, all we can say is, let those who are determined to dance pay the piper, as they have recently done, and we predict will ere long do again. If one dose is not enough to cure the patient, it must be repeated till it operates thoroughly.

S A P P H O .

 BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

L

A gasp, a gurgle, and a cry,
 And all was o'er,
 Calm and deep, the purple wave
 Cheated the earth of one more grave,
 And held one corpse the more;
 Naked and bare, against the peaceable sky,
 Stood out Leukados' steep,
 And the summer winds went by
 And sung to the silent deep,
 The universal dirge
 Which they sing to the constant Death,
 Whose tireless foot with every step
 Treads out a human breath.
 It was the ancient tale
 Which has never yet grown old,
 Love's passion and despair
 In every age has told—
 The curse of the hot soul—
 The curse of the burning brain,
 Whose fire the Titan stole
 In that creative mood
 He felt, when he endowed
 The moulded clay with joy and pain.
 Accursed be the hour!
 For ever, and for ever!
 To cancel woe, joy never yet had power.
 When did possession recompense endeavor?

II.

And is this all, sweet Sappho,
Thy lyre and thy love have given—
A sharper grief, and a heart more torn,
And a life more early riven ?
Vainly, thy lips have cried,
“ Was I not all thine own—
“ Had my heart’s blood one tide
“ Or ebb, to thee unknown—
“ Had my brain’s pulse one beat
“ That throbbed not for thee alone ?”
What cared for the wail of thy soul,
The love of the faithless one,
As it trampled alike upon thee,
Thy love and thy laurel crown ?

III.

In vain to the deathless Venus
Thy lyre and thy lips have prayed,
For when by the Ocean-born,
Was a single lawlessness swayed ?
Here are the moment-triumphs
That wait on the hour’s desire,
And die out like blazing flax
In the ash of their own fierce fire—
Hers are the leers and the wiles—
The rosy laughs and the smiles
Which may vanquish, but never enchain—
Her’s are the thirsts for a joy
Each new hour may create, and destroy,
To create and destroy again.
And what to her, was the constancy
Of a true and a straight-going soul like thine,
When it scattered its yearnings and agony
At the foot of her harlot shrine ?

IV.

Didst thou think that thy truth was worth
In her frail and Paphian eyes,
One of the joys of that coarser earth,
That her changeable letcheries prize ?
Oh! no! It might rot away

In the sepulchre of its sorrow,
E'er the alms of one pity she threw
To the anguish that lasted a morrow—
Although that terrible morrow were
Knowledge, desertion, and despair.

V.

Poor child of thine impulse, didst thou not know
That the world has a liking for sorrows like thine—
That the lust of the reaper has joy in the woe
The edge of his sickle may give the divine
Instincts and beauties, which bud to the day
Here and there, in the children of clay?

VI.

Hadst thou not learnt that to call a cry
From the stricken chords of the human lyre
Is worth every gentler melody
That the winds of the Genitor Zeus may inspire—
That a single shriek from a breaking heart
Uttered as ignorance passes away,
Is a pleasanter sound to the riffer Life,
Than the sweetest notes which stray
From the innocent lips of the Memnon-youth,
Hymning the golden sun,
Before earth and its mists may have clouded its truth,
And its race from the East has yet to be run?

VII.

What avails it thee, now, poor dreamer,
That the poet-power had poured
Through the living soul of thy lip
The wealth of its glowing word—
That the Scriptures of Natural Love
Have been opened up to thy gaze,
And thy sight been purged of the grosser veil
Whose curtain hung over its blaze?
Are not the trouble and torture worse
Than Blindness's darkest and uttermost curse?

VIII.

Has not the Lotus Flower
Of knowledge the taste of death?
Has not its root the power
Of tainting the tenderest breath?
Oh! were it not better its bloom should lie
For ever beneath the wave,
In night's depths, than lift up its starry eye
Through the chilly flood to the morning sky,
Whose warmth withers it back to the grave?

IX.

If the laurel could give thee rest,
Poor child of the worm, thou wert blest.
Yet, if every leaf of its crown were a thorn,
The stab and the smart thou couldst better have borne,
Than the pang of preserving too earnest a truth,
And letting thy childhood outlive girlhood's youth.

X.

Didst thou not know that the world
Is a tyrant to such as thee—
Like a Procrustes stretching here,
Or cropping you there, as your fancies may be
Too short for its love, or too long for its fear,
Or too great for its tyranny?

XI.

A broken heart beats out its last—
A teeming brain breaks in its labor—
A soul bursts in the last mad cast
It played for happiness, and the nigh neighbor
Of the clay tenement—parent or friend,
Turns him away with a callous eye—
Hearts rend, brains break, and spirits bend,
That the world's wheel may run more merrily.
Room for the rabble rout of young Lyæus,
Punk, Pimp, and Drunkard, Parasite and Whore,
The Harlot Dryads, and the Sot Silenus,
The Cheats who teach—the Asses who adore.

Room for the chiseled chariot's ivory frame,
 Its brazen axle, and its gilded wheel,
 Its screaming panthers with their eyes of flame,
 And the wild mob that round its progress reel.
 This is the world—its teachers and its taught—
 Its ruler Scoundrels, and its Idiots ruled :
 Didst thou dream that these could be schooled
 By the truth of one honest thought ?

XII.

And hadst thou never heard
 How they quenched the Orphic word
 In the throat which gave it birth—
 How the green Eurotas bank
 Grew red with the blood which sank
 Into its thirsty earth—
 How they who heard the hymn,
 Tore the poet limb from limb,
 And stamped each bloody trace
 Into the soil of Thrace,
 In the wrath of their savage rage ?
 Man writes the pure and good
 On history's page in blood :
 From the foul record, tear the accursed page.

XIII.

Oh ! poet-woman, never yet
 A fable like to thine was known,
 On which the world had failed to stamp
 Some slander of its own.
 Vice pays the homage of its lie,
 And with the thorn malevolence
 Crowns ever truth and innocence—
 Yea—in the deadliest agony
 In which their martyr-children die.
 Not even the deep and tranquil wave
 Thine honest life shall screen.
 But human Ghouls shall grope in the grave
 The sands of the mother-ocean gave
 To her who was crowned the Queen
 Of the Grecian song, by the shouted fame
 And the judge throngs in the Olympian game.

XIV.

They shall stain thy name with a loathsome lust,
And thy love with a lie unclean—
They shall spit on thy harp, ere the gnawing rust
Of ages has eaten through every string
Where the touch of thy wonderful fingers had been—
And because thy soul was true, and was pure,
The unchaste falsehood shall cling
To thy name with a grasp more sure
Thy glory shall plead in vain
Against the loathsome lie—
For every virtue the world can stain
With a blemishing infamy,
And every heart which the world can hush
Sharply and suddenly,
And every truth which the world can crush
Wholly and easily,
And each slain love and purity
Are as witnesses which die—
Witnesses who testify
With mighty voice, and ceaseless cry,
Man is but a walking lie.
And therefore, without rest or ruth—
Slaughterd martyrs to the truth,
Do they abye,
In their lives the bitter fate
Of restless wrong and tireless hate,
And buried, yield a meal to Slander's restless tooth.

C U B A !

PHILOSOPHY OF THE OSTENDE CORRESPONDENCE.

WITH PORTRAITS FROM LIFE.

NOTHING so strikingly substantiates the traditional reputation of Spanish diplomacy as the late brilliant exploits and wonderful successes of that nation in the Cuba question. If this weapon, in the hands of a power so weak and so debauched by the lowest degrees of political prostitution, could so signally defeat the demands of insulted America, represented too by a minister of nerve, tact, and talent, and intimately familiar with the court of Madrid—what may we not believe in relation to those wonderful things recorded among the triumphs of Spanish diplomacy in the past? “The Tower of London” has been read as a romance. Verily it is a reality.

The publication of the Ostende correspondence and accompanying documents presented to the public a curious history. Will you permit your contributor the liberty of submitting a few conclusions, not hastily formed, but drawn from a personal knowledge of most of the parties engaged in the correspondence, which irresistibly force themselves into consideration? The subject is deeply interesting to the whole country; for on the Cuba question turns an event of the most important magnitude—the triumph of England's free negro policy. England seeks to pauperize and Africanize free labor in America, and, if she succeed in Cuba, we shall have the next battleground in our own Southern States. If we acquire Cuba, she will have to fight us in Jamaica. The island of Cuba is, therefore, the pivot-point on which turn four questions of great moment to this country.

1. Free negroism in the tropics.

2. British supremacy in the Gulf of Mexico, South and Central America.
3. The abolition of negro servitude in the Southern States of America; and, as a consequence,
4. The abolitionizing and Africanizing of Northern free labor by the hordes of liberated negroes.

Leaving the contemplation of the laboring classes—the *people* of the North, let us return to the Spanish mission, the Cuba affair, Ostende correspondence, Mr. Soulé, and the “accompanying documents.”

It is unnecessary, of course, to speak of Mr. Soulé's position as a Democratic leader, a distinguished orator and influential Senator, when the Democracy last met in convention to nominate their Presidential candidate. The ardent Frenchman did much to secure Mr. Pierce's nomination before that convention, and certainly did more in bringing the thorough-going State-rights, or commonly called Southern-rights party of the South, to his support. But the great card of Mr. Soulé was his move in the United States Senate, on the fishery question, the very winter before the last Presidential nominations. Every one recollects the excitement at the North, and in the New-England States, incident to the encroachment of England on the rights of our fishermen. That question touched the pocket, and consequently influenced the patriotism, of a large proportion of the people of these States. They petitioned their own Senators and Representatives in vain. Many semi-English individuals could not be brought to see the gross wrongs heaped upon our sturdy fishermen, or lacked the nerve to apply the proper remedy. One fine day, to the astonishment of every body, the amazement of the New-England men, and the frantic delight of the people of the North and East, Mr. Soulé dashed into the matter, in his usual elegant style, followed by Mr. Mason of Virginia, Mr. Butler of South-Carolina, and “cunning” John Davis, of Massachusetts, bringing up the rear. Whoever was within the House at the time must well recollect the effect of the “hit” on all present. Mr. Soulé had struck upon a happy idea. He took up the cause of the very constituents of Sumner, and brought the whole force of the Southern vote to bear on the question. England was given to understand, in the significant tone of 1812, that she must cease her encroachments upon our Northern and Eastern fishermen. *From that day, Mr. Soulé became a great man at the North.* Letters came pouring in upon him from all directions. Mr. Sumner, in one of his impulsive moods, which lasted for several weeks, wrote most in-

dustriously private letters in every direction, applauding Mr. Soulé, while thousands and thousands of the latter's speeches were circulated freely, under Free-soil franks, to the abolition districts of the North. When the Presidential canvass opened, Mr. Soulé was delegated, *at the suggestion of Mr. Sumner himself*, to take the Eastern States in hand. He did so splendidly. Mr. Sumner took good care to prepare the way. In the meanwhile, it must be remembered that Mr. Soulé was on the committee which waited on General Pierce at Concord, to tender him the nomination of the National Democratic party. His tour, therefore, in General Pierce's own region—his influence manifested under his own eyes—his eloquence—the excitement he produced wherever he went—and his undoubted success in "starting" that "ball" of public sentiment, which rolled along in so overwhelming a manner to the end, were well calculated to make Mr. Soulé an important man with the Presidential elect. *And so he was.* His power was almost supreme. He indicated the foreign policy of the Government; and having selected Cuba as his own peculiar mission, set out for Spain, having his instructions safely in his pocket, and relying upon the devotion of the President, and the friendship and coöperation of the Democratic Senators. Mason, Butler, Hunter, and Atchison he felt would never desert him; while in the House he had hosts of friends. Burns quaintly has it, that the best laid schemes of "mice and men" often fail. So in this case. As before stated, Mr. Soulé went joyously to Madrid with instructions—drawn up upon his own basis—in his pocket, with Cuba before him, the President behind him, a full treasury behind the President, and an expectant manifest destiny progressive, all-powerful, and excited Democratic party in the rear of all.

It is time to take the portraits of the principal characters, who have figured prominently in this matter.

First, *Calderon de la Barca*, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid during Soulé's first movements, and formerly the Spanish Minister near this Government. Mr. Calderon is between fifty-five and sixty years of age, a Catholic, and devoted to the bigoted traditions of Spain. He lived very handsomely at Washington, his "receptions" being considered the "best" in the metropolis. They afforded one of the most certain avenues to good society, and were always attended by the distinguished and fashionable people. He gave good dinners, drank good wines, and the flavor of his "pure Habanas" seems to linger yet around that quarter of West-end. He is a rather

small man, inclined to be fat, with a good head, a dull heavy face, but "great expression of eye," as *Punch* has it. He was particularly intimate with the *Intelligencer*, whose editors shared his full confidence. That paper was, indeed, always regarded as his organ. Mr. Calderon married a Scotch lady, at the time a resident of this country. He speaks English fluently; kept up with the news of the day; read most of the leading papers; watched the debates in Congress; was under the impression that he comprehended fully the vastness of our country, its power, progress, and destiny; and, after many years of residence, returned to Europe our sworn and eternal foe. Mr. Calderon entertained two peculiar ideas. *First*, he considered the views of the "Whig press" as the real sentiment of America—a very common and fatal error among European diplomats and statesmen by the way; and, *secondly*, he considered *the dissolution of this Union easy through the slavery question*. There can be no doubt that while he was outwardly simply the Minister of Spain, he was, in *fact*, the spy and agent of England, France, and Spain, to watch this country, and ascertain our weak points. Mr. Calderon was avaricious, and a most intensified social aristocrat and political monarchist.

Pierre Soulé has marked and peculiar characteristics. He resembles the Spaniard more than the Frenchman. His personal appearance is extremely prepossessing. His intellect, determination, courage, and acquirements are well known. The trait, however, which is less known, and the one which was the cause of his failure in the Cuba mission, is his intense personal ambition and personal vanity. This peculiarity has been more than once remarked in the Senate; but the dignified atmosphere of that august body checked its development. In Europe it found a wide sweep, and was stimulated by association and peculiar wants. Soulé became a hero. He was so in a two-fold sense. He represented European and American democracy. He returned to the scene of monarchical tyranny whence he had once been driven, the representative of the greatest republic of the world, and the second, if not first, power on earth. He returned with reputation and reputed wealth. He had the world for a stage, and was performing, before a delighted audience, three characters at one time—the ideal of Republican Democracy in the palace of power; the Representative Extraordinary from America to Spain; and the French Republican defying the French Emperor. He would not allow his difficulty with the head of the French na-

tion to be one between Hon. Pierre Soulé, Minister, etc., etc., from the United States, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor, etc., etc., of France. No. It was simply a *personal* affair—a matter between P. S. and L. N. B. He snubbed his Highness, designated him as a nonentity and impostor, and, in fact, succeeded so well in irritating that august individual, that the Emperor forgot himself eventually, and came near having Jonathan down upon France in warlike attitude. Mr. Soulé, thus heroized, so to speak, ceased to place a check upon his inordinate vanity; and, imagining that he held the peace of Europe in the palm of his hand, went to Madrid, and with a grand air informed Calderon that he had arrived.

William L. Marcy is the exact opposite of both Calderon and Soulé, in almost all points. He has the nerve of either, and the intellectual capacity of both. He is a peculiar man, and his peculiarities have so displayed themselves in his administration of our foreign affairs, that it is not amiss to go into details about him.

If you ask one of the old diplomats what he thinks of Everett or Webster, he will smile and pay a compliment. But ask them of Marcy. What a change of expression! They look grave—particularly the French Minister. There is an anecdote going the rounds in Washington, which may explain this. It appears that when Mr. Marcy came into possession of the seals of state, he determined to simplify the usual mode of transacting affairs of importance, and consequently made up a short speech, somewhat in this style:

SIR: You are the Minister from——. I am the Secretary of State of the United States. I am no diplomat. I shall not countenance diplomacy toward me or the Government. I shall never say what I do not mean, and mean exactly what I say. I shall never assume a position for the sake of argument, or take a higher position than is justified to settle at last on middle grounds. These tricks and antics of diplomacy I shall ignore. I commence with cordial esteem for the diplomatic circle in Washington; but I will not subscribe myself with feelings of "high consideration," or any thing of the sort, when my confidence is gone. When I make up my opinion—there is an end of the matter. When I receive one from the other side, I shall deem it final, and forthwith close negotiations one way or the other. I represent the interests of a Republican Government, am heart and soul a Republican myself, and intend that the administration of our foreign affairs, so far as I am concerned, shall take the same tone.

This plain, blunt way of considering matters, as the story

goes, threw the gold-lace gentry into the most intense excitement. They approached Marcy as they would a surly bear, ready to growl at a moment's warning. Soon came the instructions about costume abroad. The representatives of several of the more influential governments called on the Secretary to protest, and to say that the rules of their courts would not tolerate such republican simplicity.

"Very well, gentlemen," replied the Secretary, "we will see. I am of opinion that the instruction will be carried out without any trouble. I have only to say, however, that, in every case where this courtesy is refused to our representatives abroad, the representative in Washington of such country refusing shall conform *here* to our rules, and only be received in plain black!"

This was a poser. The idea of giving up their finery was horrible to the foreign gentlemen. They ceased to protest here, and no doubt exerted themselves at home to have the instructions carried out.

The state papers of Mr. Marcy are scarce surpassed, and the English government finding their Minister here (Crampton) a mere child in the American Secretary's hands, have taken the "replies" into consideration at London. Mr. Marcy is rather advanced in years, walks with a stick, and looks at you from under his long gray eyebrows, with an intensity which is uncomfortable. He is a cordial friend and a hearty enemy. He never compromises. His rule is that he is either right or wrong. If wrong, he yields—if right, the world can not move him. Yet mixed up with all this is the most extraordinary talents for political intrigue, matured and finished in that wonderful school—New-York politics. His life has been one of constant responsibility and contest.

James Buchanan is a mild, amiable gentleman, who has always been giving way for his friends and forgiving his enemies, until at last he finds himself "exiled," or forced to enter hastily into combinations for the presidency. Mr. Buchanan wants the presidency, and would make a most excellent chief magistrate, during times of quiet at home and peace abroad. He is a bachelor. His person is tall and commanding, and appears to have a good stock of that "Democratic blood" in his veins, about which, in his young days, he was so anxious. His hair is nearly white, and contrasts finely with his hale, ruddy complexion. He has a squint in one eye, or rather a habit of "cocking" it, as the English say. The general expression of his face is one of gentleness and benevolence.

James Buchanan will always rank as one of America's great statesmen of the school of Franklin and Webster. No one can know him without admiring his estimable character and conscientiousness. He is a safe *conservative* Democrat of the State-Rights school. He has, according to appearances, determined to enter the field for the presidency in '56, which may explain why he came into the Ostende matter.

Mr. Mason, our Minister to France, is a thorough-bred Virginia gentleman—a Jeffersonian Democrat, and believes in the resolutions of '98 and '99. It can be said with perfect confidence, that he commands more popularity and has more influence at Paris than have been enjoyed by any other American since the days of Franklin. He has more influence there than any other foreign representative in France. He is a sound lawyer, a reliable Southern man, and has no ambitious ends in view. He is a fine specimen of an American gentleman.

Having *mis en scène* the principal actors in the Ostende performance, we will now proceed with our narrative of events.

Mr. Soulé had not been at Madrid two weeks before he managed to turn the Cuba question into a personal affair, and make himself occupy the attitude of victim or hero of a great question of public concern. First came his difficulties of a personal nature in Paris. Every thing he did there was as "Soulé." Then came his difficulties at Madrid—his social troubles—his duel (in which, by the way, he was right)—his reported flirtation with the Queen—the newspaper and letter-writers' accounts of his "grand entry" into the Spanish capital—similar accounts of his personal appearance and personal demonstrations at concerts and balls—and so on for months and months. It was *toujours* "Soulé." The interests of the people and government of the United States as such, seem to have given way, as by magic, to the personal demands, and we may add, the long-slumbering personal animosities of Mr. Soulé. The idea of "minister" even was lost to the public eye, and at last the catastrophe was brought about, not so much because the question could not be settled satisfactorily to the government of the United States, as because it could not assume the appearance of a "Soulé settlement." He wanted to humble in that settlement his personal enemies of old and early standing. He wanted his republican associates in Europe to look on and witness the humiliation by him of the representatives of monarchy. He wanted to gratify his own revenge; and giving way to this feeling actually at last regarded the conduct of our Government as compromising *him* (Soulé)—as

injuring *him* in the eyes of Europe—and giving *his* “personal enemies” the cause for rejoicing! Therefore he tendered “his” resignation! (*See the details in the Ostende Correspondence.*) That Mr. Soulé did right in maintaining his personal rights, all will admit, and none will hesitate to applaud his gallant conduct when his honor demanded vindication. He displayed unflinching personal courage. But nevertheless it was his own fault that led to these necessities—his own sensitiveness and morbid jealousy of the aristocratic classes of Spain and France. His career as minister may be summed up as follows:

Vanity and personal ambition got him into scrapes and compromised the dignity, and injured the interests of this country; his courage enabled him to fight out of difficulties, and his brilliant talents made the most of the matter.

But there were influences to work at Madrid, which seem to have escaped even Mr. Soulé’s keen eye. It should be remembered that two important national elements existed to affect the Cuba negotiation. One was a determined public sentiment among all classes in Spain against the sale of the Island to the United States; the other was an impending revolution. This gives the key to the repeated and premeditated insults of Spain heaped upon this country. The Spanish ministry foresaw the approaching storm of revolution. Following in the footsteps of the French emperor, they determined on diverting public attention from their own crimes and abuses. The only plan was to bring about a war with the United States on such grounds as to give England and France the excuse for aiding her. It may seem incredible to many that any set of men would deliberately instigate war for political purposes. But those who are familiar with the history of Europe or the corruption of political leaders, know too well that wars for political purposes are very common. The Spanish ministers having these examples before their eyes, determined to bring about hostilities with this country, at any cost to their country, well knowing that it would save *them*, and stave off the impending revolution. They insulted us—outraged our flag—annoyed our commerce—held dominion of our own coast. They spat upon us. They kicked us—but we were not to be kicked into a war, and Calderon and his friends, after trying every expedient to get up a fight abroad on the popular Cuba question, had, at last, to breast the storm at home. The revolution came and they were overwhelmed. Espartero came into power, and Calderon escaped as a waiter, glorious in napkins

and pastry. The main difficulties to a settlement of our affairs with Spain being thus removed, matters assumed a middle ground. Mr. Marcy's arguments opened the door, but Mr. Soulé closed it with a slam, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He determined on the "purse or sword" policy: hence the manifesto from Ostende. The principle of that manifesto is correct, but it bears the evident mark of hasty composition. It is rambling, abrupt, and inconclusive. The occasion and the subject preëminently demanded a great and thorough exposition of our relations with Spain, and the American doctrine as laid down by Monroe. The occasion was lost and the subject slighted.

Mr. Buchanan was dragged into it, through his ever-yielding nature, while Mr. Mason indorsed it, we suppose, on account of its Southern tone.

The silent manner in which an opposition of policy grew up between Mr. Marcy and Mr. Soulé, can not be traced to any one particular cause. It is possibly the effect of two contending minds, each desirous of power—each braced by a determined will, and each conscious of playing a great part before the civilized world. The Nebraska issue may have first alarmed the President. The sudden and unexpected advent of the Know-Nothings might also have influenced circumstances. This opposition of the Department of State at Washington to Mr. Soulé's policy, was first indicated when the promises and procrastinations of Calderon were listened to, and his diplomatic intrigues treated with respect. Mr. Soulé saw through them, and he became impatient at Mr. Marcy for not throwing the brand of war at once into Madrid—just what Calderon wanted. But Mr. Marcy was not on the ground, hence could not see so clearly as Mr. Soulé. Besides, Mr. Marcy has a great respect for the "commercial and industrial interests" of the country, and preferred using mild means with long time to the "sharp and severe" remedy of the sword. But from this contest of policy between the Minister and the Secretary, grew the usual "personal" idea of the former. That which originated as a simple difference of policy upon a subject of mutual concern and cordial sympathy, ended in political hostility. Mr. Marcy's course was plain. He at once asserted his authority as the head of foreign affairs. The position of the President (whose individual action we now for the first time approach) was extremely embarrassing. General Pierce is a highly conscientious man. We do not believe he has once acted without the greatest solicitude for the good of his coun-

try and anxious regard for his oath. He is a warm-hearted, generous, confiding man, of strong friendship, slow to form a harsh opinion of any one and but too quick to forgive those who have wronged him. His domestic character is amiability personified. He is genial and kind, and to use a common expression, is as "honest as the day is long," and we might add, as pure as it is bright. But General Pierce is not the equal of Calhoun in intellect and learning, or of Jackson in intuitive comprehension and indomitable will. His feelings and opinions can be influenced by those in whom he has confidence. He is not cold and selfish enough for a great leader. He has too much of the milk of human kindness about him, to sternly put his heel on an enemy and crush him. He is too anxious to do right, to assume a questionable responsibility. When, therefore, he came between the two energetic and uncompromising minds of Mr. Marcy and of Mr. Soulé, he found himself ground up as in a mill. His devotion—personal and political—to Soulé, had undergone no change, and to this day is probably undiminished. But he could not resist the powerful and overbearing will of his premier.

If the President has a weakness which is positive and unredeemed—it is his anxiety for the *success of his administration* in a strict *party* sense. This is his great idea. Consequently, when he had to decide against Soulé or Marcy, he weighed the effect the decision would have on his administration at home. The resignation of a foreign minister is an ordinary matter. But the resignation of Mr. Marcy, he feared, would lead to the immediate dissolution of his Cabinet—the abandonment of the Democratic organization, and the failure of his administration as a "party" measure. And here, *en passant*, we might suggest lay the great error. Mr. Pierce came into power emphatically the *people's* candidate, but he has conducted his administration purely as a party man. Scarce an appointment has been made or a step taken during the two years last past with a view to the good of the country and that alone. Being a strong "party man," and believing that the Democracy *as a party* could alone serve the country, he has turned his whole attention to harmonizing various cliques and factions which might better have been left to themselves, and he has thereby sacrificed the interests of the *people*. This is the key to many of the difficulties which have surrounded and continue to embarrass the present administration, and it is not the first instance in our national history of unsuccessful attempts in that direction.

While returning to the Cuba question, let us at this early day chronicle a prophecy of Mr. Everett. When, in a late conversation, his opinion was asked as to the fate of the administration and the destiny of Cuba, he replied as substantially, that the Cuba question would not be settled *until toward the end of the presidential term*, when the matter will be pushed to a final conclusion."

"Even to ——"

"Yes, war if necessary," he replied: "and the excitement of such a war, in such a cause, will possibly swallow up all other issues and carry the administration again into power." Or if we may be allowed to condense Mr. Everett's words: "We will acquire Cuba, towards the close of the term of this administration—peaceably or by war."

When Mr. Soulé returned to the United States, he resumed his former intimate relations with the President. Mr. Marcy he did not call on, *still making a personal affair of his resignation*. The Secretary meanwhile continues his diplomatic labors, new issues are made, and new points raised, thus perhaps commencing the delay predicted by Mr. Everett.

It is too much in advance of the next presidential election for an "extra session," or it possibly would be called. There is no telling, however, how these things will result. The death of the late Emperor of Russia may have a bearing on the question. Peace in Europe would probably lead to an attempt on the part of "our Transatlantic Cousins" to put in execution threats, originally intended only to intimidate. Late occurrences in Europe have prepared us to receive without astonishment any new move on the part of the Allies.

In any event, the acquisition of Cuba by the United States is fixed as fate. It remains to be seen if, according to Mr. Everett's prediction, Cuba is to be held back as a trump-card in the grand game of the election of 1856.

S O N G .

PHILANTHROPIC AND PIRATICAL.

We've borne too long the idiot wrong of Cuba's tyrant masters,
And tamely ta'en from shattered Spain dishonors and disasters.
The camel's back at length will crack—nor are we like dumb cattle:
Our patient strength has failed at length—peace only comes by battle.
Ring out the bells! our banner swells, in Freedom's breezes blowing;
To arms and up! this bitter cup is filled to overflowing!

Nor pray nor speak, but let us seek redress in tones of thunder!
They slew our brave who went to save the land they rob and plunder.
Around the Moro's grim *façade* the soul of Lopez wanders,
And Crittenden, a glorious shade! beside him walks and ponders.
O God of Peace! that such as these, like dogs should be garrotted;
Choked out of life by Spanish beasts, fierce, bloody, and besotted.

To arms and up! we brim the cup to vengeance and to glory!
By western zeal let "Old Castile" be taught a different story;
Let Spanish Dons now learn for once how great the power they've slighted:
By guns and swords, not pens and words, must Cuba's wrongs be righted.
They've chained our men, they've seized our ships, their yoke around us twining;
Our "Stars" are in a long eclipse—we'll bring them forth more shining.

What pulsing starts from youthful hearts to hear the tocsin pealing!
Their glittering eyes, their fierce replies, bewray the inward feeling—
The hidden thirst of vengeance, nursed through years of mute restraining.
Hurra! that torrent forth has burst, no more in meek complaining!
The "One Lone Star" shall not be far from our immortal cluster;
The Southern Queen shall soon be seen arrayed in Western lustre.

Then, brethren, up! one parting cup to Washington and Jackson.
Our sprouting tree of liberty no Spaniard lays an axe on;
By Freedom's God! our lavish blood shall water it to blossom!
No foul garrotte shall press our throat, though balls may pierce our bosom!
Ring out the bells! our banner swells, in freedom's breezes blowing;
To arms and up! this bitter cup is filled to overflowing!

UNCLE SAM'S LITERATURE.

BY COLONEL RIDOLON.

Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon, made under direction of the Navy Department, by Wm. Lewis Herndon, and Lardner Gibbon, Lieutenants United States Navy. Part I. By Lieut. Herndon. Washington: Robert Armstrong, public printer. 1854. 33d Congress, 1st session. Executive Document, No. 53. 417 pp.

Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon, made under direction of the Navy Department, by Wm. Lewis Herndon, and Lardner Gibbon, Lieutenants United States Navy. Part II. By Lieut. Lardner Gibbon. Washington: A. O. P. Nicholson, public printer. 1854. 33d Congress, 1st session. Executive Document, No. 53. 339 pp.

THE publications authorized by Congress are voluminous and bulky. The growing commercial interests of the country prompt surveys and explorations, outlets for trade, and objects for traffic. Literature, science, and art are all cared for, in these national publications. Year after year we receive, by the kindness of Congressional friends, a mechanical or an agricultural Patent-Office Report, in which every thing pertaining to those subjects is learnedly yet popularly discussed. Disquisitions upon grazing and silk-growing, wool and iron ore, wheat and forest-trees, are contained in these books. Results of long years of experiments on all matters connected with farming, rotation of crops, and the proper manure for soils; horticulture in all its branches, the cultivation of the grape in all its multitudinous varieties, is freely vouchsafed to the citizen, by the liberality of Uncle Sam.

A scientific expedition to the *Dead Sea and the Jordan* is proposed and carried out with the most complete success; increasing largely the actual knowledge of us all, with localities whose names have been familiar to us from childhood. On the ocean

and over the land, from the winds and tides of the Atlantic to the rivers and rivulets of the great West, either individual enterprise or the liberality of the government, in a wise direction, is yearly increasing our knowledge and our resources. We are always grateful to our friends for "Pub. Docs."; because, although some of them are barren enough of entertainment, yet there are none out of which some information may not be gleaned. Some of our shelves are full of these welcome favors, and we are very far from counting them among the trash, which, with the greatest care, even where economy is a necessity, will gradually accumulate upon the hands of book-buying men.

Among those which we have read with the greatest gratification, are the two whose title-pages we have quoted at the head of this article. It may be as well, before proceeding further, to give those who have not seen the books, a short history of the expedition and its objects.

Lieutenant Herndon had been ordered to proceed to Lima; and, collecting there what information he could upon the subject of the expedition, to hold himself in readiness to carry out the instructions of the Navy Department. On the 4th of April, 1851, Lieutenant Gibbon arrived at Lima, with orders from head-quarters. We copy a portion of the letter of the Secretary of the Navy, for the purpose of explaining the objects of the expedition, and of confirming our remark in regard to the importance of the project, and the naturally and necessarily interesting nature of the reports:

"The Government desires to be put in possession of certain information relating to the valley of the river Amazon, in which term is included the entire basin, or water-shed, drained by that river and its tributaries. This desire extends not only to the present condition of that valley, with regard to the navigability of its streams; to the number and condition, both industrial and social, of its inhabitants, their trade and products; its climate, soil, and productions; but also to its capacities for cultivation, and to the character and extent of its undeveloped resources, whether of the field, the forest, the river, or the mine. . . . The geographical situation and the commercial position of the Amazon indicate the future importance to this country of the free navigation of that river. To enable the government to form a proper estimate as to the degree of that importance, present and prospective, is the object of your mission."

This was but a small part of the business of the expedition; but it will serve to show the nature of the information sought

by the department, and the subject-matter of which the book is composed. The choice of the route having been intrusted to Lieut. Herndon, and being in a strait between two, he came to the conclusion to divide his party, sending Lieut. Gibbon with the one, and directing the operations of the other in person. Accordingly, they parted at "Tarma, a small town in Peru, by Alpha and Beta, centauri in latitude $11^{\circ} 25'$ south, situated in a rich, well-cultivated, narrow valley, between the Andes range of mountains on the East, and the lofty Cordillera chain on the west."

From this point of separation, Lieut. Herndon took a north-east course, striking the river Ucayali, a branch of the Amazon, in the northern part of Peru, and following it to its mouth. Lieut. Gibbon turned to the south-east; and, coming upon the Madeira River, followed its course to the Amazon, and thence to its mouth. The former consequently passed through the northern part of Peru and Brazil, in his route; while the latter describes South-Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil. It is easy to be seen, therefore, what an amount of information, anecdote, and adventure is to be found in the volumes of the two Lieutenants.

We shall content ourselves by extracting from these books the fun and adventure, by placing before our readers those pictures of life and manners with which they became acquainted on their route, and leave for another occasion, if haply that time shall ever arrive, the collating and putting in more compact form those particular matters of information which induced the Government to send out the expedition. We may remark here, however, that the results of the observations of the two Lieutenants were highly satisfactory to the department; that the commercial and trading facilities of the South-American States, and their general anxiety to open and retain closer connection, in every respect with the United States of North-America, are in the highest degree flattering. The consequences of the late trip of Herndon and Gibbon can not be fairly calculated; but that they will be most decidedly advantageous to both extremes of the American continent is certain.

Herndon complains very bitterly of the indolence, laziness, and drunkenness of the servants they were obliged to hire on their routes. In those countries, the want of ambition in the citizens, and the tyranny of the governments, together with the mixture of the races, are any thing but favorable to the development of the human animal. There is here nothing to stimulate them to make any exertion, either physical or men-

tal; and when a slight exertion is necessary, they are utterly unequal to the task. Of course, in a region thus peopled, our discoverers often labored under serious inconveniences for the necessities of life; the persons at whose houses they stopped, not hesitating to lie, if nothing else afforded an excuse for withholding.

They were generally provided with letters of introduction, and depended greatly on them for their necessary accommodations. On the 24th day of July, being also the twenty-fourth of the separation, Herndon, whose route we shall for some time follow, arrived at Chinchao, a village containing twelve houses and a church. Not being able to find the authorities, for whom they had letters, they wandered about until they "encountered a white woman, rather shrewish-looking, indeed, but still a woman, synonym everywhere for kindness. Ijurra (the servant) civilly inquired if we could get a few eggs. I think our appearance, particularly the guns slung behind our saddles, bred distrust; for we met with the invariable lie, *no hay* (haven't got any.) I could not be baffled in this way; so taking off my hat, and making my best bow, in my most insinuating tones I said: 'that we had something to eat in our saddle-bags, and would be very much obliged if La Senora would permit us to alight, and take our breakfast there.' She softened down at once, and said that if we had any tea, she could give us some nice fresh milk to mix with it. We had no tea, but declared, with many thanks, that the milk would be very acceptable. Whereupon it was *put on* to boil; and, moreover, a dozen fresh eggs, and boiled to perfection, were also produced. I enjoyed the breakfast very much, and was pluming myself on the effect of my fine address, when—alas! for my vanity—the lady, after looking at my companion for some time, said to him, 'Arn't you *un tal* (a certain) Ijurra?' He said, 'Yes.' 'Then we are old playmates,' said she. 'Don't you recollect our play-ground, your old uncle's garden in Huanuco, and the apples you used to steal out of it to give me? I'm *Mercedes Prado*.'

Many such unexpected rencontres occur in the progress of these volumes, and no one who has not at some period of his life experienced the want of a friend, and that want providentially supplied, can tell the pleasure of such a meeting. There was, however, at times, quite a change in their manner of getting along, and they were welcomed with every demonstration of respect and pleasure. Tingo Maria, a little town numbering less than two hundred inhabitants, enjoyed the visit amazingly. After attending church in the day time, and be-

coming used to the people, at night there was a ball at the Governor's house:

"The Alcalde, who was a trump, produced his fiddle; another had a rude sort of guitar, or banjo; and under the excitement of his music, and the aguadiente of the Governor, who had had his cane ground in anticipation of our arrival, we danced till eleven o'clock. The custom of the dance requires that a gentleman should choose a lady, and dance with her in the middle of the floor till she gives over, (the company around clapping their hands in time to the music, and cheering the dancers with *vivas* at any particular display of agility or spirit in the dance.) He then presents his partner with a glass of grog, leads her to a seat, and chooses another. When he tires, there is a general drink, and the lady has the choice. The *Senor Commandante* (the Lieutenant himself) was in considerable request; and a fat old lady, who would not dance with any body else, nearly killed me. The Governor discharged our guns several times, and let off some rockets that we had brought from Huanuco; and I doubt if Tingo Maria had ever witnessed such a brilliant affair before."

About the first of September, Lieut. Herndon entered the main trunk of the Amazon, which carries its Peruvian name of Marañon as far as Talatinga, at the Brazilian frontier; below which, and as far as the junction of the Rio Negro, it takes the name of Solimoes; and thence to the ocean is called Amazon. It was like the Mississippi at its topmost flood, rolling along in wild and majestic grandeur, through the interminable wilds of forest, hill, and valley. Nothing was there along its banks to charm the eye or ear, in the shape of agriculture or domestic scenery. Although the climate is an everlasting summer, no harvest waves along its banks; though its capacities for trade are immense, no steamboat ploughs its waters; though its mountains are filled with ore, its forests with drugs, spices, and gums, and with the finest wood of all kinds, yet there stand those everlasting mountains and trees, in the undisturbed solitude of nature. It is time that the wealth of the south, thus for ages locked up, should begin to make its way to the civilized and mercantile world, and the government deserves well of the country, for endeavoring to arouse the easy and indolent South-Americans of Peru and Brazil, to a sense of the necessary connection between us and themselves. But we will not at present stop on these points. Our mission is of a lighter nature.

We might spend a much longer time over the adventures of Lieut. Herndon, but are anxious to make some extracts from

the report of his co-laborer, Gibbon. Herndon arrived at Pará on the 11th of April, and left there for the United States on the 12th of May. The officers of the different governments along his route uniformly showed him great kindness, and exhibited a laudable desire to second the objects he had in view. Let us now turn for a few minutes to the volume of Lieut. Gibbon, and commend these reports to all our friends who may be fond—as who is not?—of this kind of reading.

From the little town of Tarma, mentioned in the beginning of this article, Gibbon turned to the south-east; and, by the well-executed accompanying maps, we find his route passing through Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil. We think this report more interesting than the other. Gibbon seems to have been a close observer of manners, and his style is certainly, all things considered, graphic. We do not propose to follow him closely, but shall keep up by a running commentary with his travels, and copy some of the descriptive and more amusing portions of his work. Let us begin our extracts by a description of some animals, of which every body has heard :

“The llama is pasturing and giving birth to its young, close under the perpetual snow-line. The alpaca and huanacos, species of the llama, are in numbers also. Llamas occupy the useful position among the aboriginal race of South-America, that the camel does to the wandering man in Arabia. These animals carry loads of one hundred pounds, over roads too dangerous for the mule or the ass, and climb mountains difficult for man. They are principally used for conveying silver from the mines. The Indians are very fond of them; though they drive them with a whip, it is seldom used; when one lags behind or lies down on the road, the Indian talks to it, and persuades it to forget its fatigues and get up again. They hang little bells about their graceful necks, and decorate the tips of their ears with bits of colored ribbon. Their dispositions, like those of their masters, are gentle and inoffensive, except when too much hurried; then they cast saliva at the Indians, or at each other; this is their only offense; it is thought to be poisonous. They require very little food, which they pick up on the mountains, and are much more temperate than their drivers; they require very little water. Their loads are taken off at mid-day, so that they may feed. I am told that they never eat at night. They seek the cold regions of the Andes; nature has provided them with a warm fleece of wool, and they need no shelter. Though they are feeble animals, their usual daily travel is about fifteen miles; but, after three or four days' journey, they must have rest, or they perish on the road. The motion of the head and neck, as they cross the mountain-crags, may be likened to that of the swan as it floats over smooth water. The wool makes good coarse cloth of various colors, seldom all of

one color. The huanaco is known by its being rather larger than the llama; it is said to be difficult to train, even if taken young. It never gives up its ideas of liberty, and will regain its companions whenever an opportunity admits. The alpaca is the smallest, with the finest long wool; its body resembles the sheep, with the head and neck of the llama. José (the servant) tells me they are good to eat, but like the others the meat is not very palatable. . . . Yonder is a lake of clear snow-water, and there stand five beautiful vicuña looking intently at us. What pretty animals, and how wild they look! They come here to pasture with their kinsfolk, the llamas. . . . The vicuña is smaller and a much more neatly formed animal than the llama, with a coat of fine curly wool; its color resembles that of the smaller deer."

We might copy more of this, but we forbear. We have, however, a brief and yet full description of these animals, and all can form a more correct notion of them after reading the account above. There is matter, too, for much comment; but we prefer giving the text, and letting each one, for himself, follow his train of thought. In all their long journey, they were uniformly treated kindly by the authorities; and though the officers required the most punctilious ceremonial, they were willing to be the guides and servants of the explorers. Of the difficulty of obtaining correct and reliable information, let one example suffice; and then, after noting the variety interspersed through these volumes, you must conclude that the writers were not idle.

"Another storm is coming; we hurry on, and arrive at the next post in the small Indian town of Pancara. The postman told José that the Alcalde had come to pay us a visit. A respectable old Indian, with a silver-headed cane, who could not speak Spanish, appeared, so José was my interpreter in Quichua. 'How many people live in this town, Senor Alcalde?' *Alcalde*, (eating parched corn from his waistcoat-pocket :) 'Don't know.' 'Have you plenty to live upon in this part of the country?' *Alcalde*, (with the most laughably contented air :) 'Roast corn and a few potatoes. The people are all going away; will soon be left by myself.' *Alcalde*: 'Going to Cuzco?' *José*: 'Yes; and as we have a long travel, we have to feed our mules well. Will you order us barley?' *Alcalde*: 'I will now go and fetch it.'"

Gibbon also complains of the indolence and drunkenness of the Indians in this region, and of the latter vice we are so assured that we can not doubt; but certainly it requires all our faith to say we believe. Their drink is called *chicha*, and after reading a description of its manufacture, the cause of our half-expressed doubts will be manifest:

"A party—generally old women—seat themselves around a wooden trough containing maize. Each one takes a mouthful, and mashes the grain between her teeth—if she has any—and casts it back into the trough in the most sickening manner. As the mill-stones are often pretty well worn, the operation requires time and perseverance. The mass, with water added, is then boiled in large coppers, after which it is left to ferment in huge earthen jars, when it is sold by the brewers without a license. It is an intoxicating drink, but very healthful, the Indians say."

We partake heartily of the Lieutenant's dislike to the everlasting *chicha*.

If it were possible for us within the space we have allotted to ourselves, we would like to give a few paragraphs upon the *Peruvian bark-gatherers*, and the *silver mines*, as well as the gold-washings of this very remarkable country. In Bolivia, a better state of affairs generally presents itself than in Peru. The people seem more active, the government more liberal, the people better informed and educated, and the women more beautiful. Much is said throughout the volumes of the beauty and grace of the Spanish *senoras*, both on foot and in the saddle. The French are much the most popular foreigners. They seem more than any others, to possess the faculty of adapting themselves to circumstances, and complain less of the existing state of things. In the city of Cuzco is a billiard-room, decorated with a likeness of George Washington at one end, and Napoleon Bonaparte at the other. The house is kept by a Frenchman.

At Cochabamba, in Bolivia, Lieut. Gibbon had the pleasure of meeting his Excellency Captain-General Manuel Isidoro Belzu, President of the Republic of Bolivia. He is described as a tall, graceful officer of middle age, and having much the look of the soldier. He expressed himself pleased to see Lieut. Gibbon, and promised him all the assistance in his power in furtherance of the enterprise. President Belzu is popular, and is, so far as the material with which he has to work is considered, improving rapidly the general face of the country. There is much room for improvement yet, however, as the following anecdote will abundantly prove.

"A fine-looking man, who had been colonel under Balivian, and left the country when Belzu came into power, had recently returned to Cochabamba. As he took no particular or active part in politics, and was successfully farming in the valley, his friends persuaded him to go and pay his respects to the President before he left. So he walked in with some other persons. As

he dined with us after his visit, we offer the account he gave of it to a number of gentlemen, with the spirit and merriment of a good actor on the stage. 'I have come, sir,' said the Colonel bowing, 'to pay my respects to the President of Bolivia.' Belzu, in a rage, 'You are the scoundrel who raised volunteers and fought against me.' Colonel, bowing again respectfully, 'Yes, sir; and in so doing did what every officer is expected to do, obeyed the authorities of my country.' Belzu, in greater rage, 'Get out of my sight, sir; if ever I hear of you taking part against me again, you will be shot in the centre of the plaza.' The Bolivians all laughed, and like himself, seemed to think it a very amusing visit."

We find in these volumes many interesting sketches of life, customs, and manners, marriage and funeral ceremonies, religious observances, balls and theaters, much about the slavery of the native Indian population; of the soil, climate, and productions. The extracts have already increased beyond our calculation, and we must hurry over the remainder of the volume. It is said that Mestizo and Spanish Creole girls have been known in Peru to bear children at eight and nine years of age. At Cochabamba twelve is considered the marriageable age; and at thirteen, girls have been known to bear children. We are disposed to be incredulous upon this point, without calling in question the veracity of the Lieutenant.

The city of Santa Cruz is quite a smart place, and that department of Bolivia is the rice-growing country. Tropical fruits are raised in the gardens, and all sorts of luxuries, conveniences, and necessities foreign to us, flourish there abundantly. Chocolate, coffee, tobacco, vanilla, indigo, and pea nuts are mixed with wheat, maize, potatoes, and grapes. With the present indolence, every thing is plenty; with industry, produce of all kinds would be abundant. People consequently live here, many of them, without making a single exertion—the Indian servants do all the things necessary to keep up the lazy establishment of their Bolivian masters. We can not resist the temptation to make at least one more extract, giving the outline of the daily life of a family in the city of Santa Cruz.

"Very early in the morning, the Creole, getting out of bed, throws himself into a hamac; his wife stretches herself upon a bench near by, while the children seat themselves with their legs under them on the chairs, *all* in their night-dresses. The Indian servant-girl enters with a cup of chocolate for each member of the family. After which she brings some coals of fire in a silver dish. The wife lights her husband a segar, then one for herself. Some time is spent reclining, chatting, and regaling. The man

slowly pulls on his cotton trowsers, woollen coat, leather shoes, and vicuña hat, with his neck exposed to the fresh air—silk handkerchiefs are scarce—he walks to some near neighbors, with whom he again drinks chocolate, and smokes another segar.

"At midday a small low table is set in the middle of the room, and the family go to breakfast. The wife sits next to her husband; the women are very pretty, and affectionate to their husbands. He chooses her from among *five*, there being about that number of women to one man in the town. The children seat themselves, and the dogs form a ring behind. The first dish is a chupe of potatoes with large pieces of meat. The man helps himself first, and throws his bones straight across the table; a child dodges his head, to give it a free passage, and the dogs rush after it as it falls upon the ground-floor. A child then throws his bone, the mother dodges, and the dogs rush behind her. The second dish holds small pieces of beef without bones. Dogs are now fighting. Next comes a dish with finely-chopped beef; then beef-soup, vegetables and fruits; finally, coffee or chocolate. After breakfast the man pulls off his trowsers and coat, and lies down with his drawers in the hamac. His wife lights him a segar. She finds her way back to bed with her segar. The dogs jump up and lie down on the chairs—the fleas bite them on the ground. The Indian girl closes both doors and windows, take the children out to play, while the rest of the family sleep.

"At 2 P.M., the church bells ring to let the people know the priests are saying a prayer for them, which rouses them up. The man rises, stretches his hand above his head and gapes; the dogs get down and whiningly stretch themselves; while the wife sets up in bed and loudly calls out for 'fire.' The Indian girl reappears with a 'chunk' for her mistress to light her master another segar, and she smokes again herself. The dinner, which takes place between three and five, is nearly the same as breakfast, except when a beef is recently killed by the Indians, then they have a broil. The ribs and other long bones of the animal are trimmed of flesh, leaving the bones thinly coated with meat; these are laid across a fire and roasted; the members of the family while employed with them, look as if all were practising music.

"A horse is brought into the house by an Indian man, who holds while the 'patron' saddles and bridles him; he then puts on a large pair of silver spurs, which cost forty dollars, and mounting, he rides out of the front door to the opposite house; halting, he takes off his hat and calls out, 'Buenas tardes, Señoritas'—good evening, ladies. The ladies make their appearance at the door; one lights him a segar; another mixes him a glass of lemonade to refresh him after his ride. He remains in the saddle talking, while they lean gracefully against the door-posts, smiling with their bewitching eyes. He touches his hat and rides off to another neighbor. After spending the afternoon in this way, he rides into his house again. The In-

dian holds the horse by the bridle while the master dismounts. Taking off the saddle, he throws it into one chair, the bridle into another, his spurs on a third, and himself into the hamac; the Indian leads out the horse, the dogs pull down the riding gear to the floor, and lay themselves on their usual bedsteads.

"Chocolate and segars are repeated *ad libitum*, and thus passes the time of a Bolivian gentleman. It could not but be expected, that men who could be content to spend life after such a fashion, would not be capable of much exertion, either physical or mental. There must be got among them some American ingenuity and enterprise—the beautiful señoritas must populate the States, not with the lazy, sleepy, indolent Creole, but with the go-a-head, wakeful, enterprising Yankee. Doubtless they, the Señoritas, would gladly go into the measure, if the views of a lady in La Paz are any guide to the sentiments of the mass. She seemed particularly fond of the United States, asking many questions, expressing her admiration of the people, but disapproving of some of their actions. She approved of the enterprise of Lieut. Gibbon, and expressed herself friendly to it; but concluded by saying—"I believe the North-Americans will some day govern the whole of South-America.'"

We assure her ladyship, that such is not at all our desire, but we must add, that the infusion of some of our superabundant spirit into her countrymen, or a judicious mixture of our population with the Bolivian, would be to the great advantage of the latter country. Nor was this North-American leaning to be found only among the whites. An old Indian Cayuba, of the Mojos tribe, was much surprised at the daguerreotype likeness of two ladies, and brought to Lieut. Gibbon a party of his friends, requesting him to show them the women "of his tribe"—expressing a desire to swap his wife for one of them. There seems to be, therefore, from the president to the mule-driving Indian, a wish that the trading and mercantile interests of the countries traversed by the Amazon and its branches, should be opened to our occupancy. From the mouth of the Madeira, a branch of the Amazon, a distance of five hundred miles, vessels drawing six feet water can navigate at any season of the year; and Lieut. Gibbon estimates that a cargo of goods could arrive at La Paz, the commercial emporium of Bolivia, in fifty-nine days from Baltimore, by the route he travelled, which could be made entirely practicable in a little time and with but small expense.

But we have already lingered too long over these, to us, fascinating volumes. We must close here, without adding the many more paragraphs we had marked for insertion. We are

conscious that we have not done the reports of the two Lieutenants full justice, but what we have said, may send many who have the chance, to reading the results of their labors. When to all this, we add, that extensive and well-executed maps accompany the Reports, and that they themselves are beautifully and profusely illustrated, we have enumerated many things which ought to induce, not only the reading, but the study of them. It is to be hoped that the government will push forward a work so well begun, and endeavor to open a trade, which must, in a short time, be extensive and profitable, with the South-American Republics. Bound together as we are, both by political and natural bands, there ought to exist a close and active mercantile relation between the countries. Lieuts. Herndon and Gibbon have done their parts, and well too, to show the great facilities and advantages of such a trade, and it now remains in the hands of others, to carry forward into actual operation, what is proved by the expedition to be expedient and desirable.

M A R R I A G E .

MARRIAGE is like a flaming candle-light,
Placed in the window on a summer-night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there ;
Those that are out, butt heads against the pane,
Those that are in, butt to get out again.

I WATCH ALONE.

I watch alone this silent night—
Alone, and yet
A thousand shapes are gliding near.
The dead have met
The living in the shadowy throng.
Forgotten years
Upon my head their ashes lay.
Forgotten tears
Their long-dried channels fill,
And flow at will.

I feel that I this phantom-host
Could drive away,
And summon to my presence all
The bright array,
Which Hope can marshal in her train.
But well I know
That all, around me gathered now,
Wore long ago
The beauty of the earth.
Behold its worth!

A little while, and I may be
Mourned with the rest.
The valley-clods may crumble on
My pulseless breast.
A shadow of a bygone time,
My name may be;
And thou, perchance, in solitude,
My image see,
Recalling then the years,
I trust with tears.

SIGMA.

POEMS BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.*

THREE kinds are there of poets. First of them in rank comes the great practical poet—he who dealing with the thoughts and aspirations of daily life sublimates them into a broader spirit and a grander power. In his hands are placed the keys to all the riddles of humanity. He reads them and under his eyes, and on his lip, and in his voice they become intelligible and actual. He translates them to his fellows in form though not in mind, and becomes by the impulsive act of his own necessary volition the teacher of created man. Such were, and are, such men as Shakespeare, Homer, Molière, Æschylus, Byron, Tasso, Sophocles, Dante, Massinger, Ford, Corneille, Milton, Schiller, Voltaire, Racine, Virgil, Spenser, Lessing, Ariosto, Hugo, Bryant, Tennyson, and others of the greater names which are handed down to us, or exist amongst us.

Next to these men come the more purely metaphysical poets. In some respects, their mission to humanity is more elevated and loftier, but it is less wide in its applicability and less generally appreciated by the masses. Of this class three names more specially enounce themselves in modern poetry, standing possibly at the head of all who claim to rank with them. These are Shelley, Goethe, and Wordsworth. The two first possess many of the elements which characterize the first-named class, but, far more addicted to abstruse thought and the use of many words, their power becomes somewhat weakened and is far less widely valued. At the same time, none have disciples more earnest and less inclined to quarrel with them on the score of this defect. These men adore their very errors and prize them as the evidences of their genius. They worship their vague sublimity, as in earlier times men might adore the mystic words of him who laid a claim to inspiration. In

* Published by Charles Scribner. New-York.

their eyes these poets are holy. They repay them by the intensity of their individual worship, for that which it may lack in its general extent.

Next we come to the purely lyric poet, with one of whom, we have more specially to deal in this article. He gives not thoughts but facts. Humbler, yet at the same time in his tone far more original, he is both lesser and greater than his brethren.

Or we feel that we are wrong in the use of the word original. Poetically more so, he is less original in fact. And yet he is a poet through himself alone. He is unable to weld himself upon the thoughts of others. These have studied the philosophy of varied humanity, and drunken deeply of its innermost vitality. What it pleases them to take, they seize upon from whom they choose, with a reckless and daring will. Welded into their own trains of thought, it is elaborated with a new and surpassing brilliancy. Upon the stolen text, they rejoice in rearing a more beautiful and less constrained chain of ideas.

The lyric poet, on the contrary, depends more upon the loves and fancies of daily life. He deals almost exclusively with the actual as it comes everywhere before us.

Those grand ideas and lofty thoughts which are everywhere scattered through the writings of these men, are not appropriated by him to form the body of his sensuous poetry. He does not form from them the body of the web into which his own lovely and loving threads are woven. Regard them all, from Sappho and Anacreon downwards through Waller and his fellows, to the men of our own time, Moore and Beranger, and you will find them all, more or less distinctly marked by the one great attribute of singleness and simplicity. Take the fragment of Sappho's ode commencing with,

"Αθανατοίς Αφροδίτη—"

or the gentle, swimming, and euphonious melody of Anacreon's tender songs, such, for example, as the one commencing,

"Θέλω λεγειν Ατρεϊδας
Θέλω δε Καδμων αδειν," etc., etc.,

with the simpler beauty of Waller's

"Go, lovely rose,—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
How passing fair and sweet they be
That in their love, resemble thee,"

and you will find in all of them, the same characteristics of an extreme simplicity preserved in their diction, and a corresponding unity in their thought.

The primary requisite in a great lyrical poet is his capacity of being set to melody. Let other writers fret as they may choose at the comparative ease with which a writer of song may build up and acquire a reputation, it is certain that this ease belongs to but few poets. Anacreon, Burns, and Moore can all be set to music. Nay, the music to which they are set breathes itself almost involuntarily from the lips of one who is reading them aloud. Waller is a poet whose very words are a dulcet melody. It breathes through every accent which his pen has woven into verse. Not one great poet is there, possibly, who has not written some few lines instinct with this most delicate of all graces. But for these few lines, what scores are there whose symmetrical euphony is absolutely incapable of this application.

There is, and can be but one simple element in song-writing, and this is simplicity. Nor in stating this, must it be imagined that we mean alone the simplicity demanded under the form of a brief and connected subject, although this is in itself a primary demand from the lyrical poet. Simplicity is equally required in the phrase and formation of a song. Give your lyrical effusion the slightest touch of ambiguity and its texture is absolutely destroyed. Neither will it be more improved by too great a profusion of ornament and decoration. Even in its very length the poet is dictated to, for this is prescribed as well by the necessities of the musician, as by the patience of those who have to listen to it.

When, indeed, you consider that even to the writer of mere prose there is no quality of more difficult attainment than simplicity, you will at once understand wherefore we lay so much stress upon its necessity in the lyric poet.

The fatal facility of verse and the demands of rhyme undoubtedly tempt the poetical writer to the use of an undue amount of embroidery. This he can not employ without lavishing upon it that care which should be confined to the subject, all but exclusively. Study the first verse of Burns' grandest and most patriotic song—

"Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled—
Scots! wham Bruce has aften led—
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory."

Is there in this stanza a single word which could be omitted without weakening it? Is there one single thought which might strike us as being superfluous? Very certainly, not one. And when we count over the songs which have made their way in the world, and stamped the names of their writers with immortality, we humbly conceive that not one may be found which does not possess this most necessary and primary requisite. Moore, perhaps, possesses it less than any modern lyrical writer, but how infinitely superior is he in it to many of his greater contemporaries. "The harp that rung through Tara's halls," has already taken its place as a gem of composition, and will in all probability carry its writer's name farther down the stream of time, than any of the redundant and oriental imagery which he has wedded with the skillful collection of poetical *novelettes* that he has imbedded in the graceful and singularly refined poem of "Lalla Rookh."

One only lyrical poet have we as yet produced in this country who is positively entitled to any eminence. It is to a consideration of his poetical powers that we purpose devoting the present article. This poet is George P. Morris.

His songs are known and sung in every ingle-nook and fire-side corner of America. Most undoubtedly does he possess the widest and most thorough popularity of any writer for melody, at present living, if we possibly save and except Beranger, the political value of whose songs, in addition to their rare merit, have procured him a partial recognition as the greatest poet of modern France. Nor, as the writer for melody is ever in his own time more popular than any other class of poets, will it perhaps be wrong in us to assert that Morris is more widely known than any writer of poetry at present living except Beranger.

"Well, suppose we grant that this is so," say our American readers, (for singular to say, Morris, although better known upon this side of the Atlantic, is far less valued than he is upon the other,) "let us ask you to inform us, in what respect it really is that he deserves the singular success which has generally attended him."

We will endeavor to tell you. There are in the world two distinct classes of judgment which ordinarily determine the value of all poetry, whether it be simply lyrical or of the metaphysical and practical. These are the judgment of the connoisseur and that which actuates the *vox communis*.

You will perhaps inquire of us what we specifically call the

connoisseur. He is of very different kinds. The connoisseur in more purely metaphysical poetry will be disposed to under-value or ignore both of the other description of writers, whose reputation and standing have scarcely been established by the test of time. He can not dare to decry Shakespeare or Dante, but he can consistently undervalue Byron, as he will in his adoration for Shelley totally ignore the positive claims of either Bryant or Poe. Like the enthusiast in old China, he despises all else, and values only the cracked dishes, riveted together, which he has picked up in the course of his wanderings. So does the connoisseur in practical poetry despise both the weaver of lyrical and metaphysical verse. Very possibly he does so with a far greater semblance of reason upon his side. He points out the flaws in the old China, and weighs the new jewelry in his hand with an unblushing contempt for its want of weight. These, however, are merely students. They simply have formed their judgment upon prescription. For the lyrical writer, there is, however, another and a sterner connoisseur—one who weighs his words by their capacity for his own use. This is the musician. As all connoisseurs, he may occasionally be deceived. He may even at times be compelled to deal with words which he does not relish. While Alfred Bunn was the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, his awful twaddle was wedded to the music both of Balfe and Wallace. This is, however, only said *en passant*. Generally, his taste will be essentially correct if he be a talented musician.

Next to the connoisseur comes the public. What the connoisseur has decided to be good, they will generally, but not always, affix their *imprimatur* to. To their decision all authors bow. From it there is no appeal.

What the masses at once relish or can learn to value, is invariably good.

Let us see first upon what ground it is that the composer has accepted Morris. This will enable us to decide upon his merits, in conjunction with the general estimation which has been allotted him by the public. You will perhaps recall what we have previously stated, that simplicity is equally requisite in the phrase and formation of a song. It is in fact its primary requisite. The idea must neither be cloudily expressed nor vaguely inferred. Otherwise, it will fail in a positive necessity. Take any song from any portion of Morris's volume, and read it over. This one will do as well as any other which we might turn to :

I.

"I never have been false to thee!
 The heart I gave thee, still is thine,
 Though thou hast been untrue to me,
 And I no more may call thee mine.
 I've loved, as woman ever loves,
 With constant soul in good or ill;
 Thou 'st proved, as man too often proves,
 A rover—yet I love thee still.

II.

"Yet, think not that my spirit stoops
 To bind thee captive in its train—
Love is no flower at sunset droops,
Yet smiles when comes her God again.
 Thy words which fall unheeded now,
 Would once my heart-strings madly thrill—
Love's golden chain and burning vow
Are broken—but I love thee still.

III.

"Once, what a heaven of bliss was ours,
 When love gilt all the clouds of care,
 And time fled by with birds and flowers,
 Whose song and incense filled the air.
The past is mine—the present thine—
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose—but love thee, false one, still."

Such words as these are literally stamped out for music. So few defects would be apparent to the musician in the merely verbal character of this poem, that we will not allude to them. In the construction of its thought it is also singularly adapted for melody. Each verse is complete in itself, yet follows naturally upon the other, and each touch of the word-painter is, as it were, instinct with a clear and active vitality. It is probable that you may tell us—regarding only the appearance of happy ease with which the result has been accomplished, as well as the sweet and transparent simplicity which is visibly to be traced throughout—any writer might pen such a poem. Believe us, that unfortunately this is far from being the case.

There are in the world many poets to be met with, in almost every age. Yet, run over the names of all who are living

now, or all who have flourished at any one period, and how few lyrical poets will you discover amongst them. At the present moment America does not possess any genuine writer of lyric verse save Morris. We recognize the profound and holy genius of the Father of American poetry—Bryant, as we value the less discursive and quaint subtlety of Poe; but neither of these men, great poets though they were and are, could have produced a lyric poem which should suggest music to the ear of the composer, as readily as an opening rose breathes the perfume of its honey to the scent of the wandering bee which issues from its hive in quest of it.

That genius which has been given them, lacks the spontaneous facility which is most unquestionably one of the great features in the absolutely lyrical writer. Thought works in them, ere it develops itself in their inspirations. In the song-breather, thought is almost spontaneous. These may acquire a profounder and broader originality. He develops a readier and prompter beauty. Take as an example of our meaning, the following verse from a song of Morris's:

"Near the lake, where drooped the willow,
Long time ago,
Where the rock throw back the billow,
White as the snow,
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished
By high and low,
But with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago."

As an admirable specimen of lyrical concision, this verse is deserving of special admiration. We should well be puzzled to cite another which might rival it in this. Nothing could be more exquisitely brief than the whole character of its descriptive power.

Indeed, this is so intelligibly marked as to render it scarcely necessary for us to dwell at length upon it. Each line, or as we should perhaps say, each leading line, contains a broad and prominent portion of the picture which our poet would convey, and may challenge comparison on the score of its conception and execution, with almost any lyrical poem to which our recollections may be called. All of the thought shown in this verse is very evidently spontaneous. No labor has been displayed, except perchance in the form of its development, for though the conciseness of the thought may be natural, the

concision of its shape demands labor. Its very apparent ease would be, in nine cases out of ten, caused by the persevering use of the file. The poet may or may not own this, but too many evidences have been afforded us that it is so. Moore polished and polished, until that marvellous ease which he seemed almost to breathe, was at length perfected. We have seen an old MS. by Waller of the very song from which we have quoted a portion of a stanza, as different from the completed form which has been handed down to us, as it could possibly have been. Yet even this was interlined and corrected. The line,

"Go, lovely rose,"

was cast in three different forms, and stood at last in it, in another shape than that which it now bears.

But it is not in one of Morris's poems alone, that we may find this purely lyrical excellence. It may be in a greater or less degree traced in all of them. We now come to a feature which is more distinctively his own than any other. This is the absence of any touch of impurity in any thing which he has written. Allow us to say, that this is a feature in the greater number of our best poets, of which America has ample reason to be proud. Scarcely one of them is there, whose name we can now recall, that has prostituted his pen in an unseemly and licentious manner.

When we remember the numerous examples in English poetry—when we cast our eyes back upon the "Don Juan" of Byron, and the earlier songs of Moore, published under the pseudonym of "Little," we feel ourselves at a loss to account for this fact in the, at present, somewhat confined history of poetry in the New World. Yet, so it certainly is.

In Morris this is more marked, because the temptation to it, for the writer of the song, is more potent. Wine and love are two of the main elements with which he has to deal. How easy is the step, in treating of either of these, into the fatal slough of licentiousness. Of this, he has, with a wondrous tact, entirely kept clear. No line is to be found in his poems which we should be tempted to wish erased, on the score of its pandering either to the drunkenness of the body or the prostitution of the heart. Like many writers of the song, he is somewhat deficient, perhaps, in the strength of passion. If so, it is to this that he possibly owes that purity of taste which we are at present commenting upon. But with what an amount of geniality of soul he makes amends for the deficiency we have just noticed. No poet, or rather, no lyrical poet, whom

we know, has written with such a wealthy amount of honest and upright feeling. We are tempted to quote the following poem, and we will do so, although it is far from being one of the best in the volume, as an instance of this.

I.

"I clasp your hand in mine, Willie,
And fancy I've the art,
To see, while gazing in your face,
What's passing in your heart.
*'Tis joy an honest hand to hold—
That gem of modest worth,
More prized than all the sordid gold
Of all the mines of earth, Willie,
Of all the mines of earth.*

II.

"I've marked your love of right, Willie,
Your proud disdain of wrong;
I know you'd rather aid the weak,
Than battle for the strong.
The golden rule—religion's stay—
With constancy pursue,
Which renders others all that they
On earth can render you, Willie,
On earth can render you.

III.

"A conscience void of guile, Willie,
A disposition kind—
A nature gentle and sincere,
Accomplished and refined—
*A mind that was not formed to bow—
An aspiration high,
Are written on your calm, clear brow,
And in your cheerful eye, Willie,
And in your cheerful eye.*

V.

"You're all that I could hope, Willie,
And more than I deserve;
Your pressure of affection, now,
I feel in every nerve.
I love you not for station—land—
But for yourself alone,
And this is why I clasp your hand,
So fondly in mine own, Willie,
So fondly in mine own."

We know not how our readers will relish these lines, but should they not do so, we candidly say that we are sorry for their sake rather than for our own. They are addressed by a parent to his only son, and to us are, at least, more full of tender and manly affection than any which we have elsewhere met with. Seldom are there verses of this description, which so amply by their own merit justify their author in adding them to his printed works. All poets can, in a better or worse degree, write of love. The passion kindles their hearts and enables them to discourse of it. All men who write can write best of what they feel, when even that feeling is a purely passing one. Few unless they feel, and feel deeply family love, can write as this man—George P. Morris has here done.

To us it is, we confess, a revelation. Previous to reading it, we valued Morris as a poet. He was a man of decided, although as all lyrical writers are, of somewhat confined genius. Therefore we admired him.

But on reading this poem, and re-reading it, we confess that we have welcomed him into our heart. Every line in it is a new claim upon our love. They speak to us in our innermost feelings, and touch them strongly and decidedly. More of true character is revealed in them than in any poem of the same length which we have ever read. Not a feeling is expressed in them which any father might not pronounce his own, if he was sincerely actuated by paternal love, and was an honest man. Such lines his son may well be proud of and value them as a brighter legacy—if not a more valuable one, than any amount of the goods of this life. We recommend him to cherish them in his heart as his fairest and wealthiest possession.

It is perhaps in his intense accessibility to the purer and better class of emotions, that Morris is more specially distinguished as a lyric writer. He deals with nothing that can lower his own self-respect, for the simple reason that it may possibly afford him the means to display his poetic power. And this is, for reasons which we have earlier stated, a rare merit in any poet, and one perhaps still rarer in any lyric writer. Indeed, scarcely one is there to be named, who has not, in some degree, blemished the verse which he has woven, by this weakness.

In common with the greater portion of the writers of the lyric, Morris can by no means be considered as in any way approaching the reputation of a voluminous poet. This is possibly the more wonderful, when you take upon yourself the task of re-

calling amongst what influences and in how strange a sphere of life for the poet, his lot has been cast.

Examine for a moment the impulses and character of the age in which he is now living. Consider him in his actual calling—that of the newspaper-editor and journalist—then tell us whether you consider that this of necessity conduces to the development of the poetic faculty. It may, perchance, further the faculty of verse-making, but it very certainly does not increase the capacity for dealing with the ideal. That which would most surely not have arrested our attention some half of a century since, now demands it. The thinking and meditative man is almost irresistibly forced upon its consideration. What would not possibly have induced our notice in the merely country gentleman, or him who is placed in a situation removed from the bustle of public life, becomes more than remarkable when it attracts our attention in one whose necessities originally forced him upon the use of that editorial pen, the employment of which has at length grown into a confirmed habit.

In addition to this, not a doubt can now rationally exist but that the present age is emphatically the age of literary celebrity rather than of fame. Or rather is it, what we may call the age of celebrities.

Those who possess what the world calls genius—and perhaps with some reason—are now induced to use the pen not so much from their own impulses as from the desire of making money. Books are woven in every shape and fashion, not from the inspiration which was wont to frame them, so much as to extract from the publisher a handsome share of his receipts from the public. The penman searches for the name of his work in the same manner as the barber and the dentist have been wont to invent the names of their hair-oil, their perfume, or their tooth-powder. Different perhaps in style and conception, they are equally well adapted to fulfill the objects of their primary necessity and attract the attention of him who by chance peruses their announcement. "Fashion and Famine" is an alliterative name which stays him whose eye rests upon it, when he sees it on an advertising bill in the windows of a bookseller. "You Have Heard of Them" is another title which demands the glance of him who catches it, while "My Courtship and Its Consequences" promises a *piquant* volume, which pledge is by no means contradicted by its contents.

Indeed, you can appear in no fashionable saloon in Upper Tendom where some of these talents may not be met with. In the commonest bar-room in New-York you may meet with

some one or other of them. The nonentity of to-day may blossom under the morning sun of to-morrow into a perfectly appalling notoriety. If he does not write something whose oddity, impudence, or fluency commands attention, he may commit suicide or swindle a bank, (few literary men, be it observed, have the chance accorded them of indulging in the last amusement,) and he immediately rises into celebrity. The Chevalier Wikoff, North, and Fanny Fern were the reputations of the end of last year and the commencement of this. The biographer of James Gordon Bennett, whoever he may be, is about to become the celebrity of next month. In six more he also will have passed out of date, and we shall be invited to gaze upon a new one. It is out of the question to imagine that we are any longer trotting through life by the easy stages in which our ancestors were accustomed to travel. We now consume the road on fast trotters, at the rate of a mile in 2.20, or are wheeled through it at an even faster rate of progression upon the rail. What, reputations in former days were wont to be, they are no longer. The formation of them has passed into the hands of the spahis of modern literature. The collisionists and catastrophe-inventors of the newspapers have coolly and impudently appropriated their organization into their own hands. No longer are they shapen by the ancient unit which was once their mode of reckoning, but are uttered by the modern hundred, for this is the present ratio of their production.

How is the modest voice of the true poet to gain a hearing when it arises amongst the din and roar of the thousand celebrities that cumber the earth one very side of him? Amongst the clamor of those utilitarians — the news-boys, the screams of steam-whistles, the staring announcements of Ethiopian serenaders, music and machinery, carriages and railway-trains a quarter of a mile in length, mighty Posters and dollar novels, actors and Opera, vermin-slaughterers and hatters, steamboats and Banjos, his delicate notes will clearly run the chance of not being heard, or if heard, of not being attended to.

You may gaze back upon the times which have slipped from the world of to-day, with a deep and melancholy sigh after the stray flowers which you once might find by the road-side. You may dream of the days of your sires, in which the blue violet and yellow primrose carpeted, and the blushes of the wild rose hung their festoons along the sides of the lanes. You may fancy that you too would relish to loiter along such paths, and welcome their delicate perfume mingled with the scents of

the green grass, into your worn-out and wearied soul. But where, alas! are they now to be found? Not a single blossom may you trace along the hedge-rows. In this exceedingly civilized community, not such a thing as an antique hedge-row is perchance to be found. If you demand flowers, you must purchase them from a *bouquet-vender*—or, we beg his pardon, a *bouquet-merchant*. They will be deftly arranged in clean shirt-collars—we mean frills of delicately pierced white paper—lengthened and bound together with wire—wrapped up in a sheet of tissue-paper. You may grasp the *bouquet* without soiling your white kids, and rejoice that the sickening fragrance of the hot-house salutes your nose from the musked green leaf of a geranium. And as this is so, you will grow dead to all wild and natural beauty, while your eye will be dimmed to its wide and pervading loveliness, and your nostril unequivocally refuses to recognize its perfume.

What chance, then, let us ask, has the poet in such an age as the present one, unless he addresses himself to the few who slowly create an enduring reputation, or appeals at once to the many of the world, through whose instincts it may unconsciously be given?

The poetical necessities of our author's mind impelled him upon the latter course. Most eminently fitted was he to appease and gratify the wants of the many. His honest, and at the same time, genial sense of religion—his straightforward and earnest manliness—his intelligibility and the frank clearness of his diction, were in themselves admirably calculated to insure the success of that appeal. In a most eminent degree are all of these qualities developed in Morris—perhaps more forcibly than in any other poet now living. But in addition to them, he possesses an almost universal joyousness in his way of regarding life: Only, its sunny side would appear to have been unsealed to him. Nothing to him is miserable or mournful. All around him would seem to be mirth or joy. Poetry to, and in him, is no dark and morbid power. Hear him discourse of it:

I.

“To me, is earth an open book,
Of sweet and pleasant poesy,
*I read it in the running brook,
That sings its way towards the sea;
It whispers in the leaves of trees—
The swelling grain—the waving grass,
And in the cool fresh evening breeze,
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.*

II.

"The flowers below—the stars above,
 In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven.
 Thus, nature's volume, read aright,
 Tunes heart and soul to minstrelsy—
 Tinting life's clouds with rosy light,
 And all the earth with poetry."

Is not the man who thus feels and writes of poetry, a poet in his heart? We feel that he is, and have little hesitation in ranking him as the first and only true lyric poet that America has yet produced. How beautiful too, are the lines of the following poem from which we will but cull a few stray stanzas:

II.

"Love bathes him in the morning-dews,
 Or hides him in the lily-bells—
 Reposes in the rainbow-hues,
 And sparkles in the crystal wells,
 Or hies him to the coral-caves,
 Where sea-nymphs sport beneath the waves.

III.

"He vibrates in the wind-harp's tune—
 With Fays and Oreads lingers he—
 Gleams in the ring of the watery moon,
 Or treads the pebbles of the sea.
 * * * * *

IV.

"And everywhere he welcome finds—
 From cottage-door, to palace porch,
 Love enters free as spicy winds,
With purple wings, and lighted torch.
 * * * * *

Are not these fragments worthy of Waller, and is not the one which here follows, so singularly like him, that but for its modern construction we might almost believe it to have been written by that poet?

VII.

"Oh! Boy-God, Love!—an archer, thou!
Thine utmost skill I fain would test;
One arrow aim at Lelia, now—
Thy target be her heaving breast;
Her heart bind in thy captive train,
Or give me back mine own again."

We feel that we must have already quoted far more than sufficient to justify all which we have said, or we should be tempted to extract "*Lisette*," for its exceeding and playful beauty. Here, however, are four lines, which we can not avoid culling from the charming poem called "*Rosabel*":

"The wild-wood and the forest-path
We used to thread of yore,
Whence bird and bee have flown with thee,
And gone for evermore."

Some lovers of poetry perchance there may be, who are unable to appreciate the simple but excessive natural beauty of these lines. If so, we confess that we pity them. Poetry demands from all a willing recipiency of its tender loveliness. Its more elevated and forcible characteristics any can comprehend. But the line is so faintly drawn between the grace of delicacy and the febleness into which in many cases it passes, that there are few who can readily appreciate the tendernesses of fancy and expression which constitute the chief beauty of the lyrical fancy. However, there are so many and such various charms in this volume which we feel inclined to gather from it, that we feel compelled by a respect for the wants of this Review, on the score of space, to register our determination to quote no more. But for this, we should most certainly have been inclined to transfer to these pages the sparkling dozen lines, which are called from the refrain of each verse, "*Well-a-day*." The second stanza of "*Walter Gay*" is an absolute gem, in its peculiar class of song; and, as we con it over, we feel desperately tempted to forget our pledge. To the lovers of patriotic poetry, we would cite the "*Hero's Legacy*" as a flowing bit of genuine feeling, which is worthy of any pen; and also the fourth and fifth stanzas of the "*Champions of Liberty*." In neither of these, has the slightest attempt been made to increase the natural strength of the sentiment by its verbal treatment; and, for this very reason it strikes us the more forcibly in the present time of carefully dressed simile and elaborate verbiage, by which too many of our modern poets at-

tempt in vain to veil the mawkish inefficiency and inanity of their original and primary idea.

But in a more special degree, perhaps, and one which has been rarely commented upon, is Morris a purely Anglo-Saxon poet. He is essentially the poet of home. Home-feelings and home-influences make themselves felt in every line which he writes.

Nor is this by any means a quality to which a lyrical writer can train himself. It must be given him by that God to whose will man is indebted for every excellence which may be accorded him. No education can instil into his song this pervading thought. If it is not born in his soul, he can not weave it into his verse. This characteristic alone would stamp Morris's nationality. Such a poet could not have been born in France, Spain, Italy, or Germany. Only could he have sprung from America or England; for in no other countries is home a word of such significance as it is in these. Mind us—we are not at present thinking of New-York, that city in which the “πολλοί” of every country in the world have taken up their abode; in which every nationality may find its own representatives; where Teuton, Frank, Celt, and Italian have all taken a prominent share in shaping the tempers and manners of its inhabitants. We are speaking of the farms and homesteads of America—the broad and open country, in which a man knows the charms of his own hearth-stone, and does not make his dwelling in the second story of a fashionable boarding-house, for the sake of giving his wife society in its parlor, while he is spending his evenings in the drinking-saloon or the gambling-house. It is by such hearths as this that Morris will be read, and his words be sung in the coming years. Here, his songs will become Household Scriptures, valued for their pure and simple thoughts when more ambitious rhymesters have been totally forgotten.

But do not think from our saying this, that we are blind to his more poetic excellencies, as perchance the world might call them. Such is this verse, which we take by chance from numerous others:

“With love her bosom swells,
Which she would fain conceal—
Her eyes like crystal wells,
Its hidden depths reveal.
While liquid diamonds drip
From feeling's fountain warm,
Flutters her scarlet lip—
A rose-leaf in a storm.”

Already has our resolution slipped from our memory, and we have once more quoted from him. Having done so, we confess that we can not make up our mind to resist the temptation to take another poem bodily from the volume. We do so, because it is entirely in a different style from any which we have previously appropriated. He calls it an *Apologue*, why we do not know, nor do we greatly care. A poet has the right to baptize his own children as he wills. If a man named Smith chooses to have his son christened Zerubbabel Zephaniah, or his daughter Jezebel Sesostris, has not a lyrical writer the option of bestowing any name he relishes upon his writings?

I.

"Two children of the olden time,
In Flora's primrose season,
Were born. The name of one was Rhyme—
That of the other Reason.
And both were beautiful and fair,
And pure as mountain-stream and air.

II.

"As the boys together grew,
All happy fled their hours—
Grief or care they never knew,
In the Paphian bowers.
See them roaming, hand in hand,
The pride of all the choral band.

III.

"Music with harp of golden strings—
Love with bow and quiver—
Airy sprites on radiant wings—
Nymphs of glado and river,
Joined the muses' constant song,
As Rhyme and Reason passed along.

IV.

"But the scene was changed—the boys
Forsook their native soil;
Rhyme's pursuit was idle joys,
Reason's, manly toil.
Soon Rhyme was starving in a ditch,
While Reason grew exceeding rich.

V.

"Since that dark and fatal hour
 When Rhyme and Reason parted,
 Reason has had wealth and power—
 Rhyme's poor and broken-hearted.
 And now, or bright or stormy weather,
 The twain are *never* seen together."

We crave the pardon of the poet for the slight alteration we have thought fit to make in the last line. It has been but in changing a single word. We own to having erased "*seldom*" and substituted "*never*." Has not Reason rubbed out Rhyme from its association with Bryant, in order to monopolize him as a journalist? Was not Morris essentially a poet, and is he not, at the present, neither more nor less than the editor of a literary and weekly newspaper? Did not Longfellow render his muse comfortable by the *rationale* of a professorship and marriage? Would not either of the three with Rhyme have been

"——— starving in a ditch,"

if they had not turned to work with Reason, and therefore managed, by hook and crook, to grow

"——— exceeding rich;"

or, for we wish to be faithful to facts, (what is critical disquisition unless it be so faithful?) managed to find themselves tolerably comfortable for life?

Indeed, it was in the olden time a sad fact, that Rhyme generally starved unless it was contented to swell the train of some great lord, and become one of his upper menials. Dante was exiled. Tasso rotted for years in a prison. Shakespeare flattered Elizabeth, and was the retainer of a play-house. Milton sold "*Paradise Lost*" for nine or ten pounds sterling. Molière hung about the court of Louis Quatorze. Dryden lived by selling his dedications, and Wycherly died a beggar.

At present, it is as certain that no poet can live by his poetry. He is obliged to pander to the tastes of the public, and to live by flattering their popular idiosyncrasies—a poor life at the best—or to labor in the mill of mental drudgery, and make himself the pack-horse of its daily needs, as it may suit him. What has Halleck made his age comfortable by doing?

Very certainly not by the exertion of his poetic powers. Did Shelley do so? Is Beranger a wealthy man? We groan and shrug our shoulders as we acknowledge the negative in every case.

Yet at the same time we are proud of these men, because they have not misused their powers. More glad should we possibly be, to see their country remove from the poets of the day that necessity which thrusts them helplessly into the hard necessities of daily labor. More pleased might we be to recognize a country paying her large debt to those men through whose intellects, in such various ways, the Almighty evolves the sense of the true, the grand, and the lovely. But as this is, and we fear never will be the case, we own that we do reverence to that patient and earnest labor which enables them to preserve themselves from the debasement of their poetic genius, in the crushing round of a polluting toil. In that capacity of living which is at present afforded indifferently to the children of the pen, as to others, we recognize a striking and tangible advance in the present age upon that which has preceded it. Money-grubbing, in one sense, it may perchance be; but that money-grubbing spirit, which we all more or less share, has at least the choice left it of keeping its back unbent. Time has done something for man. It has enabled him to erect his head more freely and fearlessly, and to work at what he wills, without toadying wealth or rank. In this, the land we live in is at present in advance of the world. Much, however, even in America, has yet to be done. We may, and in all probability never shall see it, but the day approaches in which national pride will unchain the poet from the oar, and acknowledge him as something which ought to stand apart from the trick and turmoil of daily existence, as the mouthpiece and at the same time the teacher of his age.

But we have been wandering, and feel that we are outstepping the limits that we had proposed ourselves in the consideration of the subject of our review. We will accordingly conclude this article by taking his own description of the poet as he regards him:

I.

"How sweet the cadence of his lyre—
What melody of words—
It strikes a pulse within the heart,
Like songs of forest-birds,
Or tinkling of the shepherd's bell
Among the mountain-herds.

II.

"His mind's a cultured garden
 Where Nature's hand hath sown
 The flower-seeds of poetry—
 And they have freshly grown,
 And bloomed with beauty and perfume
 To other plants unknown.

III.

"A fair career before him—
 All tongues pronounce his praise,
 All hearts his inspiration feel,
 And will in after-days,
 For genius breathes in every line
 Of his soul-thrilling lays.

IV.

"A nameless grace is round him—
 A something too refined
 To be described, yet must be felt
 By all of human kind—
 An emanation from the soul
 Which may not be defined.

V.

"Then blessings on the minstrel,
 His faults let others scan—
 There may be spots upon the sun
 Which those may view that can;
 I see them not—yet know him well—
A poet and a man."

If we have quoted these lines, it is simply because we feel that Morris, in drawing this sketch, has limned, while unaware that he was doing so, a portrait of himself as he must have been, ere time had made him that which he now is, and begun to sow his hair with those gray lines which speak of age. Commending it to the study of our readers, we close the volume of the only really lyrical writer which the United States have produced up to the present period.

WHAT NEXT?

"If the Americans can show us the way to take Sebastopol, we should be quite ready to learn, and to give them every credit for the lesson."—*London Times*.

THE comments of the British press on the scheme for raising recruits in this country to assist the Allies in their operations against Russia; or, to speak more plainly, to enable them to escape from the Crimea, furnish some interesting illustrations of character and give a considerable insight into the views of the English people, as well as into the opinions and fears of their rulers with respect to the war, into which they rushed with such a flourish of trumpets, and from the responsibilities of which they are now essaying so many ingenious means of escape.

It had become the essence of British policy to assume a tone of the haughtiest defiance and supreme confidence. The world had been taught, in song and story, to accept Britain's invincibility as a great fact. The American Revolution and its consequences have long since been placed to the credit of Britain's magnanimous forbearance. A persistent and systematic practice of ridiculing all other nations, always accompanied by self-laudatory allusions to "wooden walls" and "iron dukes," had produced their effect. To an Englishman's conceit the order, "Up Guards and at 'em!" would alone, and at any time, be adequate to insure a victory like Waterloo; and to produce results like those of Trafalgar, it would be but necessary to announce to *the rulers of the waves*, that "England expects every man to do his duty."

But times change—and as the "meteor flag" of England wanes paler and paler before the walls of Sebastopol, the braggart changes his tone. The humiliating position he has been forced to assume before the world, and the perplexing straits to which he finds himself irresistibly driven, have very naturally brought John Bull to a sensible appreciation of his true position. Having, in this instance, but partially succeeded in his wonted practice of enlisting under his banners *the prejudices of the world*, which, like Swiss troops, may be engaged in any cause and are prepared to serve under any leader; having well-nigh exhausted his hypocritical cant about "the encroachment of Asiatic barbarism upon European civilization;" the puerile

cry about "the onslaught of Tartars upon the defenders of constitutional liberty" having become too transparent and palpable a hoax, we find the bully resorting to a new, although a characteristic, expedient—from blustering he turns to whining.

Truly, John Bull judged by himself, and John Bull judged by his neighbors, are two very different personages.

We shall not attempt to separate the farrago, from which we have given an extract at the head of this article, into parts, and examine and answer its components. It would be labor lost—*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. Neither shall we attempt to describe the mingled feelings of surprise and disgust which came over us as we read this choicest specimen of flunkey composition. The smile of bitter scorn can be the only American response to such stupid and gratuitous evidence of transparent duplicity and patent poltroonery. This humiliating confession of weakness, or this contemptible attempt at swindling, whichever it may be termed, is addressed to Americans, whose ears for years past have been made familiar with the epithets, "freebooters," "pirates," "man-sellers," cowards." It is to them, in the hour of need, the boasting, bullying braggart appeals in the tones of another Aminidab Sleek—it is to Americans, who, during the Mexican war, were characterized as freebooters and land-pirates that this most modest of appeals is made.

Virtuously shocked by the conduct of Russia towards Turkey, John Bull suddenly becomes conveniently forgetful of the history of his own foreign policy of the last two hundred years. He forgets that before 1829, and the treaty of Adrianople, whoever took the side of Turkey was, in his eyes, a vile supporter of despotism, a friend of Asiatic barbarism, and an enemy not only of all light and progress, but of the *Christian religion*!

But times change, and this dreadful "Russian predominance" must be put down—*Delenda est Carthago*! It is to no purpose to say that Russia has as much right to keep up a military and naval force at Sebastopol, a fortified place in her own dominions, as England has to keep up a military and naval force in Portsmouth, which is a fortified place in England. John can not see the force of such reasoning. Russia, says he, makes herself "aggressively preponderant." And has John ever made himself any thing other than aggressively predominant? And what object has John in carrying on the present war if it be not the vindication and preservation of his own "aggressive preponderance"? Let him dismantle Gibraltar, a fortress that is not exactly on his own soil; let him abandon Malta, and then, perhaps, he may find listeners to those moral lectures with which he is so fond of regaling his neighbors. If it be a crime for Russia to endeavor to obtain, by purchase or otherwise, Cattaro or some other port on the Mediterranean—if it be a crime for Russia to endeavor to exercise influence on that sea, can it be altogether praiseworthy for John Bull to hold on to Gibraltar, and to retain control over the straits that are under its guns? It is true, as John

tells us, that Russia is a northern power, and possesses no harbors south of those that are in the Black Sea ; but, perhaps, we may be permitted to inquire, what coast is it of the British Islands that is washed by the waters of the Mediterranean ?

But this dreadful "Russian predominance" must be put down : if rotten alliances and corrupt combinations prove ineffectual, the basest means, it would appear, must not be left untried. No doubt still meaner, and, if possible, more despicable measures are yet to be employed—more contemptible schemes will be concocted. Meanwhile we wait curiously to learn—**WHAT NEXT ?**

TO C O L U M B U S .

IRVING relates, that "long before the New World appeared in sight, Columbus was certain of its existence, by the beautiful perfume wafted by the land-breezes in the evening."

As erst to him, who his adventurous keel
Urged through Atlantic waves, (a man, I ween,
Full rich in evidence of things unseen,
Which to his soaring reason made appeal,
The wished-for Continent did itself reveal,
Not by its towering hills and groves of green—
For still an Ocean wide did intervene—
But odors on his senses 'gan to steal
From the New World, by evening breezes brought,
More fragrant far than those he had left behind—
Then felt he that his deathless fame was wrought ;
So he who has long his heavenward course inclined,
Feels, as he nears the end, his voyage fraught
With sweetest sense of things as yet unseen.

THE LAST BROTHER.

Fainter lay the boyish clusters of his hair,
With the chill shadow deepening on their gold;
And on the outline of the varying cheek,
And on the crimson of the curved lip,
The pallid death came settling, shade by shade,
Swimming along the azure of his eyes
That drooped within their lids, and oped no more.
The parted lips relapsed into a smile—
And he was dead.

Reverberant shut the passless gates of life;
Without the closed portals, lone we stand,
Our clasped palms eloquent in silent grief.
And dost thou send no sign? O loved, and lost!
Hast thou not seen through all thy nights of pain,
Through the swift darkness closing round thy way,
Thy sisters' souls go with thee to the shades?
The last faint clasp is loosed, and thou art gone
With thine unsandaled feet upon the path,
So dread and dark, where we can follow not.
Would we not fling this clinging life away,
Even as a faded festal robe, to share
The path that thou must tread companionless?

On what wild shore thou leavest us alone—
An unknown shore that stretches wide and dim,
Watching the latest ripple of the tide
That swift and dark bears thee from us, for aye.
And where will be thy gentle hand to guide
O'er rocks and treacherous sands, our feeble steps
Trembling at every shadow on the shore?
Thou beautiful!—can Hades wait for thee?
Thine was no vulgar being where the clay
Quenches in some rude mould the captive soul;
But like an antique statue formed and wrought
With all the breathing symmetry of limb.
The Grecian chisel shaped into the block,
Teaching its stillness to contain a soul—
A face e'en thus in boyhood, pale and high,

With the first shadow of unwoke power-
Beneath its clustering rings of dark brown hair
An eye of deepest beauty, and a lip
Haughty and curved, e'en such as might have been
Apollo's, when disguised among the hills,
He wore the shepherd's garb unrecognized.
How we went happy, singing in the sun,
Seeing no coming cloud in all our sky,
And dreaming of the brother tall and young,
Pacing his college halls with some old book,
While o'er the music of immortal words
The unquiet lip went murmuring, like the sea
Rippling along the golden shore at eve.
We said—he forgeth armor for the strife,
In the thick-thronged arena of the world—
Like a young knight shall he come forth equipped
In all his shining arms, for his first field.
Alas! that morn of fight did never come.
Within the chapel where he watched the night,
The shining arms lie rusting on the ground.
How can the soul, immortal though it be,
Abide that untold hour that doth divide
Future and past, eternity and time,
When trembling on the shadowy verge, it sees
All it hath loved and known, receding far,
While up, and round, the whirling clouds divide,
And all the dread Eternal and Unknown,
Unfolds to view?
But lo! One goes before thee on the way.
As thou dost pass the closing gates of life
He takes thy hand—young spirit, fear thee not.
The beauteous one, with flowing garments on,
Garments of Bozra, dyed with crimson stain,
Cometh from Edom, his apparel red
Like them that tread the wine-press, and his face
Radiant, yet pale, illumines thy darkened way.
Young brother, fare thee well! awhile we part—
And yet we part not. Still thy memory lives
Serene and deep, a presence in our souls.
Even as a forest fountain, curtained in,
Amid the dark green wilderness of leaves,
Far o'er it, in the fluttering foliage high
Their summer songs the wand'ring wild birds sing
In the light sunshine, and the careless winds
Sing through the rippling leaves, but reach it not.

F. M.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE foreign policy of the United States, from the administration of Washington to the present time, has been uniform and unchangeable. They have never taken part in regulating the balance of power in Europe, or in any way interfered with its internal struggles, or with the acquisitions of any power in any portion of the globe, except when the consequences were brought home to their own doors, and their interests and safety directly and deeply involved.

When the popular feeling of the people of the United States was stimulated to enthusiasm in behalf of the first French Revolution, and the government clamorously called upon to interfere for the protection of those who were struggling for freedom against the combined powers of European despotism, Washington interposed his great name and authority, and arrested the torrent by a proclamation of neutrality.

When the Spanish-American colonies were engaged in a similar struggle, the United States refrained from all interference between the parties concerned, and arrested the interference of other powers by that memorable declaration embodying what has since become almost a fundamental principle in their policy under the name of the "Monroe doctrine."

The government of the United States declared, "that it should consider any attempt on the part of the European powers to extend their peculiar political system to the American continent as dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power they had not interfered, and should not interfere; but with the governments whose independence they had recognized, they could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or in any other manner controlling their destiny, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. . . . To what extent such interposition might be carried was a ques-

tion in which all independent powers, whose governments differed from theirs, even those most remote, were interested, and none more so than the United States."* This declaration was made, if not in concert, under a full understanding with the government of England. How far that government has adhered to this principle is not our present purpose to inquire.

When Kossuth visited the United States, for the purpose of invoking the interposition of the government and people in behalf of the Hungarians, although in the outset the popular feeling was greatly excited, it led to no results, and quietly subsided into indifference. At no time did the government of the United States transcend the limits of hospitality to a distinguished stranger; and the moment the people discovered that his object was to precipitate them into the vortex of European politics, they recoiled at once, and his eloquent appeals no longer awakened their enthusiasm.

And now, at this very moment, though impelled by every motive of interest and safety, and provoked by every outrage that justifies retaliation, the government of the United States is exercising a degree of forbearance toward a weak, superannuated power, that, in dealing with an equal, would almost amount to pusillanimity. Instead of force, it resorts to amicable negotiation; and offers to purchase, at a fair price, an island which Spain holds by a single hair, and must ere long inevitably lose without any equivalent whatever. So far from being willing to wrest from Spain her brightest jewel, the government of the United States, by a strict enforcement of the neutrality laws, is actually protecting her in its possession.

Neither have the United States ever interfered with the territorial acquisitions of European powers in any other quarter of the world. While England is daily acquiring new possessions in the East, extending her empire on the continent of America, and annexing new ports and islands, until, to use the words of Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, "she commands all the highways and byways of the ocean and all its inlets;"† and while France is acquiring a new empire on the African coast of the Mediterranean, and new islands in the Pacific, the United States stand quietly looking on without the slightest disposition to interfere. They neither seek to counteract them by secret intrigues or open threats, nor do they denounce them to the world as pirates and freebooters, equally regardless of the law of nations and the rights of na-

* See President Monroe's Message to Congress, Dec. 20, 1823.

† See his "Overland Journey round the World."

ture. All this is nothing to them. They do not aspire to regulate the affairs of the world, or to establish a general equilibrium of power; nor have they the slightest inclination to be meddling with matters in which neither their rights, interests, nor safety are concerned.

If they are in a process of rapid expansion, it is in conformity with the laws of God and nature. They may be called the pioneers of the human race; they have a world before them capable of supporting countless millions of their fellow-men, roamed only by bands of savages amounting to a few score thousands, who neither cultivate the earth nor the arts of peace, and are engaged in perpetual wars of plunder and extermination. Since the establishment of their independence, the United States have fairly purchased every foot of land they have acquired from the aboriginal proprietors—if so they may be called—at a price more than equivalent to its value, until that value was increased by the labors of civilized men. The additional territories acquired from France, Spain, and Mexico, were fairly purchased, and the United States stand ready at this moment to purchase Cuba at a price more than it is worth or ever will be worth to the crown of Spain. It is not our purpose to plume ourselves by comparing or contrasting the course of the United States with that of other nations, both ancient and modern; nor should we have adverted to the subject but for the perpetual torrent of calumny and abuse pouring from the British, and to some extent of late the French press, which has almost overwhelmed the good name of the American people, and placed them as standing criminals at the bar of the civilized world. We will only ask, where is there a power in Europe, where is there, or ever was there, a people or a government in any portion of the earth, since the first dispersion of mankind, that could point to the soil they occupied, and say it was gained in so just and blameless a manner as the territory acquired by the United States since they became independent? Everywhere else its price has been the sacrifice of hecatombs, and the title-deeds sealed with blood.

The career of the United States is not that of conquest. Their progress is owing to great natural and political causes, possessing an innate and intrinsic force that renders them irresistible. Their growth and expansion is equally independent of the arts of diplomacy or the frauds of hoary-headed politicians; and dam it up as you will, the river must continue to flow. It is thus the United States have, in the course of two thirds of a century, become the second—and we believe, if the truth were known, the first—commercial power of the

world, without any extraordinary effort, and without seeking to encroach on the rights of nations or the freedom of the seas. In all their commercial treaties they have asked for nothing they were not willing to concede; nor have they ever attempted to impose conditions or restrictions on weaker nations at the cannon's mouth. In short, if so inclined, we might challenge history to produce a similar example of a nation acquiring such a world-wide commerce, such vast territories, and such wealth and power, with so little cost to the general happiness of mankind. We do not pretend to say, that this distinction is altogether owing to any great superiority in justice or magnanimity on the part of the government and people of the United States. Much is doubtless owing to their being in a great measure free from the temptation, or at least the necessity of resorting to war and violence to increase their territory, expand their commerce, or add to their power. Still it can not be doubted that mankind are better or worse, for the absence or presence of temptation, and that we have no right to deny them the possession of a virtue simply because it has never been severely tried. The actions of men are proper subjects for the judgment of human tribunals—their motives must be left to the great Searcher of Hearts.

It would probably be much better for the repose and happiness of mankind were England and France to adopt the course of the United States in their general policy, and most especially in relation to the New World. With their efforts to establish "an equilibrium of power" in Europe and Asia, the United States have shown no disposition to interfere; and for the sympathy they may feel for either of the parties in the present war they are accountable to neither, so long as they take part with neither. They have a perfect right to think as they please, and to express their feelings without being called to account by the British press or the British nation.

But England and France have not followed the example of the United States in their abstinence from all intervention in the affairs of Europe. On the contrary, ever since the independence of Texas was established, and it became evident that State would be ultimately annexed to this confederation, they have apparently united in a policy, if not hostile, at least unfriendly to the United States. It is scarcely necessary to enter into a recapitulation of the various instances in which this feeling has been exhibited, and is still exhibiting, most especially by England, in the acts of her government, the uniform language of her press, the declarations of her cabinet ministers in Parliament, and most of all by combining with and

stimulating a dangerous faction in the United States openly at war with our domestic peace and our national Union.

How is it possible the United States can ever be on friendly terms with a government whose good will is only shown in hollow professions of amity, or wish well to the prosperity and glory of a nation whose every accession of power is accompanied by new threats and new demonstrations of hostility? The people are sovereign here, and the government is only an instrument in their hands to execute their will. Almost every man can read, and nearly every man reads the public journals, that seldom fail to copy portions of the libels and denunciations of the British press, which are thus continually placed before them. Here they see themselves exhibited in the most exaggerated features of deformity. Their manners are caricatured and distorted; the morals of a whole people estimated by the standard of some individual atrocity; their institutions represented as a violation of the law of God, and the rights of nature; their government stigmatized as the common enemy of social order and national rights, and their chief-magistrate, the representative of the whole people, denounced as the secret abettor of pirates and fillibusters.

What claim, then, has England on our sympathies, or what right has she to reproach us for withholding them? This is not the way to gain the hearts of an intelligent, high-spirited people, every man of whom identifies himself with his country, of which he is one of the sovereigns. They are not cowed by her threats, conciliated by her reproaches, or mortified by her sarcasms. All these excite no other feeling than that of indignation. Every succeeding generation of Americans becomes more and more alienated from the parent who thus uses all her efforts and influence to degrade and disgrace the noblest of her offspring; and if this unnatural course is continued, it will most assuredly end in a lasting, inveterate, incurable hostility on the part of a people destined ere long to become one of the most powerful on the face of the earth. If the United States rather sympathize with Russia than with Great Britain in the present struggle for the ascendancy in the old world, it is because from one they have received only acts of friendship and good will—from the other, nothing but a long series of actual or meditated wrongs, accompanied by every aggravation that could envenom their sting.

If Great Britain really wishes to cultivate any other relations with the United States than merely those of commercial reciprocity, or bind them by any ties but those of sordid interest, it is yet, we believe, in her power. No one, we pre-

sume, either expects or wishes her to make any concessions, much less any sacrifices of her honor or her dignity to attain that object. The United States ask no favors, nor do they wish to incur the weight of gratitude to any nation. They want no guarantee to the integrity of *their* Empire, believing they can protect themselves with a just cause and the blessing of Heaven. They can not be intimidated by threats or bullying; nor is it now possible to persuade them that an imaginary debt of gratitude for benefits never received outweighs a long catalogue of subsequent insults and injuries. All this has passed away, and gratitude to England is no longer a national feeling. The natural reverence with which children look up to a kind and indulgent parent has been changed into a feeling of resentment originating in a long series of harsh unkindness; and as in families, so in nations, the rupture of the nearest and dearest ties is in great danger of being followed by a deep-seated permanent enmity. It is, we firmly believe, yet in the power of England to arrest this growing alienation in the United States, and turn it back into a better channel. The feelings of the people of the United States have not yet acquired the obstinate inveteracy of age. The nation is still young, and youth easily forgets and forgives. Its enmities have not yet become hereditary and traditional. England has only to forbear in future, and the past may be forgotten.

That there is an Anglo-American party, and an Anglo-American press in the United States, at all times ready to take sides with Great Britain on any question in which the honor and interests of this country are concerned, is unhappily too true. We need not look a hundred miles from Washington for a flagrant example of the latter. This party consists principally of British and other foreign merchants, permanently or temporarily established in the United States; American merchants intimately connected in business with those of Great Britain, and in some measure dependent on them; students in the lore of British reviews and newspapers, (most especially the *London Times*,) and though last, not least, the Abolition patriots, whose principles are borrowed from England, and whose interests are identified with the Anti-Slavery Society of that country. These last have no country and no patriotism. They will "give the Union for the abolition of slavery," and of course should the question ever come to an issue, will combine with any foreign power in its efforts to divide and dis sever that Union.

That this constitutes a somewhat formidable combination, can not be denied; but when brought into competition with

the popular sentiment which alone directs the policy of this government, it is comparatively insignificant. When once that feeling of patriotism which invariably lives and breathes in the hearts of a free people, and which though it may sometimes appear to sleep, never dies, is fairly aroused by some great national exigency; when the country is in danger, or its honor or interests at stake, these contemptible factions will be scattered like chaff before the wind, and one great universal sentiment of patriotism pervade the American people.

Let not the statesmen of England repeat the error they have so often committed, in mistaking the clamors of the Anglo-American party and the Anglo-American press for an expression of the sentiment of the American people. So far from this, it is one of the most decisive indications that the great current of popular feeling is flowing in an exactly opposite direction. This expatriated party and expatriated press, if it ever did, does not now represent any thing more than a small minority of the American people, as will be seen whenever a crisis arises in which the safety, the honor, or interests of the United States is deeply implicated. As in the late war with Great Britain, they will be overwhelmed by the contempt and indignation of their fellow-citizens; and if they ever again aspire to political power, be compelled to appear before the people, as they are now doing, under a new name, in a new disguise.

We venture to predict, that such will always be the result of the efforts of the Anglo-American party and its press, until the government of Great Britain shall substitute acts for professions, and give some better evidence of friendship than it has long been, and is now exhibiting. Then, and not till then, we believe, the people of the United States will meet her at least half-way.

If she really wishes to retain any hold on their affections, independently of the sordid ties of commercial interest, a different policy will be necessary. Wormwood and vinegar are not the best cement of nations; and whatever changes may take place in the administration of the government of the United States, one thing is certain, that whether Whig or Democratic, should it, like that of President Fillmore, pursue a policy subservient to that of Great Britain, like that, it will be crushed under the indignant feelings of a high-spirited, patriotic people. Until they change their very nature and cease to be worthy of freedom, they will never long sustain an administration which reserves its fire till the enemy has made a lodgment in the citadel.

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